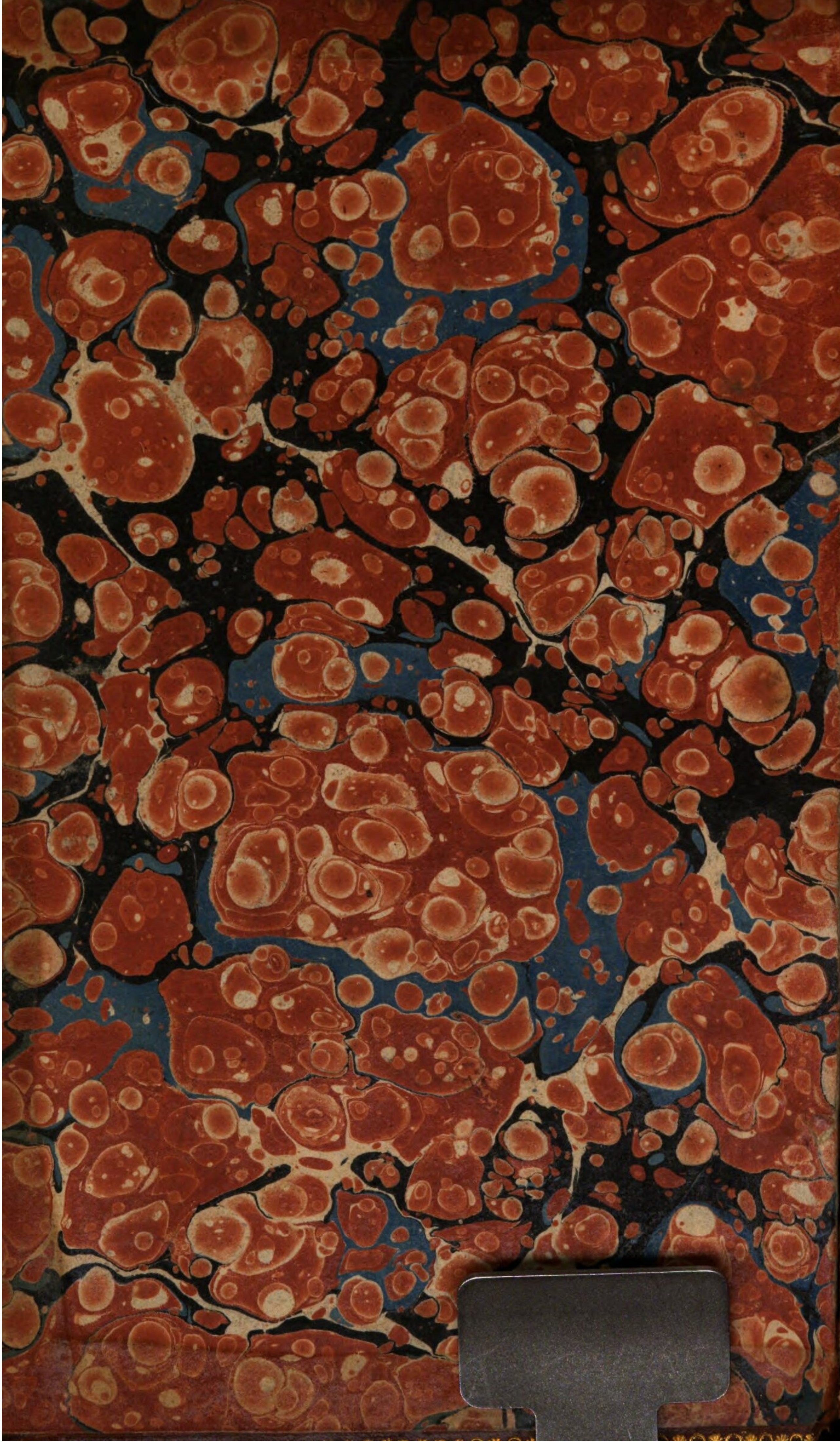

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DISCOVERY OF THE NINTH STATUE.

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THE

ARABIAN NIGHTS

ENTERTAINMENTS,

CAREFULLY REVISED, AND OCCASIONALLY CORRECTED

From the Arabic.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A SELECTION OF NEW TALES,

Now first translated from the Arabic Originals.

ALSO,

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

RELIGION, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, OF THE MAHUMMEDANS.

BY JONATHAN SCOTT, LL.D. OXFORD.

Late Oriental Professor at the Royal Military, and East India Colleges, &c. &c.

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM PAINTINGS BY SMIRKE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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ARABIAN NIGHTS

ENTERTAINMENTS.

STORY OF PRINCE BEDER AND THE PRINCESS JEHAUN-ARA.

(CONTINUED.)

THEY had lived about a month together, when, as king Beder was sitting at the shop-door, after his ordinary manner, queen Labe (so was this magic queen named) happened to come by with great pomp. The young king no sooner perceived the guards advancing before her, than he arose, and going into the shop, asked the old man what all that show meant? The queen is coming by, answered he, but stand still and fear nothing.

The queen's guards, clothed in purple uniform, and well armed and mounted, marched to the number of a thousand in four files, with their sabres drawn, and every one of their officers, as they passed by the shop, saluted the old man. Then followed a like number of eunuchs, habited in brocaded silk,

and better mounted, whose officers did the old man the like honour. Next came as many young ladies on foot, equally beautiful, richly dressed, and ornamented with precious stones. They marched gravely, with half pikes in their hands; and in the midst of them appeared queen Labe, on a horse glittering with diamonds, with a golden saddle, and a housing of inestimable value. All the young ladies saluted the old man as they passed him; and the queen, struck with the good mien of king Beder, stopped as soon as she came before the shop. Abdallah [1], (so was the old man named), said she to him, tell me, I beseech thee, does that beautiful and charming slave belong to thee? and hast thou long been in possession of him?

Abdallah, before he answered the queen, threw himself on the ground, and rising again, said, Madam, he is my nephew, son of a brother, who has not long been dead. Having no children, I look upon him as my son, and sent for him to come and comfort me, intending to leave him what I have when I die.

Queen Labe [2], who had never yet seen any one to compare with king Beder, began to conceive a passion for him, and thought immediately of getting the old man to abandon him to her. Father, said she, will you not oblige me so far as to make me a present of this young man? Do not refuse me, I conjure you; and I swear by the fire and the light, I

will make him so great and powerful, that no individual in the world ever arrived at such good fortune. Although my purpose be to do evil to all mankind, he shall be an exception. I trust you will grant me what I desire, more on account of the friendship I am assured you have for me, than for the esteem you know I always had, and shall ever have for you.

Madam, replied the good Abdallah, I am infinitely obliged to your majesty for all the kindness you have for me, and the honours you propose to do my nephew. He is not worthy to approach so great a queen, and I humbly beseech your majesty to excuse him.

Abdallah, replied the queen, I all along flattered myself you loved me, and I could never have thought you would have shewn me so much disrespect as to slight my request. But I here swear once more by the fire and light, and even by whatsoever is most sacred in my religion, that I will pass on no farther till I have conquered your obstinacy. I understand well what raises your apprehensions; but I promise, you shall never have any occasion to repent having obliged me in so sensible a manner.

Old Abdallah was exceedingly grieved both on his own account and king Beder's, at being in a manner forced to obey the queen. Madam, replied he, I would not willingly have your majesty entertain an ill opinion of the respect I have for you, and my zeal

always to contribute whatever I can to oblige you. I put entire confidence in your royal word, and I do not in the least doubt you will keep it. I only beg of your majesty, to delay doing this great honour to my nephew till you shall again pass this way. That shall be to-morrow, said the queen; who inclined her head, as a token of her being pleased, and so went forward towards her palace.

When queen Labe and all her attendants were out of sight, the good Abdallah said to king Beder, Son (for so he was wont to call him, for fear of some time or other discovering him when he spoke of him in public), it has not been in my power as you may have observed, to refuse the queen what she demanded of me with so much earnestness, to the end I might not force her to employ her magic against both you and myself openly or secretly, and treat you as much from resentment to you as to me with more signal cruelty than all those she has had in her power, as I have already told you. But I have some reason to believe she will use you well, as she promised me, on account of that particular esteem she professes for me. This you may have seen by the respect shewn, and the honours paid, me by all her court. She would be a vile creature indeed, if she should deceive me; but she shall not deceive me unpunished, for I know how to revenge myself.

These assurances, which appeared very doubtful,

were not sufficient to support king Beder's spirits.

After all you have told me of this queen's wickedness, replied he, you cannot wonder if I am somewhat fearful to approach her: I should, it may be, slight all you could tell me of her, and suffer myself to be dazzled by the lustre of grandeur that surrounds her, did I not know by experience what it is to be at the mercy of a sorceress. The condition I was in, through the enchantment of the princess Jehaun-ara, and from which I was delivered only to fall almost immediately into the power of another, has made me look upon such a fate with horror. His tears hindered him from going on, and sufficiently shewed with what repugnance he beheld himself under the fatal necessity of being delivered to queen Labe.

Son, replied old Abdallah, do not afflict yourself; for though I must own, there is no great stress to be laid upon the promises and oaths of so perfidious a queen, yet I must withal acquaint you, her power extends not to me. She knows this full well; and that is the reason, and no other, why she pays me so much respect. I can quickly hinder her from doing you the least harm, if she should be perfidious enough to attempt it. You may depend upon me, and, provided you follow exactly the advice I shall give you, before I abandon you to her, she shall have no more power over you than she has over myself.

The magic queen did not fail to pass by the old

man's shop the next day, with the same pomp as the preceding, and Abdallah waited for her with great respect. Father, cried she, you may judge of my impatience to have your nephew with me, by my punctually coming to remind you of your promise. I know you are a man of your word, and I cannot think you will break it with me.

Abdallah, who fell on his face as soon as he saw the queen approaching, rose up when she had done speaking; and as he would have no one hear what he had to say to her, he advanced with great respect as far as her horse's head, and then said softly, Puissant queen! I am persuaded your majesty will not be offended at my seeming unwillingness to trust my nephew with you yesterday, since you cannot be ignorant of the reasons I had for it; but I conjure you to lay aside the secrets of that art which you possess in so wonderful a degree. I regard my nephew as my own son; and your majesty would reduce me to despair, if you should deal with him as you have done with others.

I promise you I will not, replied the queen; and I once more repeat the oath I made yesterday, that neither you nor your nephew shall have any cause to be offended at me. I see plainly, added she, you are not yet well enough acquainted with me; you never saw me yet but through my veil; but as I find your nephew deserving of my friendship, I will shew you

I am not any ways unworthy of his. With that she threw off her veil, and discovered to king Beder, who came near her with Abdallah, an incomparable beauty. But king Beder was little charmed: It is not enough, said he within himself, to be beautiful; one's actions ought to correspond in regularity with one's features.

Whilst king Beder was making these reflections with his eyes fixed on queen Labe, the old man turned towards him, and taking him by the arm, presented him to her: Madam, said he, I beg of your majesty once more to remember he is my nephew, and to let him come and see me sometimes. The queen promised he should; and to give a farther mark of her gratitude, she caused a bag of a thousand pieces of gold to be given him. He excused himself at first from receiving them, but she insisted absolutely upon it, and he could not refuse. She had caused a horse to be brought as richly caparisoned as her own, for the king of Persia. Whilst he was mounting, I forgot, said the queen to Abdallah, to ask you your nephew's name; pray how is he called? He answering his name was Beder (the full moon), her majesty replied, Surely your ancestors were mistaken, they ought to have given you the name of Shems (the sun).

When king Beder was mounted, he would have taken his station behind the queen, but she would not

suffer him, and made him ride on her left hand. She looked at Abdallah, and after having made him an inclination with her head, departed.

Instead of observing a satisfaction in the people's faces, at the sight of their sovereign, king Beder took notice that they looked at her with contempt, and even cursed her. The sorceress, said some, has got a new subject to exercise her wickedness upon; will heaven never deliver the world from her tyranny? Poor stranger! exclaimed others, thou art much deceived, if thou thinkest thy happiness will last long. It is only to render thy fall more terrible, that thou art raised so high. These exclamations gave king Beder to understand Abdallah had told him nothing but the truth of queen Labe; but as it now depended no longer on himself to escape the mischief, he committed himself to the will of heaven.

The magic queen arrived at her palace, immediately alighted, and giving her hand to king Beder, entered with him, accompanied by her women and the officers of her eunuchs. She herself shewed him all her apartments, where there was nothing to be seen but massy gold, precious stones, and furniture of wonderful magnificence. When she had carried him into her closet, she led him out into a balcony, from whence he observed a garden of surprising beauty. King Beder commended all he saw, but nevertheless so that he might not be discovered to

be any other than old Abdallah's nephew. They discoursed of indifferent matters, till the queen was informed that dinner was served.

The queen and king Beder arose, and went to place themselves at the table, which was of massy gold, and the dishes of the same metal. They began to eat, but drank hardly at all till the dessert came, when the queen caused a cup to be filled for her with excellent wine. She took it and drank to king Beder's health; then without putting it out of her hand, caused it to be filled again, and presented it to him. King Beder received it with profound respect, and by a very low bow signified to her majesty that he in return drank to her health.

At the same time, ten of queen Labe's women entered with musical instruments, with which and their voices they made an agreeable concert, while they continued drinking till late at night. At length both began so to be heated with wine, that king Beder insensibly forgot he had to do with a magic queen, and looked upon her only as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. As soon as the queen perceived she had wrought him to the pitch she desired, she made a sign to her eunuchs and women to retire.

Next morning the queen and king Beder went to the bath; the women who had served the king there, presented him with fine linen and a magnificent

habit. The queen likewise, who was more splendidly dressed than the day before, came to receive him, and they went together to her apartments, where they had a repast brought them, and spent the remainder of the day in walking in the garden and in various other amusements.

Queen Labe treated king Beder after this manner for forty days, as she had been accustomed to do all her lovers. The fortieth night, as they were in bed together, she, believing he was really asleep, arose without making any noise; but he was awake, and perceiving she had some design upon him watched all her motions. Being up, she opened a chest, from whence she took a little box full of a yellow powder; taking some of the powder, she laid a train of it aeross the chamber, and it immediately flowed in a rivulet of water, to the great astonishment of king Beder. He trembled with fear, but still pretended to sleep.

Queen Labe next took up some of the water in a vessel, poured it into a bason, that contained some flour; with which she made a paste, and kneaded it for a long time: then she mixed with it certain drugs which she took from different boxes, and made a cake, which she put into a covered baking-pan. As she had taken care first of all to make a good fire, she took some of the coals, and set the pan upon them; and while the cake was baking, she put up the vessels

and boxes in their places again; and on her pronouncing certain words, the rivulet disappeared. When the cake was baked, she took it off the coals, carried it into her closet, and afterwards returned to king Beder, who dissembled so well, that she had not the least suspicion of his having seen what she had done.

King Beder, whom the pleasures and amusements of a court had made to forget his good host Abdallah, began now to think of him again, and believed he had more than ordinary occasion for his advice, after all he had seen the queen do that night. As soon as he was up, therefore, he expressed a great desire to go and see his uncle, and begged of her majesty to permit him. What! my dear Beder, cried the queen, are you then already tired, I will not say with living in so superb a palace as mine is, where you must find so many pleasures, but with the company of a queen, who loves you so passionately as I do, and has given you so many marks of affection?

Great queen! answered king Beder, how can I be tired of so many favours and graces as your majesty perpetually heaps upon me? So far from it, I desire this permission, madam, purely to go and give my uncle an account of the mighty obligations I have to your majesty. I must own, likewise, that my uncle loving me so tenderly, as I well know he does, having been absent from him now forty days, I would

not give him reason to think, that I consent to remain longer without seeing him. Go, said the queen, you have my consent; but you will not be long before you return, if you consider I cannot possibly live without you. This said, she ordered him a horse richly caparisoned, and he departed.

Old Abdallah was overjoyed to see king Beder. Without regard to his quality, he embraced him tenderly, and king Beder returned his embrace, that nobody might doubt but that he was his nephew. As soon as they were sat down, Well, said Abdallah to the king, and how have you passed your time with that abominable sorceress?

Hitherto, answered king Beder, I must needs own she has been extraordinarily kind to me, and has done all she could to persuade me that she loves me, faithfully; but I observed something last night, which gives me just reason to suspect that all her kindness was but dissimulation. Whilst she thought me asleep, although I was really awake, she stole from me with a great deal of precaution, which made me suspect her intention, and therefore I resolved to watch her, still feigning myself asleep. He then related to Abdallah in what manner he had seen her make the cake; and then added, Hitherto, said he, I must needs confess, I had almost forgotten, not only you, but all the advice you gave me concerning the wickedness of this queen; but this last action of

hers gives me reason to fear she intends to observe none of her promises or solemn oaths to you. I thought of you immediately, and I esteem myself happy that I have obtained permission to come to you.

You are not mistaken, replied old Abdallah with a smile, which shewed he did not himself believe she would have acted otherwise; nothing is capable of obliging a perfidious woman to amend. But fear nothing. I know how to make the mischief she intends you fall upon herself. You are alarmed in time; and you could not have done better than to have recourse to me. It is her ordinary practice to keep her lovers only forty days; and after that time, instead of sending them home, to turn them into animals, to stock her forests and parks; but I thought of measures yesterday to prevent her doing you the same harm. The earth has borne this monster long enough, and it is now high time she should be treated as she deserves.

So saying, Abdallah put two cakes into king Beder's hands, bidding him keep them to be used as he should direct. You told me, continued he, the sorceress made a cake last night; it was for you to eat; but do not touch it. Nevertheless, do not refuse to receive it, when she offers it you; but instead of tasting it, break off part of one of the two I shall give you, unobserved, and eat that. As soon as she thinks you have swallowed it, she will not fail to at-

tempt transforming you into some animal, but she shall not succeed; when she sees that she has failed, she will immediately turn her proceeding into pleasantry, as if what she had done was only out of joke to frighten you; but she will conceal a mortal grief in her heart, and think she had omitted something in the composition of her cake. As for the other cake, you shall make a present of it to her, and press her to eat it; which she will not refuse to do, were it only to convince you, she does not mistrust you, though she has given you so much reason to mistrust her. When she has eaten of it, take a little water in the hollow of your hand, and throwing it in her face, say, "Quit that form you now wear, and take that of such or such animal," as you shall think fit; which done, come to me with the animal, and I will tell you what you shall do afterwards.

King Beder expressed to Abdallah, in the warmest terms, his great obligations to him, for his endeavours to defend him from the power of a pestilent sorceress; and after some further conversation took his leave of him, and returned to the palace. Upon his arrival, he understood that the queen waited for him with great impatience in the garden. He went to her, and she no sooner perceived him, than she came in great haste to meet him. My dear Beder! exclaimed she, it is said, with a great deal of reason, that nothing more forcibly shews the excess of love

than absence from the object beloved. I have had no quiet since I saw you, and it seems ages since I have been separated from you. If you had stayed ever so little longer, I was preparing to come and fetch you once more to my arms.

Madam, replied king Beder, I can assure your majesty, I was no less impatient to rejoin you; but I could not refuse to stay with an uncle who loves me, and had not seen me for so long a time. He would have kept me still longer, but I tore myself away from him, to come where love calls me. Of all the collations he prepared for me, I have only brought away this cake, which I desire your majesty to accept. King Beder, having wrapped up one of the two cakes in a handkerchief, took it out, and presented it to the queen, saying, I beg your majesty to accept of it.

I do accept it with all my heart, replied the queen, receiving it, and will eat it with pleasure for yours and your good uncle's sake; but before I taste of it, I desire you will, for my sake, eat a piece of this, which I have made for you during your absence. Fair queen, answered king Beder, receiving it with great respect, such hands as your majesty's can never make any thing but what is excellent, and I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the favour you do me.

King Beder then artfully substituted in the place

of the queen's cake the other which old Abdallah had given him, and having broken off a piece, he put it in his mouth, and cried, while he was eating, Ah! queen, I never tasted any thing so excellent in my life. They being near a cascade, the sorceress seeing him swallow one bit of the cake, and ready to eat another, took a little water in the palm of her hand, and throwing it in the king's face, said, "Wretch! quit that form of a man, and take that of a vile horse, blind and lame."

These words not having the desired effect, the sorceress was strangely surprised to find king Beder still in the same form, and that he only started for fear. Her cheeks reddened; and as she saw that she had missed her aim, Dear Beder, cried she, this is nothing; recover yourself. I did not intend you any harm; I only did it to see what you would say. I should be the most miserable and most execrable of women, should I attempt so black a deed; not only on account of all the oaths I have sworn, but also of the many testimonies of love I have given you[3].

Puissant queen, replied king Beder, persuaded as I am, that what your majesty did was only to divert yourself, I could not help being surprised. What could hinder me from being a little moved at the pronouncing of so strange a transformation?

But, madam, continued he, let us drop this discourse; and since I have eaten of your cake, would you do me the favour to taste mine?

Queen Labe, who could not better justify herself than by shewing this mark of confidence in the king of Persia, broke off a piece of his cake and ate it. She had no sooner swallowed it than she appeared much troubled, and remained as it were motionless. King Beder lost no time, but took water out of the same bason, and throwing it in her face, cried, Abominable sorceress! quit the form of woman, and be turned instantly into a mare.

The same moment, queen Labe was transformed into a very beautiful mare; and her confusion was so great to find herself in that condition, that she shed tears in great abundance. She bowed her head to the feet of king Beder, thinking to move him to compassion; but though he could have been so moved, it was absolutely out of his power to repair the mischief he had done. He led her into the stable belonging to the palace, and put her into the hands of a groom, to bridle and saddle; but of all the bridles which the groom tried upon her, not one would fit. This made him cause two horses to be saddled, one for the groom, and the other for himself; and the groom led the mare after him to old Abdallah's.

Abdallah seeing at a distance king Beder coming

with the mare, doubted not but he had done what he had advised him. Cursed sorceress! said he immediately to himself in a transport of joy, heaven has at length punished thee as thou deservest. King Beder alighted at Abdallah's door, and entered with him into the shop, embracing and thanking him for all the signal services he had done him. He related to him the whole matter, with all its circumstances, and moreover told him, he could find no bridle fit for the mare. Abdallah bridled the mare himself, and as soon as king Beder had sent back the groom with the two horses, he said to him, My lord, you have no reason to stay any longer in this city: mount the mare, and return to your kingdom. I have but one thing more to recommend to you; and that is, if you should ever happen to part with the mare, be sure not to give up the bridle. King Beder promised to remember this; and having taken leave of the good old man, he departed.

The young king of Persia had no sooner got out of the city, than he began to reflect with joy on his deliverance, and that he had the sorceress in his power, who had given him so much cause to tremble. Three days after he arrived at a great city, where, entering the suburbs, he met a venerable old man, walking towards a pleasure-house. Sir, said the old man, stopping him, may I presume to ask from what part of the world you come? The king halted to

satisfy him, and as they were conversing together, an old woman came up; who, stopping likewise, wept and sighed heavily at the sight of the mare.

King Beder and the old man left off discoursing, to look at the old woman, whom the king asked, what cause she had to be so much afflicted? Alas! sir, replied she, it is because your mare resembles so perfectly one my son had, and which I still mourn the loss of on his account, and should think yours were the same, did I not know she was dead. Sell her to me, I beseech you; I will give you more than she is worth and thank you too.

Good woman, replied king Beder, I am heartily sorry I cannot comply with your request: my mare is not to be sold. Alas! sir, continued the old woman, do not refuse me this favour for the love of God. My son and I shall certainly die with grief, if you do not grant it. Good mother, replied the king, I would grant it with all my heart, if I were disposed to part with so good a beast; but if I were so disposed, I believe you would hardly give a thousand pieces of gold for her, and I could not sell her for less. Why should I not give so much? replied the old woman: if that be the lowest price, you need only say you will take it, and I will fetch you the money.

King Beder, seeing the old woman so poorly dressed, could not imagine she could find such a sum;

and said, to try her, Go, fetch me the money, and the mare is yours. The old woman immediately unloosed a purse she carried fastened to her girdle, and desiring him to alight, bade him tell over the money, and in case he found it came short of the sum demanded, she said her house was not far off; and she could quickly fetch the rest.

The surprise of king Beder, at the sight of the purse, was not small. Good woman, said he, do you not perceive I have bantered you all this while? I assure you my mare is not to be sold.

The old man, who had been witness to all that had passed, now began to speak. Son, said he to king Beder, it is necessary you should know one thing, which I find you are ignorant of; and that is, that in this city it is not permitted to any one to tell a lie, on any account whatsoever, on pain of death. You cannot refuse taking this good woman's money, and delivering your mare, when she gives you the sum according to the agreement; and this you had better do without any noise, than expose yourself to what may ensue.

King Beder, mortified to find himself thus trapped by his rash proffer, alighted with great regret. The old woman stood ready to seize the reins, immediately unbridled the mare, and taking some water in her hand, from a stream that ran in the middle of the street, threw it in the mare's face,

uttering these words, Daughter, quit that strange shape, and re-assume thy own. The transformation was effected in a moment, and king Beder, who swooned as soon as he saw queen Labe appear, would have fallen to the ground, if the old man had not hindered him.

The old woman, who was the mother of queen Labe, and had instructed her in all her magic secrets, had no sooner embraced her daughter, than, to shew her fury, she in an instant, by whistling, caused to rise a genie of a gigantic form and stature. This genie immediately took king Beder on one shoulder, and the old woman with the magic queen on the other, and transported them in a few minutes to the palace of queen Labe in the City of Enchantments.

The magic queen immediately fell upon king Beder, reproaching him violently. Is it thus, said she, ungrateful wretch! that thy unworthy uncle and thou repay me for all the kindnesses I have done you? I shall soon make you both feel what you deserve. She said no more, but taking water in her hand, threw it in his face with these words, Quit the form of man, and take that of an owl. These words were soon followed by the effect, and immediately she commanded one of her women to shut up the owl in a cage, and give him neither meat nor drink.

The woman took the cage, but without regard-

ing what the queen had ordered, gave him both meat and drink; and being old Abdallah's friend, sent him word privately how the queen had treated his nephew, and apprised him of her design to destroy both him and king Beder, that he might take measures to prevent her intentions, and secure himself.

Abdallah knew no common means would do with queen Labe: he therefore whistled in a peculiar manner, and there immediately arose a giant, with four wings, who presenting himself before him, asked what he would have? Lightning, said Abdallah to him (for so was the genie called), I command you to preserve the life of king Beder, son of queen Gulnare. Go to the palace of the magic queen, and transport immediately to the capital of Persia the compassionate woman who has the cage in custody, to the end she may inform queen Gulnare of the danger the king her son is in, and the occasion he has for her assistance. Take care not to frighten her when you come before her, and acquaint her from me what she ought to do.

Lightning immediately disappeared, and in an instant reached the palace of the magic queen. He instructed the woman, lifted her up into the air, and transported her to the capital of Persia, where he placed her on the terrace of Gulnare's palace. She descended into her apartment, and there found

queen Gulnare and queen Farasche her mother lamenting their mutual misfortunes. She made them a profound reverence, and by the relation she gave them, they soon understood the great need king Beder had of their assistance.

Queen Gulnare was so overjoyed at the news, that rising from her seat, she went and embraced the good woman, telling her how much she was obliged to her for the service she had done her.

Then going immediately out, she commanded the trumpets to sound, and the drums to beat, to acquaint the city, that the king of Persia would suddenly return safe to his kingdom. She then went, and found king Saleh her brother, whom Farasche had caused to come speedily thither by a certain fumigation. Brother, said she to him, the king your nephew, my dear son, is in the City of Enchantments, under the power of queen Labe. Both you and I must go to deliver him, for there is no time to be lost.

King Saleh forthwith assembled a puissant body of his marine troops, who soon rose out of the sea. He also called to his assistance the genies his allies, who appeared with a much more numerous army than his own. As soon as the two armies were joined, he put himself at the head of them, with queen Farasche, queen Gulnare, and the princesses, who would all have their share in this enterprize.

They then ascended into the air, and soon poured down on the palace and City of Enchantments, where the magic queen, her mother, and all the adorers of fire, were destroyed in an instant.

Queen Gulnare had ordered the woman who brought the account of queen Labe's transforming and imprisoning her son, to follow her close, and bade her, in the confusion, go and seize the cage, and bring it to her. This order was executed as she wished, and queen Gulnare was no sooner in possession of the cage, than she opened it, and took out the owl, saying, as she sprinkled a little water upon him, My dear son, quit that strange form, and resume thy natural one of a man.

In a moment queen Gulnare, instead of the hideous owl, beheld king Beder her son. She immediately embraced him with an excess of joy, her tears supplying more forcibly the place of words. She could not let him go; and queen Farasche was obliged to force him from her in her turn. After her, he was likewise embraced by the king his uncle and his relations.

Queen Gulnare's first care was to look out for old Abdallah, to whom she had been obliged for the recovery of the king of Persia; and who being brought to her, she said to him, My obligations to you have been so great, that there is nothing within my power but I would freely do for you, as a token

of my acknowledgment. Do but inform me in what I can serve you. Great queen, replied Abdallah, if the lady whom I sent to your majesty will but consent to the marriage I offer her, and the king of Persia will give me leave to reside at his court, I will spend the remainder of my days in his service. The queen then turned to the lady who was present, and finding by her modest shame that she was not averse to the match proposed, she caused them to join hands, and the king of Persia and she took care of their fortune.

This marriage occasioned the king of Persia to speak thus to the queen; Madam, said he, I am heartily glad of this match which your majesty has just made. There remains one more, which I desire you to think of. Queen Gulnare did not at first comprehend what marriage he meant; but after a little considering, she said, Of yours, you mean, son? I consent to it with all my heart. Then turning, and looking at her brother's sea attendants, and the genies who were still present, Go, said she, and traverse both sea and land, to seek the most lovely and amiable princess, worthy of the king my son, and when you have found her, come and tell us.

Madam, replied king Beder, it is to no purpose for them to take all that trouble. You have no doubt heard that I have already given my heart to the princess of Samandal upon the bare relation of her

beauty. I have seen her, and do not repent of the present I then made her. In a word, neither earth nor sea, in my opinion, can furnish a princess like her. It is true, upon my declaring my love, she treated me in a way that would have extinguished any flame less strong than mine. But I hold her excused; she could not treat me with less rigour, after your imprisoning the king her father, of which I was the innocent cause. But the king of Samandal may, perhaps, have changed his resolution; and his daughter the princess may consent to love me, when she sees her father has agreed to it.

Son, replied queen Gulnare, if only the princess Jehaun-ara can make you happy, it is not my design to oppose you. The king your uncle need only have the king of Samandal brought, and we shall see whether he be still of the same untractable temper.

Strictly as the king of Samandal had been kept during his captivity by king Saleh's orders, yet he always had great respect shewn him. King Saleh caused a chafing-dish of coals to be brought, into which he threw a certain composition, uttering at the same time some mysterious words. As soon as the smoke began to arise, the palace shook, and immediately the king of Samandal, with king Saleh's officers, appeared. The king of Persia cast himself at the king of Samandal's feet, and, kneeling, said, It

is no longer king Saleh that demands of your majesty the honour of your alliance for the king of Persia; it is the king of Persia himself that humbly begs that boon; and I persuade myself your majesty will not persist in being the cause of the death of a king, who can no longer live if he does not share life with the amiable princess Jehaun-ara.

The king of Samandal did not long suffer the king of Persia to remain at his feet. He embraced him, and obliging him to rise, said, I shall be sorry to have contributed in the least to the death of a monarch who is so worthy to live. If it be true that so precious a life cannot be preserved without the possession of my daughter, Live, sir, said he, she is yours. She has always been obedient to my will, and I cannot think she will now oppose it. Speaking these words, he ordered one of his officers, whom king Saleh had permitted to attend him, to go for the princess, and bring her to him immediately.

The princess continued where the king of Persia had left her. The officer perceived her, and brought her soon with her women. The king of Samandal embraced her, and said, Daughter, I have provided a husband for you; it is the king of Persia, the most accomplished monarch at present in the universe. The preference he has given you over all other princesses obliges us both to express our gratitude.

Sir, replied the princess Jehaun-ara, your ma-

jesty well knows I never have presumed to disobey your will: I shall always be ready to obey you; and I hope the king of Persia will forget my ill-treatment of him, and consider it was duty, not inclination, that forced me to it.

The nuptials were celebrated in the palace of the City of Enchantments, with the greatest solemnity, as all the lovers of the magic queen, who had resumed their pristine forms as soon as she ceased to live, assisted at them, and came to return their thanks to the king of Persia, queen Gulnare, and king Saleh. They were all sons of kings, princes, or persons of high rank.

King Saleh conducted the king of Samandal to his dominions, and put him again in possession of his throne. The king of Persia, at the height of his wishes, returned to his capital with queen Gulnare, queen Farasche, and the princesses; and queen Farasche and the princesses continued there till king Saleh came to reconduct them to his kingdom under the waves of the sea.

THE HISTORY OF GANEM[4], SON OF ABOU AYOUB[5], AND KNOWN BY THE SURNAME OF LOVE'S SLAVE.

Sir, said Scheherazade to the sultan of the Indies, there was formerly at Damascus a merchant, who had by care and industry acquired great wealth, on which he lived in a very honourable manner. His name was Abou Ayoub, and he had one son and a daughter. The son was called Ganem, but afterwards surnamed Love's slave. His person was graceful, and the excellent qualities of his mind had been improved by able masters. The daughter's name was Alcolom[6], signifying Ravisher of hearts, because her beauty was so perfect that whoever saw her could not avoid loving her.

Abou Ayoub died, and left immense riches: a hundred loads of brocades and other silks that lay in his warehouse were the least part. The loads were ready made up, and on every bale was written in large characters, For Bagdad.

Mahummud, the son of Soliman, surnamed Zinebi, reigned at that time at Damascus, the capital of Syria. His kinsman, Haroon al Rusheed, had bestowed that kingdom on him as his tributary.

Soon after the death of Abou Ayoub, Ganem conversed with his mother about their domestic affairs, and concerning the loads of merchandize in

the warehouse, asked her the meaning of what was written upon each bale. My son, answered his mother, your father used to travel sometimes into one province, and sometimes into another; and it was customary with him, before he set out, to write the name of the city he designed to repair to on every bale. He had provided all things to take a journey to Bagdad, and was on the point of setting out, when death——She had not power to finish; the lively remembrance of the loss of her husband would not permit her to say more, and drew from her a shower of tears.

Ganem could not see his mother so sensibly affected, without being equally so himself. They continued some time silent; but at length he recovered himself, and as soon as he found his mother calm enough to listen to him, said, Since my father designed these goods for Bagdad, I will prepare myself to perform that journey; and I think it will be proper for me to hasten my departure, for fear those commodities should perish, or that we should lose the opportunity of selling them to the best advantage.

Abou Ayoub's widow, who tenderly loved her son, was much concerned at this resolution, and replied, My dear child, I cannot but commend you for designing to follow your father's example; but consider, that you are too young, inexperienced, and

unaccustomed to the fatigue of travelling. Besides, can you think of leaving me, and adding to that sorrow with which I am already oppressed? Is it not better to sell those goods to the merchants of Damascus, and take up with a moderate profit, than expose yourself to the danger of perishing?

It was in vain for her to oppose Ganem's resolution by the strongest arguments; they had no weight with him. An inclination to travel, and to accomplish himself by a thorough knowledge of the world, urged him to set out, and prevailed over all his mother's remonstrances, her entreaties, and even her tears. He went to the market where slaves were sold, and bought such as were able-bodied, hired a hundred camels, and having provided all other necessaries, entered upon his journey, with five or six merchants of Damascus, who were going to trade at Bagdad.

Those merchants, attended by their slaves, and accompanied by several other travellers, made up such a considerable caravan, that they had nothing to fear from the Bedouin Arabs, who make it their only profession to range the country; and attack and plunder the caravans when they are not strong enough to repulse them. They had no other difficulty to encounter, than the usual fatigues of a long journey, which were easily forgotten when they came in sight of the city of Bagdad, where they arrived in safety.

They alighted at the most magnificent and most frequented khan in the city; but Ganem chose to be lodged conveniently, and by himself. He only left his goods there in a warehouse for their greater security, and hired a spacious house in the neighbourhood, richly furnished, having a garden which was very delightful, on account of its many water-works and shady groves.

Some days after this young merchant had been settled in his house, and perfectly recovered of the fatigue of his journey, he dressed himself richly, and repaired to the public place, where the merchants met to transact business. A slave followed him, carrying a parcel of fine stuffs and silks.

The merchants received Ganem very courteously, and their syndic, or chief, to whom he first made application, bought all his parcel, at the price set down in the ticket annexed to every piece of stuff. Ganem continued his trade so successfully, that he every day sold all the goods he exposed.

He had but one bale left, which he had caused to be carried from the warehouse to his own house; he then went to the public rendezvous, where he found all the shops shut. This seemed somewhat extraordinary to him, and having asked the cause, he was told, that one of the first merchants, whom he knew, was dead, and that all his brother traders were gone to his funeral.

Ganem inquired for the mosque, where prayer

was to be said, and whence the body was to be conducted to the grave; and having been informed, sent back his slave with the goods, and walked towards the mosque. He got thither before the prayers were ended, which were said in a hall hung with black satin. The corpse was taken up, and followed by the kindred, the merchants, and Ganem, to the place of burial, which was at some distance without the city. It was a stone structure, in form of a dome, purposely built to receive the bodies of all the family of the deceased, and being very small, they had pitched tents around, that all the company might be sheltered during the ceremony. The monument was opened, and the corpse laid in it, after which it was shut up. Then the imam, and other ministers of the mosque, sat down in a ring on carpets, in the largest tent, and recited the rest of the prayers. They also read the Fateah, or introductory chapter of the Koraun, appointed for the burial of the dead. The kindred and merchants sat round, in the same manner, behind the ministers.

It was near night before all was ended: Ganem, who had not expected such a long ceremony, began to be uneasy, and the more so, when he saw meat served up, in memory of the deceased, according to the custom of the Mahummedans. He was also told that the tents had been set up not only against the heat of the sun, but also against the evening dew,

because they should not return to the city before the next morning. These words perplexed Ganem. I am a stranger, said he to himself, and have the reputation of being a rich merchant; thieves may take the opportunity of my absence, and rob my house. My slaves may be tempted by so favourable an opportunity; they may run away with all the gold I have received for my goods, and whither shall I go to look for them? Full of these thoughts, he ate a few mouthfuls hastily, and slipped away from the company.

He made all possible haste; but, as it often happens that the more a man hurries the less he advances, he went astray in the dark, so that it was near midnight when he came to the city gate; which, to add to his misfortune, was shut. This was a fresh affliction to him, and he was obliged to look for some convenient place in which to pass the rest of the night till the gate was opened. He went into a burial-place, so spacious, that it reached from the city to the very place he had left. He advanced to some high walls, which enclosed a small field, being the mausoleum of a family, and in which there was a palm-tree. Ganem, finding that the burial-place where the palm-tree grew was open, went into it, and shut the door after him. He lay down on the grass, and tried to sleep; but his uneasiness at being absent from home would not permit him. He got

up, and after having passed before the door several times, opened it, without knowing why, and immediately perceived at a distance a light, which seemed to come towards him. He was startled at the sight, closed the door, which had nothing to secure it but a latch, and got up as fast as he could to the top of the palm-tree; looking upon that as the safest retreat under his present apprehensions.

No sooner was he up, than by the help of the light which had alarmed him, he plainly perceived three men, whom, by their habit, he knew to be slaves, enter into the burial-place. One of them advanced with a lanthorn, and the two others followed him, loaded with a chest, between five and six feet long, which they carried on their shoulders. They set it down, and then one of the three slaves said to his comrades, Brethren, if you will be advised by me, we will leave the chest here, and return to the city. No, no, replied another, that would not be executing our mistress's orders; we may have cause to repent not doing as we were commanded. Let us bury the chest, since we are enjoined so to do. The two other slaves complied. They began to break ground with the tools they had brought for that purpose. When they had made a deep trench, they put the chest into it, and covered it with the earth they had taken out, and then departed.

Ganem, who from the top of the palm-tree had

heard every word the slaves had spoken, could not tell what to think of the adventure. He concluded that the chest must contain something of value, and that the person to whom it belonged had some particular reasons for causing it to be buried in the cemetery. He resolved immediately to satisfy his curiosity, came down from the palm-tree, the departure of the slaves having dissipated his fear, and fell to work upon the pit, plying his hands and feet so well, that in a short time he uncovered the chest, but found it secured by a padlock. This new obstacle to the satisfying of his curiosity was no small mortification to him, yet he was not discouraged, but the day beginning then to appear, he saw several great stones about the burial-place. He picked out one, with which he easily knocked off the padlock, and then with much impatience opened the chest. Ganem was strangely surprised, when, instead of money, he discovered a young lady of incomparable beauty. Her fresh and rosy complexion, and her gentle regular breathing, satisfied him she was alive, but he could not conceive, why, if she were only asleep, she had not awaked at the noise he made in forcing off the padlock. Her habit was so costly, with bracelets and pendants of diamonds, and a necklace of pearls, so large, that he made not the least doubt of her being one of the principal ladies of the court. At the sight of so beautiful an object, not only compassion and natural inclination to relieve

persons in danger, but something more powerful, which Ganem could not then account for, prevailed on him to afford the unfortunate beauty all the assistance in his power.

He first shut the gate of the burial-place, which the slaves had left open; then, returning, took the lady in his arms, and laid her on the soft earth which he had thrown off the chest. As soon as she was exposed to the air, she sneezed, and, by the motion in turning her head, there came from her mouth a liquor, with which her stomach seemed to have been loaded; then opening and rubbing her eyes, she with such a voice as charmed Ganem, whom she did not see, cried out, Zohorob Bostan[7], Shijher al Mirjaun[8], Casabos Souccar[9], Nouron Nihar[10], Nagmatos Sohi[11], Nouzhetos Zaman[12], why do you not answer? where are you? These were the names of six female slaves that used to wait on her. She called them, and wondered that nobody answered; but at length looking about, and perceiving she was in a burial-place, was seized with fear. What, cried she, much louder than before, are the dead raised? Is the day of judgment come? What a wonderful change is this from evening to morning?

Ganem did not think fit to leave the lady any longer in her perplexity, but presented himself before her with all possible respect, and in the most

courteous manner. Madam, said he, I am not able to express my joy at having happened to be here to do you the service I have, and to offer you all the assistance you may need under your present circumstances.

In order to persuade the lady to repose confidence in him, he, in the first place, told her who he was, and what accident had brought him to that place. Next he acquainted her with the coming of the three slaves, and how they had buried the chest. The lady, who had covered her face with her veil as soon as Ganem appeared, was extremely sensible of the obligations she owed him. I return thanks to God, said she, for having sent so worthy a person as you are to deliver me from death; but since you have begun so charitable a work, I conjure you not to leave it imperfect. Let me beg of you to go into the city, and provide a muleteer, to come with his mule, and carry me to your house in this chest; for, should I go with you on foot, my dress being different from that of the city ladies, some one might take notice of it, and follow me, which it highly concerns me to prevent. When I shall be in your house, I will give you an account of myself; and in the mean time be assured that you have not obliged an ungrateful person.

Before the young merchant left the lady, he drew the chest out of the pit, which he filled up with earth,

laid her again in the chest, and shut it in such a manner, that it did not look as if the padlock had been forced off; but for fear of stifling her, he did not put it quite close, leaving room for the admittance of air. Going out of the burial-place, he drew the door after him; and the city gate being then open, soon found what he sought. He returned with speed to the burial-place, and helped the muleteer to lay the chest across his mule, telling him, to remove all cause of suspicion, that he came to that place the night before, with another muleteer, who, being in haste to return home, had laid down the chest where he saw it.

Ganem, who, since his arrival at Bagdad, had minded nothing but his business, was still unacquainted with the power of love, and now felt its first attacks. It had not been in his power to look upon the young lady without being dazzled; and the uneasiness he felt at following the muleteer at a distance, and the fear lest any accident might happen by the way that should deprive him of his conquest, taught him to unravel his thoughts. He was more than usually delighted, when, being arrived safe at home, he saw the chest unloaded. He dismissed the muleteer, and having caused a slave to shut the door of his house, opened the chest, helped the lady out, gave her his hand, and conducted her to his apartment, lamenting how much she must have endured in such close confinement. If I have

suffered, said she, I have satisfaction sufficient in what you have done for me, and in the pleasure of seeing myself out of danger.

Though Ganem's apartment was very richly furnished, the lady did not so much regard its appearance, as she did the handsome presence and engaging mien of her deliverer, whose politeness and obliging behaviour heightened her gratitude. She sat down on a sofa, and to give the merchant to understand how sensible she was of the service done her, took off her veil. Ganem on his part was sensible of the favour so lovely a lady did in uncovering her face to him, or rather felt he had already a most violent passion for her. Whatever obligations she owed him, he thought himself more than requited by so singular a favour.

The lady dived into Ganem's thoughts, yet was not at all alarmed, because he appeared very respectful. He, judging she might have occasion to eat, and not willing to trust any but himself with the care of entertaining so charming a guest, went out with a slave to an eating-house, to give directions for an entertainment. From thence he went to a fruiterer, where he chose the finest and best fruit; buying also the choicest wine, and the same bread that was eaten at the caliph's table.

As soon as he returned home, he with his own hands made a pyramid of the fruit he had bought, and serving it up himself to the lady in a large dish

of the finest china-ware, Madam, said he, be pleased to make choice of some of this fruit, while a more solid entertainment, and more worthy yourself, is preparing. He would have continued standing before her, but she declared she would not touch any thing, unless he sat down and ate with her. He obeyed; and when they had eaten a little, Ganem observing that the lady's veil, which she laid down by her on a sofa, was embroidered along the edge with golden letters, begged her permission to look on the embroidery. The lady immediately took up the veil, and delivered it to him, asking him whether he could read? Madam, replied he, with a modest air, a merchant would be ill-qualified to manage his business if he could not at least read and write. Well, then, said she, read the words which are embroidered on that veil, which gives me an opportunity of telling you my story.

Ganem took the veil, and read these words, "I am yours, and you are mine, thou descendant from the prophet's uncle." That descendant from the prophet's uncle was the caliph Haroon al Rusheed, who then reigned, and was descended from Abbas, Mahummud's uncle.

When Ganem perceived these words, Alas! madam, said he, in a melancholy tone, I have just saved your life, and this writing is my death! I do not comprehend all the mystery; but it convinces me I am

the most unfortunate of men. Pardon, madam, the liberty I take, but it was impossible for me to see you without giving you my heart. You are not ignorant yourself, that it was not in my power to refuse it you, and that makes my presumption excusable. I proposed to myself to touch your heart by my respectful behaviour, my care, my assiduity, my submission, my constancy; and no sooner have I formed the flattering design, than I am robbed of all my hopes. I cannot long survive so great a misfortune. But, be that as it will, I shall have the satisfaction of dying entirely yours. Proceed, madam, I conjure you, and give me full information of my unhappy fate.

He could not utter those words without letting fall some tears. The lady was moved; but was so far from being displeased at the declaration he made, that she felt secret joy; for her heart began to yield. However, she concealed her feelings, and as if she had not regarded what Ganem had said, I should have been very cautious, answered she, of shewing you my veil, had I thought it would have given you so much uneasiness; but I do not perceive that what I have to say to you can make your condition so deplorable as you imagine.

You must understand, proceeded she, in order to acquaint you with my story, that my name is Fetnah (which signifies disturbance), which was given me at my birth, because it was judged that the sight of me

would one day occasion many calamities. Of this you cannot be ignorant, since there is nobody in Bagdad but knows that the caliph, my sovereign lord and yours, has a favourite so called.

I was carried into his palace in my tenderest years, and I have been brought up with all the care that is usually taken with such persons of my sex as are destined to reside there. I made no little progress in all they took the pains to teach me; and that, with some share of beauty, gained me the affection of the caliph, who allotted me a particular apartment adjoining to his own. That prince was not satisfied with such a mark of distinction; he appointed twenty women to wait on me, and as many eunuchs; and ever since he has made me such considerable presents, that I saw myself richer than any queen in the world. You may judge by what I have said, that Zobeide, the caliph's wife and kinswoman, could not but be jealous of my happiness. Though Haroon has all the regard imaginable for her, she has taken every possible opportunity to ruin me.

Hitherto I had secured myself against all her snares, but at length I fell under the last effort of her jealousy; and, had it not been for you, must now have been exposed to inevitable death. I question not but she had corrupted one of my slaves, who last night, in some lemonade, gave me a drug, which causes such a dead sleep, that it is easy to dispose

of those who have taken it; for that sleep is so profound, that nothing can dispel it for the space of seven or eight hours. I have the more reason to judge so, because naturally I am a very bad sleeper and apt to wake at the least noise.

Zobeide, the better to put her design in execution, has availed herself of the absence of the caliph, who went lately to put himself at the head of his troops, to chastise some neighbouring kings, who have formed a league of rebellion. Were it not for this opportunity, my rival, outrageous as she is, durst not have presumed to attempt any thing against my life. I know not what she will do to conceal this action from the caliph, but you see it highly concerns me that you should keep my secret. My life depends on it. I shall be safe in your house, as long as the caliph is from Bagdad. It concerns you to keep my adventure private; for should Zobeide know the obligation I owe you, she would punish you for having saved me.

When the caliph returns, I shall not need to be so much upon my guard. I shall find means to acquaint him with all that has happened, and I am fully persuaded he will be more earnest than myself to requite a service which restores me to his love.

As soon as Haroon al Rusheed's beautiful favourite had done speaking, Ganem said, Madam, I return you a thousand thanks for having given me

the information I took the liberty to desire of you; and I beg of you to believe, that you are here in safety; the sentiments you have inspired are a pledge of my secrecy.

As for my slaves, they may perhaps fail of the fidelity they owe me, should they know by what accident and in what place I had the happiness to find you. I dare assure you, however, that they will not have the curiosity to inquire. It is so natural for young men to purchase beautiful slaves, that it will be no way surprising to them to see you here, believing you to be one, and that I have bought you. They will also conclude that I have some particular reasons for bringing you home as they saw I did. Set your heart, therefore, at rest, as to that point, and remain satisfied that you shall be served with all the respect that is due to the favourite of so great a monarch as our sovereign the caliph. But great as he is, give me leave, madam, to declare, that nothing can make me recall the present I have made you of my heart. I know, and shall never forget, "that what belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave;" but I loved you before you told me that you were engaged to the caliph; it is not in my power to overcome a passion which, though now in its infancy, has all the force of a love strengthened by a perfect correspondence of situation. I wish your august and most fortunate lover may avenge

you of the malice of Zobeide, by calling you back to him; and when you shall be restored to his wishes, that you may remember the unfortunate Ganem, who is no less your conquest than the caliph. Powerful as that prince is, I flatter myself he will not be able to blot me out of your remembrance. He cannot love you more passionately than I do; and I shall never cease to love you into whatever part of the world I may go to expire, after having lost you.

Fetnah perceived that Ganem was under the greatest of afflictions, and his situation affected her; but considering the uneasiness she was likely to bring upon herself, by prosecuting the conversation on that subject, which might insensibly lead her to discover the inclination she felt for him; I perceive, said she, that this conversation gives you too much uneasiness; let us change the subject, and talk of the infinite obligation I owe you. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude, when I reflect that, without your assistance, I should never again have beheld the light of the sun.

It was happy for them both, that somebody just then knocked at the door; Ganem went to see who it was, and found it to be one of his slaves come to acquaint him that the entertainment was ready. Ganem, who, by way of precaution, would have none of his slaves come into the room where Fetnah was, took what was brought, and served it up himself to

his beautiful guest, whose soul was ravished to behold what attention he paid her.

When they had eaten, Ganem took away, as he had covered the table; and having delivered all things at the door of the apartment to his slaves, Madam, said he to Fetnah, you may now perhaps desire to take some rest; I will leave you, and when you have reposed yourself, you shall find me ready to receive your commands.

Having thus spoken, he left her, and went to purchase two women-slaves. He also bought two parcels, one of fine linen, and the other of all such things as were proper to make up a toilet fit for the caliph's favourite. Having conducted home the two women-slaves, he presented them to Fetnah, saying, Madam, a person of your quality cannot be without two waiting-maids, at least, to serve you; be pleased to accept of these.

Fetnah, admiring Ganem's attention, said, My lord, I perceive you are not one that will do things by halves: you add by your courtesy to the obligations I owe you already; but I hope I shall not die ungrateful, and that heaven will soon place me in a condition to requite all your acts of generosity.

When the women-slaves were withdrawn into a chamber adjoining, he sat down on the sofa, but at some distance from Fetnah, in token of respect. He

then began to discourse of his passion. I dare not so much as hope, said he, to excite the least sensibility in a heart like yours, destined for the greatest prince in the world. Alas! it would be a comfort to me in my misfortune, if I could but flatter myself, that you have not looked upon the excess of my love with indifference. My lord, answered Fetnah—Alas! madam, said Ganem, interrupting her at the word lord, this is the second time you have done me the honour to call me lord; the presence of the women-slaves hindered me the first time from taking notice of it to you: in the name of God, madam, do not give me this title of honour; it does not belong to me; treat me, I beseech you, as your slave: I am, and shall never cease to be so.

No, no, replied Fetnah, interrupting him in her turn, I shall be cautious how I treat with such disrespect a man to whom I owe my life. I should be ungrateful, could I say or do any thing that did not become you. Leave me, therefore, to follow the dictates of my gratitude, and do not require of me, that I should misbehave myself towards you, in return for the benefits I have received. I shall never be guilty of such conduct; I am too sensible of your respectful behaviour to abuse it; and I will not hesitate to own, that I do not regard your care with indifference. You know the reasons that condemn me to silence.

Ganem was enraptured at this declaration; he wept for joy, and not being able to find expressions, significant enough, in his own opinion, to return Fetnah thanks, was satisfied with telling her, that as she knew what she owed to the caliph, he, on his part, was not ignorant, "that what belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave."

Night drawing on, he rose up to fetch a light, which he brought in himself, as also a collation.

They both sat down at table, and at first complimented each other on the fruit as they presented it reciprocally. The excellence of the wine insensibly drew them both to drink; and having drunk two or three glasses, they agreed that neither should take another glass without first singing some air. Ganem sung verses *ex tempore*, expressive of the vehemence of his passion; and Fetnah, encouraged by his example, composed and sung verses relating to her adventure, and always containing something which Ganem might take in a sense favourable to himself; except in this, she most exactly observed the fidelity due to the caliph. The collation continued till very late, and the night was far advanced before they thought of parting. Ganem then withdrew to another apartment, leaving Fetnah where she was, the women-slaves he had bought coming in to wait upon her.

They lived together in this manner for several

days. The young merchant went not abroad, unless upon business of the utmost consequence, and even for that took the time when the lady was reposing; for he could not prevail upon himself to lose a moment that might be spent in her company. All his thoughts were taken up with his dear Fetnah, who, on her side, giving way to her inclination, confessed she had no less affection for him than he had for her. However, fond as they were of each other, their respect for the caliph kept them within due bounds, which still heightened their passion.

Whilst Fetnah, thus snatched from the jaws of death, passed her time so agreeably with Ganem, Zobeide was not without some apprehensions in the palace of Haroon al Rusheed.

No sooner had the three slaves, entrusted with the execution of her revenge, carried away the chest, without knowing what it contained, or so much as the least curiosity to inquire (being used to pay a blind obedience to her commands), than she was seized with a tormenting uneasiness; a thousand perplexing thoughts disturbed her rest; sleep fled from her eyes, and she spent the night in contriving how to conceal her crime. My consort, said she, loves Fetnah more than ever he did any of his favourites. What shall I say to him at his return, when he enquires of me after her? Many contrivances occurred to her, but none were satisfactory.

Still she met with difficulties, and knew not where to fix. There lived with her a lady advanced in years, who had bred her up from her infancy. As soon as it was day, she sent for her, and having entrusted her with the secret, said, My good mother, you have always assisted me with your advice; if ever I stood in need of it, it is now, when the business before you is to still my thoughts, distracted by a mortal anxiety, and to shew me some way to satisfy the caliph.

My dear mistress, replied the old lady, it had been much better not to have run yourself into the difficulties you labour under; but since the thing is done, the best consolation is to think no more of it. All that must now be thought of, is how to deceive the commander of the believers; and I am of opinion, that you should immediately cause a wooden image resembling a dead body to be carved. We will shroud it up in linen, and when shut up in a coffin, it shall be buried in some part of the palace; you shall then immediately cause a marble mausoleum to be built, in the form of a dome, over the burial-place, and erect a tomb, which shall be covered with embroidered cloth, and set about with great candlesticks and large wax tapers. There is another thing, added the old lady, which ought not to be forgotten; you must put on mourning, and cause the same to be done by your own and Fetnah's women, your eunuchs, and all the officers of the palace. When

the caliph returns, and sees you all and the palace in mourning, he will not fail to ask the occasion of it. You will then have an opportunity of insinuating yourself into his favour, by saying, it was out of respect to him that you paid the last honours to Fetnah, snatched away by sudden death. You may tell him, you have caused a mausoleum to be built, and, in short, that you have paid all the last honours to his favourite, as he would have done himself had he been present. His passion for her being extraordinary, he will certainly go to shed tears upon her grave; and perhaps, added the old woman, he will not believe she is really dead. He may, possibly, suspect you have turned her out of the palace through jealousy, and look upon all the mourning as an artifice to deceive him, and prevent his making enquiries after her. It is likely he will cause the coffin to be taken up and opened, and it is certain he will be convinced of her death, as soon as he shall see the figure of a dead body buried. He will be pleased with all you shall have done, and express his gratitude. As for the wooden image, I will myself undertake to have it cut by a carver in the city, who shall not know the purpose for which it is designed. As for your part, madam, order Fetnah's woman, who yesterday gave her the lemonade, to give out, among her companions, that she has just found her mistress dead in her bed; and in order that they may only think of

lamenting, without offering to go into her chamber, let her add, she has already acquainted you with the circumstance, and that you have ordered Mesrour to cause her to be buried.

As soon as the old lady had spoken, Zobeide took a rich diamond ring out of her casket, and putting it on her finger, and embracing her in a transport of joy, said, How infinitely am I beholden to you, my good mother! I should never have thought of so ingenious a contrivance. It cannot fail of success, and I begin to recover my peace. I leave the care of the wooden figure to you, and will go myself to order the rest.

The wooden image was got ready with as much expedition as Zobeide could have wished, and then conveyed by the old lady herself into Fetnah's bed-chamber, where she dressed it like a dead-body, and put it into a coffin. Then Mesrour, who was himself deceived by it, caused the coffin and the representation of Fetnah to be carried away, and buried with the usual ceremonies in the place appointed by Zobeide, the favourite's women weeping and lamenting, she who had given her the lemonade setting them an example by her cries and lamentations [13].

That very day Zobeide sent for the architect of the palace, and, according to orders, the mausoleum was finished in a short time. Such potent princesses as the consort of a monarch, whose power ex-

tended from east to west, are always punctually obeyed in whatsoever they command. She soon put on mourning with all the court; so that the news of Fetnah's death was quickly spread over the city.

Ganem was one of the last who heard of it; for, as I have before observed, he hardly ever went abroad. Being, however, at length informed of it, Madam, said he to the caliph's fair favourite, you are supposed in Bagdad to be dead, and I do not question but that Zobeide herself believes it. I bless heaven that I am the cause, and the happy witness of your being alive; would to God, that, taking advantage of this false report, you would share my fortune, and go far from hence to reign in my heart! But whither does this pleasing transport carry me? I do not consider that you are born to make the greatest prince in the world happy; and that only Haroon al Rusheed is worthy of you. Supposing you could resolve to give him up for me, and that you would follow me, ought I to consent? No, it is my part always to remember, "that what belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave."

The lovely Fetnah, though moved by the tenderness of the passion he expressed, yet prevailed with herself not to encourage it. My lord, said she to him, we cannot obstruct the momentary triumph of Zobeide. I am not surprised at the artifice she uses to conceal her guilt: but let her go on; I flatter myself

that sorrow will soon follow her triumph. The caliph will return, and we shall find the means privately to inform him of all that has happened. In the mean time let us be more cautious than ever, that she may not know I am alive. I have already told you the consequences to be apprehended from such a discovery.

At the end of three months the caliph returned to Bagdad with glory, having vanquished all his enemies. He entered the palace with impatience to embrace Fetnah; but was amazed to see all the officers in mourning; and his concern was redoubled when, approaching the apartment of Zobeide, he beheld that princess coming to meet him in mourning with all her women. He immediately asked her the cause, with much agitation. Commander of the believers, answered Zobeide, I am in mourning for your slave Fetnah; who died so suddenly that it was impossible to apply any remedy to her disorder. She would have proceeded, but the caliph did not give her time, being so agitated at the news, that he uttered a feeble exclamation, and fainted. On recovering himself, he with a feeble voice, which sufficiently expressed his extreme grief, asked where his dear Fetnah had been buried. Sir, said Zobeide, I myself took care of her funeral, and spared no cost to make it magnificent. I have caused a marble

mausoleum to be built over her grave, and will attend you thither if you desire.

The caliph would not permit Zobeide to take that trouble, but contented himself to have Mesrour to conduct him. He went thither just as he was, in his camp dress. When he saw the tomb, the wax-lights round it, and the magnificence of the mausoleum, he was amazed that Zobeide should have performed the obsequies of her rival with so much pomp; and being naturally of a jealous temper, suspected his wife's generosity, and fancied his mistress might perhaps be yet alive; that Zobeide, taking advantage of his long absence, might have turned her out of the palace, ordering those she had intrusted to conduct her, to convey her so far off that she might never more be heard of. This was all he suspected; for he did not think Zobeide wicked enough to have attempted the life of his favourite.

The better to discover the truth himself, he ordered the tomb to be removed, and caused the grave and the coffin to be opened in his presence; but when he saw the linen wrapped round the wooden image, he durst not proceed any farther. This devout caliph thought it would be a sacrilegious act to suffer the body of the dead lady to be touched; and this scrupulous fear prevailed over his love and curiosity. He doubted not of Fetnah's

death. He caused the coffin to be shut up again, the grave to be filled, and the tomb to be made as it was before.

The caliph thinking himself obliged to pay some respect to the grave of his favourite, sent for the ministers of religion, the officers of the palace, and the readers of the Koraun; and, whilst they were collecting together, he remained in the mausoleum, moistening with his tears the marble that covered the phantom of his mistress. When all the persons he had sent for were come, he stood before the tomb, and recited long prayers; after which the readers of the Koraun read several chapters.

The same ceremony was performed every day for a whole month, morning and evening, the caliph being always present, with the grand vizier, and the principal officers of the court, all of them in mourning, as well as the caliph himself, who all the time ceased not to honour the memory of Fetnah with his tears, and would not hear of any business.

The last day of the month, the prayers and reading of the Koraun lasted from morning till break of day the next morning. The caliph, being tired with sitting up so long, went to take some rest in his apartment, and fell asleep upon a sofa, between two of the court ladies, one of them sitting at the bed's-head, and the other at the feet, who, whilst he slept,

were working some embroidery, and observed a profound silence.

She who sat at the bed's-head, and whose name was Nouron Nihar, perceiving the caliph was asleep, whispered to the other, called Nagmatos Sohi, There is great news! The commander of the believers our master will be overjoyed when he awakes, and hears what I have to tell him; Fetnah is not dead, she is in perfect health. O heavens! cried Nagmatos Sohi, in a transport of joy, is it possible, that the beautiful, the charming, the incomparable Fetnah should be still among the living? She uttered these words with so much vivacity, and so loud, that the caliph awoke. He asked why they had disturbed his rest? Alas! my sovereign lord, answered the slave, pardon me this indiscretion; I could not without transport hear that Fetnah is still alive; it caused such emotion in me, as I could not suppress. What then is become of her, demanded the caliph, if she is not dead? Chief of the believers, replied the other, I this evening received a note from a person unknown, written with Fetnah's own hand; she gives me an account of her melancholy adventure, and orders me to acquaint you with it. I thought fit, before I fulfilled my commission, to let you take some few moments rest, believing you must stand in need of it, after your fatigue; and—Give me that note, said the caliph,

interrupting her eagerly, you were wrong to defer delivering it to me.

The slave immediately presented to him the note, which he opened with much impatience, and in it Fetnah gave a particular account of all that had befallen her, but enlarged a little too much on the attentions of Ganem. The caliph, who was naturally jealous, instead of being provoked at the inhumanity of Zobeide, was more concerned at the infidelity he fancied Fetnah had been guilty of towards him. Is it so? said he, after reading the note; the perfidious wretch has been four months with a young merchant, and has the effrontery to boast of his attention to her. Thirty days are past since my return to Bagdad, and she now thinks of sending me news of herself. Ungrateful creature! whilst I spend the days in bewailing her, she passes them in betraying me. Go to, let us take vengeance of a false women, and that bold youth who affronts me. Having spoken these words, the caliph rose, and went into a hall where he used to appear in public, and give audience to his court. The first gate was opened, and immediately all the courtiers, who were waiting without, entered. The grand vizier came in, and prostrated himself before the throne. Then rising, he stood before his master, who, in a tone which denoted he would be instantly obeyed, said to him, Jaaffier, your presence is requisite, for putting in execution an important affair I

am about to commit to you. Take four hundred men of my guards with you, and first inquire where a merchant of Damascus lives whose name is Ganem, the son of Abou Ayoub. When you have learnt this, repair to his house, and cause it to be razed to the foundations; but first secure Ganem, and bring him hither, with my slave Fetnah, who has lived with him these four months. I will punish her, and make an example of that insolent man, who has presumed to fail in respect to me.

The grand vizier having received this positive command, made a low prostration to the caliph, having his hand on his head, in token that he would rather lose it than disobey him, and departed. The first thing he did, was to send to the syndic of the dealers in foreign stuffs and silks, with strict orders to find out the house of the unfortunate merchant. The officer he sent with these orders brought him back word, that he had scarcely been seen for some months, and no man knew what could keep him at home, if he was there. The same officer likewise told Jaaffier where Ganem lived.

Upon this information, that minister, without losing time, went to the judge of the police, whom he caused to bear him company, and attended by a great number of carpenters and masons, with the necessary tools for razing a house, came to Ganem's residence; and finding it stood detached from any

other, he posted his soldiers round it, to prevent the young merchant's making his escape.

Fetnah and Ganem had just dined: the lady was sitting at a window next the street; hearing a noise, she looked out through the lattice, and seeing the grand vizier approach with his attendants, concluded she was their object as well as Ganem. She perceived her note had been received, but had not expected such a consequence, having hoped that the caliph would have taken the matter in a different light. She knew not how long the prince had been returned from his campaign, and though she was acquainted with his jealous temper, yet apprehended nothing on that account. However, the sight of the grand vizier and the soldiers made her tremble, not indeed for herself, but for Ganem: she did not question clearing herself, provided the caliph would but hear her. As for Ganem, whom she loved less out of gratitude than inclination, she plainly foresaw that his incensed rival might be apt to condemn him, on account of his youth and person. Full of this thought, she turned to the young merchant and said, Alas! Ganem, we are undone. Ganem looked through the lattice, and was seized with dread, when he beheld the caliph's guards with their naked cimeters, and the grand vizier, with the civil magistrate at the head of them. At this sight he stood motionless, and had not power to utter one word. Ganem, said the fa-

vourite, there is no time to be lost; if you love me, put on the habit of one of your slaves immediately, and disfigure your face and arms with soot. Then put some of these dishes on your head; you may be taken for a servant belonging to the eating-house, and they will let you pass. If they happen to ask you where the master of the house is, answer, without any hesitation, that he is within. Alas! madam, answered Ganem, less concerned for himself than for Fetnah, you only take care of me, what will become of you? Let not that trouble you, replied Fetnah, it is my part to look to that. As for what you leave in this house, I will take care of it, and I hope it will be one day faithfully restored to you, when the caliph's anger shall be over; but at present avoid his fury. The orders he gives in the heat of passion are always fatal. The young merchant's affliction was so great, that he knew not what course to pursue, and would certainly have suffered himself to be seized by the caliph's soldiers, had not Fetnah pressed him to disguise himself. He submitted to her persuasions, put on the habit of a slave, daubed himself with soot, and as they were knocking at the door, all they could do was to embrace each other tenderly. They were both so overwhelmed with sorrow, that they could not utter a word. Thus they parted. Ganem went out with some dishes on his head: he was taken for the servant of an eating-house, and no one offered to

stop him. On the contrary, the grand vizier, who was the first that met him, gave way and let him pass, little thinking that he was the man he looked for. Those who were behind the grand vizier made way as he had done, and thus favoured his escape. He soon reached one of the gates, and got clear of the city.

Whilst he was making the best of his way from the grand vizier, that minister came into the room where Fetnah was sitting on a sofa, and where there were many chests full of Ganem's clothes, and of the money he had made of his goods.

As soon as Fetnah saw the grand vizier come into the room, she fell upon her face, and continuing in that posture, as it were to receive her death; My lord, said she, I am ready to undergo the sentence passed against me by the commander of the believers; you need only make it known to me. Madam, answered Jaaffier, falling also down till she had raised herself, God forbid any man should presume to lay profane hands on you. I do not intend to offer you the least harm. I have no farther orders, than to intreat you will be pleased to go with me to the palace, and to conduct you thither, with the merchant that lives in this house. My lord, replied the favourite, let us go; I am ready to follow you. As for the young merchant, to whom I am indebted for my life, he is not here, he has been gone about a month since to Damascus, whither his business

called him, and has left these chests you see under my care, till he returns. I conjure you to cause them to be carried to the palace, and order them to be secured, that I may perform the promise I made him to take all possible care of them.

You shall be obeyed, said Jaaffier, and immediately sent for porters, whom he commanded to take up the chests, and carry them to Mesrour.

As soon as the porters were gone, he whispered the civil magistrate, committing to him the care of seeing the house razed, but first to cause diligent search to be made for Ganem, who, he suspected, might be hidden, notwithstanding what Fetnah had told him. He then went out, taking her with him, attended by the two slaves who waited on her. As for Ganem's slaves, they were not regarded; they ran in among the crowd, and it was not known what became of them.

No sooner was Jaaffier out of the house, than the masons and carpenters began to demolish it, and did their business so effectually, that in a few hours none of it remained. But the civil magistrate, not finding Ganem, after the strictest search, sent to acquaint the grand vizier, before that minister reached the palace. Well, said Haroon al Rusheed, seeing him come into his closet, have you executed my orders? Yes, answered Jaaffier; the house Ganem lived in is levelled with the ground, and I have brought you your favour-

ite Fetnah; she is at your closet door, and I will call her in, if you command me. As for the young merchant, we could not find him, though every place has been searched, and Fetnah affirms that he has been gone a month to Damascus.

Never was passion equal to that of the caliph, when he heard that Ganem had made his escape. As for his favourite, believing that she had been false to him, he would neither see nor speak to her. Mesrour, said he to the chief of the eunuchs, who was then present, take the ungrateful and perfidious Fetnah, and shut her up in the dark tower. That tower was within the precinct of the palace, and commonly served as a prison for the favourites who any way offended the caliph.

Mesrour being used to execute his sovereign's orders, however unjust, without making any answer, obeyed this with some reluctance. He signified his concern to Fetnah, who was the more grieved because she had assured herself, that the caliph would not refuse to speak to her. She was obliged to submit to her hard fate, and to follow Mesrour, who conducted her to the dark tower, and there left her.

In the mean time, the enraged caliph dismissed his grand vizier, and only hearkening to his passion, wrote the following letter with his own hand to the king of Syria, his cousin and tributary, who resided at Damascus.

"This letter is to inform you, that a merchant of Damascus, whose name is Ganem, the son of Abou Ayoub, has seduced the most amiable of my women slaves, called Fetnah, and is fled. It is my will, that when you have read my letter, you cause search to be made for Ganem, and secure him. When he is in your power, you shall cause him to be loaded with irons, and for three days successively let him receive fifty strokes of the bastinado. Then let him be led through all parts of the city by a crier, proclaiming, 'This is the smallest punishment the commander of the believers inflicts on him that offends his lord, and debauches one of his slaves.' After that you shall send him to me under a strong guard. It is my will that you cause his house to be plundered; and after it has been razed, order the materials to be carried out of the city into the middle of the plain. Besides this, if he has father, mother, sister, wives, daughters, or other kindred, cause them to be stripped; and when they are naked, expose them three days to the whole city, forbidding any person on pain of death to afford them shelter. I expect you will without delay execute my command."

The caliph having written this letter, dispatched it by an express, ordering him to make all possible speed, and to take pigeons along with him, that he

might the sooner hear what had been done by Mahummud Zinebi.

The pigeons of Bagdad have this peculiar quality, that from wherever they may be carried to, they return to Bagdad as soon as they are set at liberty, especially when they have young ones. A letter rolled up is made fast under their wing, and by that means advice is speedily received from such places as it is desired.

The caliph's courier travelled night and day, as his master's impatience required; and being come to Damascus, went directly to king Zinebi's palace, who sat upon his throne to receive the caliph's letter. The courier having delivered it, Mahummud looking at it, and knowing the hand, stood up to shew his respect, kissed the letter, and laid it on his head, to denote he was ready submissively to obey the orders it contained. He opened it, and having read it, immediately descended from his throne, and without losing time, mounted on horseback with the principal officers of his household. He sent for the civil magistrate; and went directly to Ganem's house, attended by all his guards.

Ganem's mother had never received any letter from him since he had left Damascus; but the other merchants with whom he went to Bagdad were returned, and all of them told her they had left her son in perfect health: however, seeing he did not return,

she could not but be persuaded that he was dead, and was so fully convinced of this in her imagination, that she went into mourning. She bewailed Ganem as if she had seen him die, and had herself closed his eyes: never mother expressed greater sorrow; and so far was she from seeking any comfort, that she delighted in indulging her grief. She had caused a dome to be built in the middle of the court belonging to her house, in which she placed a tomb. She spent the greatest part of the days and nights in weeping under that dome, as if her son had been buried there: her daughter bore her company, and mixed her tears with hers.

It was now some time since they had thus devoted themselves to sorrow, and the neighbourhood, hearing their cries and lamentations, pitied such tender relations, when king Mahummud Zinebi knocked at the door, which being opened by a slave belonging to the family, he hastily entered the house, inquiring for Ganem, the son of Abou Ayoub.

Though the slave had never seen king Zinebi, she guessed by his retinue that he must be one of the principal officers of Damascus. My lord, said she, that Ganem you inquire for is dead; my mistress, his mother, is in that monument, lamenting him. The king, not regarding what was said by the slave, caused all the house to be diligently searched by his guards for Ganem. He then advanced to-

wards the monument, where he saw the mother and daughter sitting on a mat, and their faces appeared to him bathed in tears. These poor women immediately veiled themselves, as soon as they beheld a man at the door of the dome; but the mother, knowing the king of Damascus, got up, and ran to cast herself at his feet. My good lady, said he, I was looking for your son Ganem, is he here? Alas! sir, cried the mother, it is a long time since he has ceased to be: would to God I had at least put him into his coffin with my own hands, and had had the comfort of having his bones in this monument! O my son, my dear son!—She would have said more, but was oppressed with such violent sorrow that she was unable to proceed.

Zinebi was moved; for he was a prince of a mild nature, and had much compassion for the sufferings of the unfortunate. If Ganem alone be guilty, thought he to himself, why should the mother and the daughter, who are innocent, be punished? Ah! cruel Haroon al Rusheed! what a mortification do you put upon me, in making me the executioner of your vengeance, obliging me to persecute persons who have not offended you.

The guards whom the king had ordered to search for Ganem, came and told him their search had been vain. He was fully convinced of this; the tears of those two women would not leave him any room to

doubt. It distracted him to be obliged to execute the caliph's order. My good lady, said he to Ganem's mother, quit this monument with your daughter, it is no place of safety for you. They went out, and he, to secure them against any insult, took off his own robe, and covered them both with it, bidding them keep close to him. He then ordered the populace to be let in to plunder, which was performed with the utmost rapaciousness, and with shouts which terrified Ganem's mother and sister the more, because they knew not the reason. The rabble carried off the richest goods, chests full of wealth, fine Persian and Indian carpets, cushions covered with cloth of gold and silver, fine China ware; in short, all was taken away, till nothing remained but the bare walls of the house: and it was a dismal spectacle for the unhappy ladies, to see all their goods plundered, without knowing why they were so cruelly treated.

When the house was plundered, Mahummud ordered the civil magistrate to raze the house and monument; and while that was doing, he carried away the mother and daughter to his palace. There it was he redoubled their affliction, by acquainting them with the caliph's will. He commands me, said he to them, to cause you to be stripped, and exposed naked for three days to the view of the people. It is with the utmost reluctance that I execute such a

cruel and ignominious sentence. The king delivered those words with such an air, as plainly made it appear his heart was really pierced with grief and compassion. Though the fear of being dethroned prevented his following the dictates of his pity, yet he in some measure moderated the rigour of the caliph's orders, by causing large shifts, without sleeves, to be made of coarse horse-hair for Ganem's mother, and his sister.

The next day, these two victims of the caliph's rage were stripped of their clothes, and their horse-hair shifts put upon them; their head-dress was also taken away, so that their dishevelled hair hung floating on their backs. The daughter had the finest hair, and it hung down to the ground. In this condition they were exposed to the people. The civil magistrate, attended by his officers, were along with them, and they were conducted through the city. A crier went before them, who every now and then cried, This is the punishment due to those who have drawn on themselves the indignation of the commander of the believers.

Whilst they walked in this manner along the streets of Damascus, with their arms and feet naked, clad in such a strange garment, and endeavouring to hide their confusion under their hair, with which they covered their faces, all the people were dissolved in tears; more especially the ladies, considering

them as innocent persons, as they beheld them through their lattice windows, and being particularly moved by the daughter's youth and beauty, they made the air ring with their shrieks, as they passed before their houses. The very children, frightened at those shrieks, and at the spectacle that occasioned them, mixed their cries with the general lamentation. In short, had an enemy been in Damascus, putting all to fire and sword, the consternation could not have been greater.

It was near night when this dismal scene concluded. The mother and daughter were both conducted back to king Mahummud's palace. Not being used to walk bare-foot, they were so spent, that they lay a long time in a swoon. The queen of Damascus, highly afflicted at their misfortunes, notwithstanding the caliph's prohibition to relieve them, sent some of her women to comfort them, with all sorts of refreshments and wine, to recover their spirits.

The queen's women found them still in a swoon, and almost past receiving any benefit by what they offered them. However, with much difficulty they were brought to themselves. Ganem's mother immediately returned them thanks for their courtesy. My good madam, said one of the queen's ladies to her, we are highly concerned at your affliction, and the queen of Syria, our mistress, has done us a favour in

employing us to assist you. We can assure you, that princess is much afflicted at your misfortunes, as well as the king her consort. Ganem's mother intreated the queen's women to return her majesty a thousand thanks from her and her daughter, and then directing her discourse to the lady who spoke to her, Madam, said she, the king has not told me why the chief of the believers inflicts so many outrages on us: pray be pleased to tell us what crimes we have been guilty of. My good lady, answered the other, the origin of your misfortunes proceeds from your son Ganem. He is not dead, as you imagine. He is accused of having seduced the beautiful Fetnah, the best beloved of the caliph's favourites; but having, by flight, withdrawn himself from that prince's indignation, the punishment is fallen on you. All condemn the caliph's resentment, but all fear him; and you see king Zinebi himself dares not resist his orders, for fear of incurring his displeasure. All we can do is to pity you, and exhort you to have patience.

I know my son, answered Ganem's mother; I have educated him carefully, and in that respect which is due to the commander of the believers. He cannot have committed the crime he is accused of; I dare answer for his innocence. But I will cease to murmur and complain, since it is for him that I suffer, and he is not dead. O Ganem! added she, in a transport of affection and joy, my dear son

Ganem! is it possible that you are still alive? I am no longer concerned for the loss of my fortune; and how harsh and unjust soever the caliph's orders may be, I forgive him, provided heaven has preserved my son. I am only concerned for my daughter; her sufferings alone afflict me; yet I believe her to be so good a sister as to follow my example.

On hearing these words, the young lady, who till then had appeared insensible, turned to her mother, and clasping her arms about her neck, Yes, dear mother, said she, I will always follow your example, whatever extremity your love for my brother may reduce us to.

The mother and daughter thus interchanging their sighs and tears, continued a considerable time in such moving embraces. In the mean time the queen's women, who were much affected at the spectacle, omitted no persuasions to prevail with Ganem's mother to take some sustenance. She ate a morsel out of complaisance, and her daughter did the like.

The caliph having ordered that Ganem's kindred should be exposed three days successively to the sight of the people, in the condition already mentioned, the unhappy ladies afforded the same spectacle the second time next day, from morning till night. But that day and the following, the streets, which at first had been full of people, were now

quite empty. All the merchants, incensed at the ill usage of Abou Ayoub's widow and daughter, shut up their shops, and kept themselves close within their houses. The ladies, instead of looking through their lattice windows, withdrew into the back parts of their houses. There was not a person to be seen in the public places through which those unfortunate women were carried. It seemed as if all the inhabitants of Damascus had abandoned their city.

On the fourth day, the king resolving punctually to obey the caliph's orders, though he did not approve of them, sent criers into all quarters of the city to make proclamation, strictly commanding all the inhabitants of Damascus, and strangers, of what condition soever, upon pain of death, and having their bodies cast to the dogs to be devoured, not to receive Ganem's mother and sister into their houses, or give them a morsel of bread or a drop of water, and, in a word, not to afford them the least support, or hold the least correspondence with them.

When the criers had performed what the king had enjoined them, that prince ordered the mother and the daughter to be turned out of the palace, and left to their choice to go where they thought fit. As soon as they appeared, all persons fled from them, so great an impression had the late prohibition made upon all. They easily perceived that every body shunned them; but not knowing the reason, were

much surprised; and their amazement was the greater, when coming into any street, or among any persons, they recollected some of their best friends, who immediately retreated with as much haste as the rest. What is the meaning of this, said Ganem's mother; do we carry the plague about us? Must the unjust and barbarous usage we have received render us odious to our fellow-citizens? Come, my child, added she, let us depart from Damascus with all speed; let us not stay any longer in a city where we are become frightful to our very friends.

The two wretched ladies, discoursing in this manner, came to one of the extremities of the city, and retired to a ruined house to pass the night. Thither some Moosulmauns, out of charity and compassion, resorted to them after the day was shut in. They carried them provisions, but durst not stay to comfort them, for fear of being discovered, and punished for disobeying the caliph's orders.

In the mean time king Zinebi had let fly a pigeon to give the caliph an account of his exact obedience. He informed him of all that had been executed, and conjured him to direct what he would have done with Ganem's mother and sister. He soon received the caliph's answer in the same way, which was, that he should banish them from Damascus for ever. Immediately the king of Syria sent men to the old

house, with orders to take the mother and daughter, and to conduct them three days journey from Damascus, and there to leave them, forbidding them ever to return to the city.

Zinebi's men executed their commission, but being less exact than their master, in the strict performance of the caliph's orders, they in pity gave the wretched ladies some small pieces of money, and each of them a scrip, which they hung about their necks, to carry their provisions.

In this miserable state they came to the first village. The peasants' wives flocked about them, and, as it appeared through their disguise that they were people of some condition, asked them what was the occasion of their travelling in a habit that did not seem to belong to them. Instead of answering the question, they fell to weeping, which only served to heighten the curiosity of the peasants, and to move their compassion. Ganem's mother told them what she and her daughter had endured; at which the good countrywomen were sensibly afflicted, and endeavoured to comfort them. They treated them as well as their poverty would permit, took off their horse-hair shifts, which were very uneasy to them, and put on them others which they gave them, with shoes, and something to cover their heads, and save their hair.

Having expressed their gratitude to those cha-

ritable women, Jalib al Koolloob and her mother departed from that village, taking short journeys towards Aleppo. They used at dusk to retire near or into the mosques, where they passed the night on the mat, if there was any, or else on the bare pavement; and sometimes rested in the public places appointed for the use of travellers. As for sustenance, they did not want, for they often came to places where bread, boiled rice, and other provisions are distributed to all travellers who desire it.

At length they came to Aleppo, but would not stay there, and continuing their journey towards the Euphrates, crossed the river, and entered Mesopotamia, which they traversed as far as Moussoul. Thence, notwithstanding all they had endured, they proceeded to Bagdad. That was the place they had fixed their thoughts upon, hoping to find Ganem, though they ought not to have fancied that he was in a city where the caliph resided; but they hoped, because they wished it; their affection for him increasing instead of diminishing, with their misfortunes. Their conversation was generally about him, and they inquired for him of all they met. But let us leave Jalib al Koolloob and her mother, and return to Fetnah.

She was still confined closely in the dark tower, since the day that had been so fatal to Ganem and herself. However, disagreeable as her prison was to

her, it was much less grievous than the thoughts of Ganem's misfortune, the uncertainty of whose fate was a killing affliction. There was scarcely a moment in which she did not lament him.

The caliph was accustomed to walk frequently at night within the enclosure of his palace, for he was the most inquisitive prince in the world, and sometimes, by those night-walks, came to the knowledge of things that happened in his court, which would otherwise never have reached his ear. One of those nights, in his walk, he happened to pass by the dark tower, and fancying he heard somebody talk, stopt, and drawing near the door to listen, distinctly heard these words, which Fetnah, whose thoughts were always on Ganem, uttered with a loud voice: O Ganem, too unfortunate Ganem! where are you at this time, whither has thy cruel fate led thee? Alas! it is I that have made you wretched! why did you not let me perish miserably, rather than afford me your generous relief? What melancholy return have you received for your care and respect? The commander of the faithful, who ought to have rewarded, persecutes you; and in requital for having always regarded me as a person reserved for his bed, you lose your fortune, and are obliged to seek for safety in flight. O caliph, barbarous caliph, how can you exculpate yourself, when you shall appear with Ga-

nem before the tribunal of the Supreme Judge, and the angels shall testify the truth before your face? All the power you are now invested with, and which makes almost the whole world tremble, will not prevent your being condemned and punished for your violent and unjust proceedings. Here Fetnah ceased her complaints, her sighs and tears putting a stop to her utterance.

This was enough to make the caliph reflect. He plainly perceived, that if what he had heard was true, his favourite must be innocent, and that he had been too hasty in giving such orders against Ganem and his family. Being resolved to be rightly informed in an affair which so nearly concerned him in point of equity, on which he valued himself, he immediately returned to his apartment, and that moment ordered Mesrour to repair to the dark tower, and bring Fetnah before him.

By this command, and much more by the caliph's manner of speaking, the chief of the eunuchs guessed that his master designed to pardon his favourite, and take her to him again. He was overjoyed at the thought, for he respected Fetnah, and had been much concerned at her disgrace; therefore flying instantly to the tower, Madam, said he to the favourite, with such an air as expressed his satisfaction, be pleased to follow me; I hope you will never

more return to this melancholy abode: the commander of the faithful wishes to speak with you, and I draw from this a happy omen.

Fetnah followed Mesrour, who conducted her into the caliph's closet. She prostrated herself before him, and so continued, her face bathed in tears. Fetnah, said the caliph, without bidding her rise, I think you charge me with violence and injustice. Who is he, that, notwithstanding the regard and respect he had for me, is in a miserable condition? Speak freely, you know the natural goodness of my disposition, and that I love to do justice.

By these words the favourite was convinced that the caliph had heard what she had said, and availing herself of so favourable an opportunity to clear Ganem, Commander of the true believers, said she, if I have let fall any word that is not agreeable to your majesty, I most humbly beseech you to forgive me; but he whose innocence and wretched state you desire to be informed of is Ganem, the unhappy son of Abou Ayoub, late a rich merchant of Damascus. He saved my life from a grave, and afforded me a sanctuary in his house. I must own, that, from the first moment he saw me, he perhaps designed to devote himself to me, and conceived hopes of engaging me to admit his love. I guessed at this, by the eagerness which he shewed in entertaining me, and doing me all the good offices I so much

wanted under the circumstances I was then in; but as soon as he heard that I had the honour to belong to you, Ah, madam, said he, that which belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave. From that moment, I owe this justice to his virtue to declare, his behaviour was always suitable to his words. You, commander of the true believers, well know with what rigour you have treated him, and you will answer for it before the tribunal of God.

The caliph was not displeased with Fetnah for the freedom of these words; But, may I, said he, rely on the assurance you give me of Ganem's virtue? Yes, replied Fetnah, you may. I would not for the world conceal the truth from you; and to prove to you that I am sincere, I must make a confession, which perhaps may displease you, but I beg pardon of your majesty beforehand. Speak, daughter[4], said Haroon al Rusheed, I forgive you all, provided you conceal nothing from me. Well, then, replied Fetnah, let me inform you, that Ganem's respectful behaviour, joined to all the good offices he did me, gained him my esteem. I went further yet: you know the tyranny of love: I felt some tender inclination rising in my breast. He perceived it; but far from availing himself of my frailty, and notwithstanding the flame which consumed him, he still remained steady in his duty, and all that his passion could force from him were the words I have already repeated to your

majesty, That which belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave.

This ingenuous confession might have provoked any other man than the caliph; but it completely appeased that prince. He commanded her to rise, and making her sit by him, Tell me your story, said he, from the beginning to the end. She did so, with artless simplicity, passing slightly over what regarded Zobeide, and enlarging on the obligations she owed to Ganem; but above all, she highly extolled his discretion, endeavouring by that means to make the caliph sensible that she had been under the necessity of remaining concealed in Ganem's house, to deceive Zobeide. She concluded with the young merchant's escape, which she plainly told the caliph she had compelled him to, that he might avoid his indignation.

When she had done speaking, the caliph said to her, I believe all you have told me; but why was it so long before you let me hear from you? Was there any need of staying a whole month after my return, before you sent me word where you were? Commander of the true believers, answered Fetnah, Ganem went abroad so very seldom, that you need not wonder we were not the first that heard of your return. Besides, Ganem, who took upon him to deliver the letter I wrote to Nouron Nihar, was a long

time before he could find an opportunity of putting it into her own hands.

It is enough, Fetnah, replied the caliph; I acknowledge my fault, and would willingly make amends for it, by heaping favours on the young merchant of Damascus. Consider, therefore, what I can do for him. Ask what you think fit, and I will grant it. Hereupon the favourite fell down at the caliph's feet, with her face to the ground; and rising again, said, Commander of the true believers, after returning your majesty thanks for Ganem, I most humbly intreat you to cause it to be published throughout your dominions, that you pardon the son of Abou Ayoub, and that he may safely come to you. I must do more, rejoined the prince, in requital for having saved your life, and the respect he has shewn for me, to make amends for the loss of his fortune. In short, to repair the wrong I have done to himself and his family, I give him to you for a husband. Fetnah had no words expressive enough to thank the caliph for his generosity: she then withdrew into the apartment she had occupied before her melancholy adventure. The same furniture was still in it, nothing had been removed; but that which pleased her most was, to find Ganem's chests and bales, which Mesrour had received the caliph's orders to convey thither.

The next day Haroon al Rusheed ordered the grand vizier to cause proclamation to be made

throughout all his dominions, that he pardoned Ganem the son of Abou Ayoub; but this proved of no effect, for a long time elapsed without any news of the young merchant. Fetnah concluded, that he had not been able to survive the pain of losing her. A dreadful uneasiness seized her mind; but as hope is the last thing which forsakes lovers, she intreated the caliph to give her leave to seek for Ganem herself; which being granted, she took a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold, and went one morning out of the palace, mounted on a mule from the caliph's stables, very richly caparisoned. Black eunuchs attended her, with a hand placed on each side of the mule's back.

Thus she went from mosque to mosque, bestowing her alms among the devotees of the Mahummedan religion, desiring their prayers for the accomplishment of an affair, on which the happiness of two persons, she told them, depended. She spent the whole day and the thousand pieces of gold in giving alms at the mosques, and returned to the palace in the evening.

The next day she took another purse of the same value, and in the like equipage as the day before went to the square of the jewellers' shops, and stopping at the gateway without alighting, sent one of her black eunuchs for the syndic or chief of them. The syndic, who was a most charitable man, and spent above two-

thirds of his income in relieving poor strangers, sick or in distress, did not make Fetnah wait, knowing by her dress that she was a lady belonging to the palace. I apply myself to you, said she, putting the purse into his hands, as a person whose piety is celebrated throughout the city. I desire you to distribute that gold among the poor strangers you relieve, for I know you make it your business to assist those who apply to your charity. I am also satisfied that you prevent their wants, and that nothing is more grateful to you, than to have an opportunity of relieving their misery. Madam, answered the syndic, I shall obey your commands with pleasure; but if you desire to exercise your charity in person, and will be pleased to step to my house, you will there see two women worthy of your compassion: I met them yesterday as they were coming into the city; they were in a deplorable condition, and it moved me the more, because I thought they were persons of rank. Through all the rags that covered them, notwithstanding the impression the sun has made on their faces, I discovered a noble air, not to be commonly found in those people I relieve. I carried them both to my house, and delivered them to my wife, who was of the same opinion with me. She caused her slaves to provide them good beds, whilst she herself led them to our warm bath, and gave them clean linen. We know not as yet who they are, because

we wish to let them take some rest before we trouble them with our questions.

Fetnah, without knowing why, felt a curiosity to see them. The syndic would have conducted her to his house, but she would not give him the trouble, and was satisfied that a slave should shew her the way. She alighted at the door, and followed the syndic's slave, who was gone before to give notice to his mistress, she being then in the chamber with Jalib al Koolloob and her mother, for they were the persons the syndic had been speaking of to Fetnah.

The syndic's wife being informed by the slave, that a lady from the palace was in her house, was hastening to meet her; but Fetnah, who had followed the slave, did not give her time: on her coming into the chamber, the syndic's wife prostrated herself before her, to express the respect she had for all who belonged to the caliph. Fetnah raised her up, and said, My good lady, I desire you will let me speak with those two strangers that arrived at Bagdad last night. Madam, answered the syndic's wife, they lie in those beds you see by each other. The favourite immediately drew near the mother's, and viewing her carefully, Good woman, said she, I come to offer you my assistance: I have considerable interest in this city, and may be of service to you and your companion. Madam, answered Ganem's mother, I perceive by your obliging offers, that

Heaven has not quite forsaken us, though we had cause to believe it had, after so many misfortunes as have befallen us. Having uttered these words, she wept so bitterly that Fetnah and the syndic's wife could not forbear letting fall some tears.

The caliph's favourite having dried up hers, said to Ganem's mother, Be so kind as to tell us your misfortunes, and recount your story. You cannot make the relation to any persons better disposed to use all possible means to comfort you. Madam, replied Abou Ayoub's disconsolate widow, a favourite of the commander of the true believers, a lady whose name is Fetnah, is the occasion of all our misfortunes. These words were like a thunderbolt to the favourite; but suppressing her agitation and concern, she suffered Ganem's mother to proceed in the following manner: I am the widow of Abou Ayoub, a merchant of Damascus; I had a son called Ganem, who, coming to trade at Bagdad, has been accused of carrying off Fetnah. The caliph caused search to be made for him every where, to put him to death; but not finding him, he wrote to the king of Damascus, to cause our house to be plundered and razed, and to expose my daughter and myself three days successively, naked to the populace, and then to banish us out of Syria for ever. But how unworthy soever our usage has been, I should be still comforted were my son alive, and I could meet with him. What a

pleasure would it be for his sister and me to see him again! Embracing him we should forget the loss of our property, and all the evils we have suffered on his account. Alas! I am fully persuaded he is only the innocent cause of them; and that he is no more guilty towards the caliph than his sister and myself.

No doubt of it, said Fetnah, interrupting her there, he is no more guilty than you are; I can assure you of his innocence; for I am that very Fetnah, you so much complain of; who, through some fatality in my stars, have occasioned you so many misfortunes. To me you must impute the loss of your son, if he is no more; but if I have occasioned your misfortune, I can in some measure relieve it. I have already justified Ganem to the caliph; who has caused it to be proclaimed throughout his dominions, that he pardons the son of Abou Ayoub; and doubt not he will do you as much good as he has done you injury. You are no longer his enemies. He waits for Ganem, to requite the service he has done me, by uniting our fortunes; he gives me to him for his consort, therefore look on me as your daughter, and permit me to vow eternal duty and affection. Having so said, she bowed down on Ganem's mother, who was so astonished, that she could return no answer. Fetnah held her long in her arms, and only left her to embrace the daughter, who, sitting up, held out her arms to receive her.

When the caliph's favourite had shewn the mother and daughter all tokens of affection, as Ganem's wife, she said to them, The wealth Ganem had in this city is not lost, it is in my apartment in the palace; but I know all the treasure of the world cannot comfort you without Ganem, if I may judge of you by myself. Blood is no less powerful than love in great minds; but why should we despair of seeing him again? We shall find him; the happiness of meeting with you makes me conceive fresh hopes. Perhaps this is the last day of your sufferings, and the beginning of a greater felicity than you enjoyed in Damascus, when Ganem was with you.

Fetnah would have proceeded, but the syndic of the jewellers coming in interrupted her; Madam, said he to her, I come from seeing a very moving object, it is a young man, whom a camel-driver had just carried to an hospital: he was bound with cords on a camel, because he had not strength enough to sit. They had already unbound him, and were carrying him into the hospital, when I happened to pass by. I went up to the young man, viewed him attentively, and fancied his countenance was not altogether unknown to me. I asked him some questions concerning his family and his country; but all the answers I could get were sighs and tears. I took pity on him, and being so much used to sick people,

perceived that he had need to have particular care taken of him. I would not permit him to be put into the hospital; for I am too well acquainted with their way of managing the sick, and am sensible of the incapacity of the physicians. I have caused him to be brought to my own house, by my slaves; and they are now in a private room where I placed him, putting on some of my own linen, and treating him as they would do myself.

Fetnah's heart beat at these words of the jeweller, and she felt a sudden emotion, for which she could not account: Shew me, said she to the syndic, into the sick man's room; I should be glad to see him. The syndic conducted her, and whilst she was going thither, Ganem's mother said to Jalib al Koolloob, Alas! daughter, wretched as that sick stranger is, your brother, if he be living, is not perhaps in a more happy condition.

The caliph's favourite coming into the chamber of the sick stranger, drew near the bed, in which the syndic's slaves had already laid him. She saw a young man, whose eyes were closed, his countenance pale, disfigured, and bathed in tears. She gazed earnestly on him, her heart beat, and she fancied she beheld Ganem; but yet she would not believe her eyes. Though she found something of Ganem in the object she beheld, yet in other respects he appeared so different, that she durst not

imagine it was he that lay before her. Unable, however, to withstand the earnest desire of being satisfied, Ganem, said she, with a trembling voice, is it you I behold? Having spoken these words, she stopped to give the young man time to answer, but observing that he seemed insensible; Alas! Ganem, added she, it is not you that I address! My imagination being over-charged with your image, has given to a stranger a deceitful resemblance. The son of Abou Ayoub, however indisposed, would know the voice of Fetnah. At the name of Fetnah, Ganem (for it was really he) opened his eyes, sprang up, and knowing the caliph's favourite; Ah! madam, said he, by what miracle——He could say no more; such a sudden transport of joy seized him that he fainted away. Fetnah and the syndic did all they could to bring him to himself; but as soon as they perceived he began to revive, the syndic desired the lady to withdraw, lest the sight of her should heighten his disorder.

The young man having recovered, looked all around, and not seeing what he sought, exclaimed, What is become of you, charming Fetnah? Did you really appear before my eyes, or was it only an illusion? No, sir, said the syndic, it was no illusion. It was I that caused the lady to withdraw, but you shall see her again, as soon as you are in a condition to bear the interview. You now stand in need of

rest, and nothing ought to obstruct your taking it. The situation of your affairs is altered, since you are, as I suppose, that Ganem, in favour of whom the commander of the true believers has caused a proclamation to be made in Bagdad, declaring, that he forgives him what is passed. Be satisfied, for the present, with knowing so much; the lady, who just now spoke to you, will acquaint you with the rest, therefore think of nothing but recovering your health; I will contribute all in my power towards it. Having spoke these words, he left Ganem to take his rest, and went himself to provide for him such medicines as were proper to recover his strength, exhausted by hard living and toil.

During this time Fetnah was in the room with Jalib al Koolloob and her mother, where almost the same scene was acted over again; for when Ganem's mother understood that the sick stranger whom the syndic had brought into his house was Ganem himself, she was so overjoyed, that she also swooned away, and when, with the assistance of Fetnah and the syndic's wife, she was again come to herself, she would have arisen to go and see her son; but the syndic coming in, hindered her, representing that Ganem was so weak and emaciated, that it would endanger his life to excite in him those emotions, which must be the consequence of the unexpected sight of a beloved mother and sister. There was no

occasion for the syndic's saying any more to Ganem's mother; as soon as she was told that she could not converse with her son, without hazarding his life, she ceased insisting to go and see him. Fetnah then said, Let us bless Heaven for having brought us all together. I will return to the palace to give the caliph an account of these adventures, and to-morrow morning I will return to you. This said, she embraced the mother and the daughter, and went away. As soon as she came to the palace, she sent Mesrour to request a private audience of the caliph, which was immediately granted; and being brought into the prince's closet, where he was alone, she prostrated herself at his feet, with her face on the ground, according to custom. He commanded her to rise, and having made her sit down, asked whether she had heard any news of Ganem? Commander of the true believers, said she, I have been so successful, that I have found him, and also his mother and sister. The caliph was curious to know how she had discovered them in so short a time, and she satisfied his enquiries, saying so many things in commendation of Ganem's mother and sister, that he desired to see them as well as the young merchant.

Though Haroon al Rusheed was passionate, and in his heat sometimes guilty of cruel actions; yet he was just, and the most generous prince in the world,

when the storm of anger was over, and he was made sensible of the wrong he had done. Having therefore no longer cause to doubt but that he had unjustly persecuted Ganem and his family, and had publicly wronged them, he resolved to make them public satisfaction. I am overjoyed, said he to Fetnah, that your search has proved so successful; it is a real satisfaction to me, not so much for your sake as for my own. I will keep the promise I have made you. You shall marry Ganem, and I here declare you are no longer my slave; you are free. Go back to that young merchant, and as soon as he has recovered his health, you shall bring him to me with his mother and sister.

The next morning early Fetnah repaired to the syndic of the jewellers, being impatient to hear of Ganem's health, and to tell the mother and daughter the good news she had for them. The first person she met was the syndic, who told her that Ganem had rested well that night; and that his disorder proceeding altogether from melancholy, the cause being removed, he would soon recover his health.

Accordingly the son of Abou Ayoub was speedily much amended. Rest, and the good medicines he had taken, but above all the different situation of his mind, had wrought so good an effect, that the syndic thought he might without danger see his mother, his sister, and his mistress, provided he was prepared

to receive them; because there was ground to fear, that, not knowing his mother and sister were at Bagdad, the sight of them might occasion too great surprise and joy. It was therefore resolved, that Fetnah should first go alone into Ganem's chamber, and then make a sign to the two other ladies to appear, when she thought it was proper.

Matters being so ordered, the syndic announced Fetnah's coming to the sick man, who was so transported to see her, that he was again near fainting away. Well, Ganem, said she, drawing near to his bed, you have again found your Fetnah, whom you thought you had lost for ever. Ah! madam, exclaimed he, eagerly interrupting her, what miracle has restored you to my sight? I thought you were in the caliph's palace; he has doubtless listened to you. You have dispelled his jealousy, and he has restored you to his favour.

Yes, my dear Ganem, answered Fetnah, I have cleared myself before the commander of the true believers, who, to make amends for the wrong he has done you, bestows me on you for a wife. These last words occasioned such an excess of joy in Ganem, that he knew not for a while how to express himself, otherwise than by that passionate silence so well known to lovers. At length he broke out in these words: Beautiful Fetnah, may I give credit to what you tell me? May I believe that the caliph

really resigns you to Abou Ayoub's son? Nothing is more certain, answered the lady. The caliph, who before caused search to be made for you, to take away your life, and who in his fury caused your mother and your sister to suffer a thousand indignities, desires now to see you, that he may reward the respect you had for him; and there is no question but that he will load your family with favours.

Ganem asked, what the caliph had done to his mother and sister, which Fetnah told him; and he could not forbear letting fall some tears at the relation, notwithstanding the thoughts which arose in his mind at the prospect of being married to his mistress. But when Fetnah informed him, that they were actually in Bagdad, and in the same house with him, he appeared so impatient to see them, that the favourite could no longer defer giving him the satisfaction; and accordingly called them in. They were at the door waiting for that moment. They entered, went up to Ganem, and embracing him in their turns, kissed him a thousand times. What tears were shed amidst those embraces! Ganem's face was bathed with them, as well as his mother's and sister's; and Fetnah let fall abundance. The syndic himself and his wife were so moved at the spectacle, that they could not forbear weeping, nor sufficiently admire the secret workings of Providence which had

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brought together into their house four persons, whom fortune had so cruelly persecuted.

When they had dried up their tears, Ganem drew them afresh, by the recital of what he had suffered from the day he left Fetnah, till the moment the syndic brought him to his house. He told them, that having taken refuge in a small village, he there fell sick; that some charitable peasants had taken care of him, but finding he did not recover, a camel-driver had undertaken to carry him to the hospital at Bagdad. Fetnah also told them all the uneasiness of her imprisonment, how the caliph, having heard her talk in the tower, had sent for her into his closet, and how she had cleared herself. In conclusion, when they had related what accidents had befallen them, Fetnah said, Let us bless Heaven, which has brought us all together again, and let us think of nothing but the happiness that awaits us. As soon as Ganem has recovered his health, he must appear before the caliph, with his mother and sister; but I will go and make some provision for them.

This said, she went to the palace, and soon returned with a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold, which she delivered to the syndic, desiring him to buy apparel for the mother and daughter. The syndic, who was a man of a good taste, chose such as were very handsome, and had them made

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up with all expedition. They were finished in three days, and Ganem finding himself strong enough, prepared to go abroad; but on the day he had appointed to pay his respects to the caliph, while he was making ready, with his mother and sister, the grand vizier Jaaffier came to the syndic's house.

He had come on horseback, attended by a great number of officers. Sir, said he to Ganem, as soon as he entered, I am come from the commander of the true believers, my master and yours; the orders I have differ much from those which I do not wish to revive in your memory; I am to bear you company, and to present you to the caliph, who is desirous to see you. Ganem returned no other answer to the vizier's compliment than by profoundly bowing his head, and then mounted a horse brought from the caliph's stables, which he managed very gracefully. The mother and daughter were mounted on mules belonging to the palace, and whilst Fetnah on another mule led them by a bye-way to the prince's court, Jaaffier conducted Ganem, and brought him into the hall of audience. The caliph was sitting on his throne, encompassed with emirs, viziers, and other attendants and courtiers, Arabs, Persians, Egyptians, Africans, and Syrians, of his own dominions, not to mention strangers.

When the vizier had conducted Ganem to the foot of the throne, the young merchant paid his

obeisance, prostrating himself with his face to the ground, and then rising, made a handsome compliment in verse, which, though the effusion of the moment, met with the approbation of the whole court. After his compliment, the caliph caused him to approach, and said, I am glad to see you, and desire to hear from your own mouth where you found my favourite, and all that you have done for her. Ganem obeyed, and appeared so sincere, that the caliph was convinced of his veracity. He ordered a very rich vest to be given him, according to the custom observed towards those who are admitted to audience. After which he said to him, Ganem, I will have you live in my court. Commander of the true believers, answered the young merchant, a slave has no will but his master's, on whom his life and fortune depend. The caliph was highly pleased with Ganem's reply, and assigned him a considerable pension. He then descended from his throne, and causing only Ganem and the grand vizier to follow him, retired into his own apartment.

Not questioning but that Fetnah was in waiting, with Abou Ayoub's widow and daughter, he caused them to be called in. They prostrated themselves before him: he made them rise; and was so charmed by Jalib al Koolloob's beauty, that, after viewing her very attentively, he said, I am so sorry for having treated your charms so unworthily, that I owe them

such a satisfaction as may surpass the injury I have done. I take you to wife; and by that means shall punish Zobeide, who shall become the first cause of your good fortune, as she was of your past sufferings. This is not all, added he, turning towards Ganem's mother; you are still young, I believe you will not disdain to be allied to my grand vizier: I give you to Jaaffier, and you, Fetnah, to Ganem. Let a cauzee and witnesses be called, and the three contracts be drawn up and signed immediately. Ganem would have represented to the caliph, that it would be honour enough for his sister to be one of his favourites; but he was resolved to marry her.

Haroon thought this such an extraordinary story, that he ordered his historiographer to commit it to writing with all its circumstances. It was afterwards laid up in his library, and many copies being transcribed, it became public.

After Scheherazade had finished the history of Ganem son of Abou Ayoub, the sultan of the Indies expressed his satisfaction: Sir, said the sultaness, since this story has pleased you, I humbly intreat your majesty to hear that of Zeyn Alasnam and the king of the genii, which will afford you equal pleasure: Shier-ear consented; but as day began to appear, it was deferred till the following night, when she proceeded with her recital.

THE HISTORY OF PRINCE ZEYN ALASNAM AND THE SULTAN OF THE GENII.

A SULTAN of Bussorah, who possessed great wealth, and was well beloved by his subjects, had no children, which occasioned him great affliction; and therefore he made presents to all the holy persons in his dominions, to engage them to beg a son for him of Heaven: and their prayers being effectual, the queen proved with child, and was happily delivered of a prince, who was named Zeyn Alasnam, which signifies Ornament of the Statues.

The sultan caused all the astrologers in his kingdom to be assembled, and ordered them to calculate the infant's nativity. They found by their observations that he would live long, and be very brave; but that all his courage would be little enough to carry him through the misfortunes that threatened him. The sultan was not daunted at this prediction: My son, said he, is not to be pitied, since he will be brave: it is fit that princes should have a taste of misfortunes; for adversity tries virtue, and they are the better qualified to reign.

He rewarded the astrologers, and dismissed them; and caused Zeyn to be educated with the greatest care, appointing him able masters as soon as he was of age to receive their instructions. In short, he

proposed to make him an accomplished prince, when on a sudden this good sultan fell sick of a disorder, which all the skill of his physicians could not cure. Perceiving his disease was mortal, he sent for his son, and among other things advised him, rather to endeavour to be loved, than to be feared by his people; not to give ear to flatterers; to be as slow in rewarding as in punishing, because it often happens that monarchs, misled by false appearances, load wicked men with favours, and oppress the innocent.

As soon as the sultan was dead, prince Zeyn went into mourning, which he wore seven days, and on the eighth he ascended the throne, taking his father's seal off the royal treasury, and putting on his own, beginning thus to taste the sweets of ruling, the pleasure of seeing all his courtiers bow down before him, and make it their whole study to shew their zeal and obedience. In a word, the sovereign power was too agreeable to him. He only regarded what his subjects owed to him, without considering what was his duty towards them, and consequently took little care to govern them well. He revelled in all sorts of debauchery among the voluptuous youth, on whom he conferred the prime employments in the kingdom. He lost all command of his power. Being naturally prodigal,

he set no bounds to his grants, so that his women and his favourites insensibly drained his treasury.

The queen his mother was still living, a discreet, wise princess. She had several times unsuccessfully tried to check her son's prodigality and debauchery, giving him to understand, that, if he did not soon take another course, he would not only squander his wealth, but also alienate the minds of his people, and occasion some revolution, which perhaps might cost him his crown and his life. What she had predicted had nearly happened: the people began to murmur against the government, and their murmurs had certainly been followed by a general revolt, had not the queen had the address to prevent it. That princess being acquainted with the ill posture of affairs, informed the sultan, who at last suffered himself to be prevailed upon. He committed the government to discreet aged men, who knew how to keep the people within the bounds of duty.

Zeyn, seeing all his wealth consumed, repented that he had made no better use of it. He fell into a profound melancholy, and nothing could comfort him. One night he saw in a dream a venerable old man coming towards him, who with a smiling countenance said, Know, Zeyn, that there is no sorrow but what is followed by mirth, no misfortune but

what in the end brings some happiness. If you desire to see the end of your affliction, set out for Egypt, go to Grand Cairo, where great prosperity awaits you.

The young sultan was struck with his dream, and spoke of it very seriously to his mother, who only laughed at it. My son, said she to him, would you go into Egypt on the faith of an illusive dream? Why not, madam, answered Zeyn, do you imagine all dreams are chimerical? No, no, some of them are mysterious. My preceptors have told me a thousand incidents, which will not permit me to doubt of it. Besides, though I were not otherwise convinced, I could not forbear giving some credit to my dreams. The old man who appeared to me had something supernatural, he was not one of those men whom nothing but age makes venerable; there appeared a divine air about his person. In short, he was such a one as our great prophet is represented; and if you will have me tell you what I think, I believe it was he, who, pitying my affliction, designs to relieve it. I rely on the confidence he has inspired me with. I am full of his promises, and have resolved to follow his advice. The queen endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain. The sultan committed to her the government of the kingdom, set out one night very privately from his palace, and took the road to Cairo, without suffering any person to attend him.

After much trouble and fatigue, he arrived at that famous city, like which there are few in the world, either for extent or beauty. He alighted at the gate of a mosque, where, being spent with weariness, he lay down. No sooner was he fallen asleep, than he saw the same old man, who said to him, I am pleased with you, my son, you have given credit to my words. You are come hither, without being deterred by the length or the difficulties of the way: but know I have not put you upon undertaking such a long journey, with any other design than to try you. I find you have courage and resolution. You deserve I should make you the richest and happiest prince in the world. Return to Bussorah, and you shall find immense wealth in your palace. No king ever possessed so rich a treasure.

The sultan was not pleased with this dream. Alas! thought he to himself, when he awoke, how much was I mistaken? That old man, whom I took for our prophet, is no other than the production of my disturbed imagination. My fancy was so full of him, that it is no wonder I have seen him again. I had best return to Bussorah; what should I do here any longer? It is fortunate that I told none but my mother the motive of my journey: I should become a jest to my people, if they knew it.

Accordingly, he set out again for his kingdom, and as soon as he arrived there, the queen asked him, whether he returned well pleased? He told

her all that had happened, and was so much concerned for having been so credulous, that the queen, instead of adding to his vexation, by reproving or laughing at him, comforted him. Forbear afflicting yourself, my son, said she; if God has appointed you riches, you will have them without any trouble. Be contented; all that I recommend to you is, to be virtuous; renounce the delights of dancing, music, and wine: shun all these pleasures, they have already almost ruined you; apply yourself to make your subjects happy; by securing their happiness, you will establish your own.

Sultan Zeyn vowed that he would for the future follow his mother's advice, and be directed by the wise viziers she had chosen to assist him in supporting the weight of government. But the very night after he returned to his palace, he saw the old man the third time in a dream, who said to him, The time of your prosperity is come, brave Zeyn: tomorrow morning, as soon as you are up, take a little pick-axe, and dig in the late sultan's closet; you will there find a rich treasure.

As soon as the sultan awoke, he got up, ran to the queen's apartment, and with much eagerness told her the new dream of that night. Really, my son, said the queen smiling, this is a very positive old man; he is not satisfied with having deceived you twice; have you a mind to believe him again?

No, madam, answered Zeyn, I give no credit to what he has said; but I will, for my own satisfaction, search my father's closet. I really fancied so, cried the queen, laughing heartily: go, my son, satisfy yourself; my comfort is, that work is not so fatiguing as the journey to Egypt.

Well, madam, answered the sultan, I must own, that this third dream has restored my confidence, for it is connected with the two others; let us examine the old man's words. He first directed me to go into Egypt; there he told me, he had put me upon taking that journey, only to try me. Return to Bussorah, said he, that is the place where you are to find treasures: this night he has exactly pointed out to me the place where they are: these three dreams, in my opinion, are connected. After all, they may be chimerical: but I would rather search in vain, than blame myself as long as I live, for having perhaps missed great riches, by being unseasonably incredulous.

Having spoken thus, he left the queen's apartment, caused a pick-axe to be brought him, and went alone into the late sultan's closet. He immediately began to break up the ground, and took up above half the square stones it was paved with, but yet saw not the least appearance of what he sought. He ceased working to take a little rest, thinking within himself, I am much afraid my mother

had cause enough to laugh at me. However, he took heart, and went on with his labour, nor had he cause to repent; for on a sudden he discovered a white slab, which he took up, and under it found a door, made fast with a steel padlock, which he broke with the pick-axe, and opened the door, which covered a staircase of white marble. He immediately lighted a lamp, and went down the stairs into a room, the floor whereof was laid with tiles of china-ware, and the roof and walls were of crystal; but he particularly fixed his eyes on four shelves, a little raised above the rest of the floor, on each of which were ten urns of porphyry. He fancied they were full of wine: Well, said he, that wine must be very old, I do not question but it is excellent. He went up to one of the urns, took off the cover, and with no less joy than surprise perceived it was full of pieces of gold. He searched all the forty, one after another, and found them full of the same coin, took out a handful, and carried it to the queen.

The princess, it may be imagined, was amazed, when the sultan gave her an account of what he had discovered. O! my son, said she, take heed you do not lavish away all this wealth foolishly, as you have already done the royal treasure. Let not your enemies have so much occasion to rejoice. No, madam, answered Zeyn, I will from henceforward live in such a manner as shall be pleasing to you.

The queen desired her son to conduct her to the wonderful subterraneous place, which the late sultan her husband had made with such secrecy, that she had never heard of it. Zeyn led her to the closet, down the marble stairs, and into the chamber where the urns were. She observed every thing with the eye of curiosity, and in a corner spied a little urn of the same sort of stone as the others. The prince had not before taken notice of it, but opening, found in it a golden key. My son, said the queen, this key certainly belongs to some other treasure; let us search well, perhaps we may discover the use it is designed for.

They examined the chamber with the utmost exactness, and at length found a key-hole in one of the pannels of the wall. The sultan immediately tried, and as readily opened the door, which led into a chamber, in the midst of which were nine pedestals of massy gold, on eight of which stood as many statues, each of them made of a single diamond, and from them darted such a brightness, that the whole room was perfectly light.

O Heavens! cried Zeyn, in astonishment, where could my father find such rarities? The ninth pedestal redoubled this amazement, for it was covered with a piece of white satin, on which were written these words, "Dear son, it cost me much toil to procure these eight statues; but though they are ex-

traordinarily beautiful, you must understand that there is a ninth in the world, which surpasses them all: that alone is worth more than a thousand such as these: if you desire to be master of it, go to the city of Cairo in Egypt; one of my old slaves, whose name is Mobarec[15], lives there, you will easily find him; the first person you meet will shew you his house; visit him, and tell him all that has befallen you: he will know you to be my son, and conduct you to the place where that wonderful statue is, which you will obtain with safety."

The young sultan having read these words, said to the queen, I should be sorry to be without that ninth statue; it must certainly be a very rare piece, since all these together are not of so much value. I will set out for Grand Cairo; nor do I believe, madam, that you will now oppose my design. No, my son, answered the queen, I am not against it: you are certainly under the special protection of our great prophet, he will not suffer you to perish in this journey. Set out when you think fit: your viziers and I will take care of the government during your absence. The prince made ready his equipage, but would take only a small number of slaves with him.

Nothing remarkable befell him by the way, but arriving at Cairo, he inquired for Mobarec. The people told him he was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the city; that he lived like a great lord,

and that his house was open, especially for strangers. Zeyn was conducted thither, knocked at the gate, which a slave opened, and demanded, What is it you want, and who are you? I am a stranger, answered the prince, and having heard much of the lord Mobarec's generosity, am come to take up my lodging with him. The slave desired Zeyn to wait while he went to acquaint his master, who ordered him to request the stranger to walk in. The slave returned to the gate, and told the prince he was welcome.

Zeyn went in, crossed a large court, and entered a hall magnificently furnished, where Mobarec expected him, and received him very courteously, returning thanks for the honour he did him in accepting a lodging in his house. The prince, having answered his compliment, said to Mobarec, I am the son of the late sultan of Bussorah, and my name is Zeyn Alasnam. That sovereign, said Mobarec, was formerly my master; but, my lord, I never knew of any children he had: what is your age? I am twenty years old, answered the sultan. How long is it since you left my father's court? Almost two-and-twenty years, replied Mobarec: but how can you convince me that you are his son? My father, rejoined Zeyn, had a subterraneous place under his closet, in which I have found forty porphyry urns full of gold. And what more is there? said Mobarec. There are, answered the prince, nine pedestals of

massive gold: on eight whereof are as many diamond statues; and on the ninth a piece of white satin, on which my father has written what I am to do to procure another statue, more valuable than all those together. You know where that statue is; for it is mentioned on the satin, that you will conduct me to it.

As soon as he had spoke these words, Mobarec fell down at his feet, and kissing one of his hands several times, said, I bless God for having brought you hither: I know you to be the sultan of Bussorah's son. If you will go to the place where the wonderful statue is, I will conduct you; but you must first rest here a few days. This day I treat the great men of the court; we were at table when word was brought me of your being at the door. Will you vouchsafe to come and be merry with us? I shall be very glad, replied Zeyn, to be admitted to your feast. Mobarec immediately led him under a dome where the company was, seated him at the table, and served him on the knee. The nobles of Cairo were surprised, and whispered to one another, Who is this stranger, to whom Mobarec pays so much respect?

When they had dined, Mobarec, directing his discourse to the company, said, Nobles of Cairo, do not think much to see me serve this young stranger in this manner: know that he is the son of the sultan of Bussorah, my master. His father purchased

me, and died without making me free; so that I am still a slave, and consequently all I have of right belongs to this young prince, his sole heir. Here Zeyn interrupted him: Mobarec, said he, I declare, before all these lords, that I make you free from this moment, and that I renounce all right to your person, and all you possess. Consider what you would have me do more for you. Mobarec kissed the ground, and returned the prince most hearty thanks. Wine was then brought in, they drank all day, and towards evening presents were distributed among the guests, who departed.

The next day Zeyn said to Mobarec, I have taken rest enough. I came not to Cairo to take my pleasure; my design is to obtain the ninth statue; it is time for us to set out in search of it. Sir, said Mobarec, I am ready to comply with your desires; but you know not what dangers you must encounter to make this precious acquisition. Whatsoever the danger may be, answered the prince, I have resolved to make the attempt; I will either perish or succeed. All that happens in this world is by God's direction. Do you but bear me company, and let your resolution be equal to mine.

Mobarec, finding him determined to set out, called his servants, and ordered them to make ready his equipage. The prince and he then performed the ablution, and the prayer enjoined, which is call-

ed Farz[16]; and that done, they set out. On their way they took notice of abundance of strange and wonderful things, and travelled many days; at length, being come to a delightful spot, they alighted from their horses. Mobarec then said to all the servants that attended them, Do you remain in this place, and take care of our equipage till we return. Then he said to Zeyn, Now, sir, let us advance by ourselves. We are near the dreadful place, where the ninth statue is kept. You will stand in need of all your courage.

They soon came to a vast lake: Mobarec sat down on the brink of it, saying to the prince, We must cross this sea. How can we, answered Zeyn, when we have no boat? You will see one appear in a moment, replied Mobarec; the enchanted boat of the sultan of the genii will come for us. But do not forget what I am going to say to you: you must observe a profound silence: do not speak to the boatman, though his figure seem strange to you: whatever extraordinary circumstance you observe, say nothing; for I tell you beforehand, that if you utter one word when we are embarked, the boat will sink. I shall take care to hold my peace, said the prince; you need only tell me what I am to do, and I will strictly comply.

Whilst they were talking, he spied on a sudden a boat in the lake, made of red sandal wood. It had

a mast of fine amber, and a blue satin flag: there was only one boatman in it, whose head was like an elephant's, and his body like that of a tiger. When the boat was come up to the prince and Mobarec, the monstrous boatman took them up one after another with his trunk, put them into his boat, and carried them over the lake in a moment. He then again took them up with his trunk, set them ashore, and immediately vanished with his boat.

Now we may talk, said Mobarec: the island we are in belongs to the sultan of the genii. Look round you, prince; can there be a more delightful spot? It is certainly a lively representation of the charming place God has appointed for the faithful observers of our law. Behold the fields adorned with all sorts of flowers and odoriferous plants: admire those beautiful trees, whose delicious fruit makes the branches bend down to the ground; enjoy the pleasure of those harmonious songs formed in the air, by a thousand birds of as many various sorts, unknown in other countries. Zeyn could not sufficiently admire the beauties with which he was surrounded, and still found something new, as he advanced farther into the island.

At length they came before a palace built of emeralds, encompassed by a wide moat, on the banks whereof, at certain distances, were planted such tall trees, that they shaded the whole palace.

Before the gate, which was of massy gold, was a bridge, formed of one single shell of a fish, though it was at least six fathoms long, and three in breadth. At the head of the bridge stood a company of genii, of a prodigious height, who guarded the entrance into the castle with great clubs of China steel.

Let us at present proceed no farther, said Mobarec, these genii will destroy us: and in order to prevent their coming to us, we must perform a magical ceremony. He then drew out of a purse which he had under his garment, four long slips of yellow taffety; one he put about his middle, and laid the other on his back, giving the other two to the prince, who did the like. Then Mobarec laid on the ground two large table-cloths, on the edges whereof he scattered some precious stones, musk, and amber. Afterwards he sat down on one of the cloths, and Zeyn on the other; and Mobarec said to the prince, I shall now, sir, conjure the sultan of the genii, who lives in the palace that is before us; may he come in a peaceable mood to us! I confess I am not without apprehension about the reception he may give us. If our coming into this island is displeasing to him, he will appear in the shape of a dreadful monster; but if he approves of your design, he will shew himself in the shape of a handsome man. As soon as he appears before us, you must rise and salute him, without going off your cloth; for you would

certainly perish, should you stir from it. You must say to him, Sovereign lord of the genii, my father, who was your servant, has been taken away by the angel of death; I wish your majesty may protect me, as you always protected my father. If the sultan of the genii, added Mobarec, ask you what favour you desire of him, you must answer, I most humbly beg of you to give me the ninth statue.

Mobarec, having thus instructed prince Zeyn, began his conjuration. Immediately their eyes were dazzled by a long flash of lightning, which was followed by a clap of thunder. The whole island was covered with a thick darkness, a furious storm of wind blew, a dreadful cry was heard, the island felt a shock, and there was such an earthquake, as that which Asrayel is to cause on the day of judgment.

Zeyn was startled, and began to regard these concussions of the elements as a very ill omen, when Mobarec, who knew better than he what to judge, began to smile, and said, Take courage, my prince, all goes well. In short, that very moment, the sultan of the genii appeared in the shape of a very handsome man, yet there was something of a sternness in his air.

As soon as sultan Zeyn had made him the compliment he had been taught by Mobarec, the sultan of the genii smiling, answered, My son, I loved your father, and every time he came to pay me his re-

spects, I presented him with a statue, which he carried away with him. I have no less kindness for you. I obliged your father, some days before he died, to write that which you read on the piece of white satin. I promised him to receive you under my protection, and to give you the ninth statue, which in beauty surpasses those you have already. I had begun to perform my promise to him. It was I whom you saw in a dream in the shape of an old man; I caused you to open the subterraneous place, where the urns and the statues are deposited: I have a great share in all that has befallen you, or rather am the occasion of all. I know the motive that brought you hither; you shall obtain what you desire. Though I had not promised your father to give it, I would willingly grant it to you: but you must first swear to me by all that is sacred, that you will return to this island, and that you will bring me a maid who is in her fifteenth year, and who has never known man, nor desired to know any. She must also be perfectly beautiful: and you so much a master of yourself, as not even to desire to enjoy her, as you are conducting her hither.

Sultan Zeyn took the rash oath demanded of him. But, my lord, said he, suppose I should be so fortunate as to meet with such a maid as you require, how shall I know that I have found her? I own, answered the sultan of the genii, smiling, that you

might be mistaken in her appearance: that knowledge is above the sons of Adam, and therefore I do not mean to depend upon your judgment in that particular: I will give you a looking-glass, which will be more certain than your conjectures. When you shall have seen a maiden fifteen years of age, perfectly beautiful, you need only look into the glass in which you shall see her figure. If she be chaste, the glass will remain clean and unsullied; but if, on the contrary, it sullies, that will be a certain sign that she has not always been prudent, or at least that she has desired to cease to be so. Do not forget the oath you have taken: keep it like a man of honour; otherwise I will take away your life, notwithstanding the kindness I have for you. Zeyn Alasnam protested again that he would faithfully keep his word.

The sultan of the genii then delivered to him a looking-glass, saying, My son, you may return when you please, there is the glass you are to use. Zeyn and Mobarec took leave of the sultan of the genii, and went towards the lake. The boatman with the elephant's head brought the boat, and ferried them over the lake as he had done before. They joined their servants, and returned with them again to Cairo.

The young sultan rested a few days at Mobarec's house, and then said to him, Let us go to Bagdad, to seek a maiden for the sovereign of the genii.

Why, are we not at Grand Cairo? said Mobarec: shall we not there find beautiful maidens? You are in the right, answered the prince; but how shall we explore where they are? Do not trouble yourself about that, answered Mobarec; I know a very shrewd old woman, whom I will entrust with the affair, and she will acquit herself well.

Accordingly the old woman found means to shew the sultan a considerable number of beautiful maidens of fifteen years of age; but when he had viewed them, and came to consult his looking-glass, the fatal touch-stone of their virtue, the glass always appeared sullied. All the maidens in the court and city, who were in their fifteenth year, underwent the trial one after another, but the glass never remained bright and clear.

When they saw there were no chaste maidens to be found in Cairo, they went to Bagdad, where they hired a magnificent palace in one of the chief quarters of the city, and began to live splendidly. They kept open house; and after all people had eaten in the palace, the fragments were carried to the dervises, who by that means had comfortable subsistence.

There lived in that quarter a pedant, whose name was Boubekir Muezin [17], a vain, haughty, and envious person: he hated the rich, only because he was poor, his misery making him angry at his neighbour's

prosperity. He heard talk of Zeyn Alasnam, and of the plenty his house afforded. This was enough for him to take an aversion to that prince; and it proceeded so far, that one day after the evening prayer in the mosque, he said to the people, Brethren, I have been told there is come to live in our ward a stranger, who every day gives away immense sums. How do we know but that this unknown person is some villain, who has committed a robbery in his own country, and comes hither to enjoy himself? Let us take care, brethren; if the caliph should be informed that such a man is in our ward, it is to be feared he will punish us for not acquainting him with it. I declare for my part I wash my hands of the affair, and if any thing should happen amiss, it shall not lie at my door. The multitude, who are easily led away, with one voice cried to Boubekir, It is your business, do you acquaint the council with it. The muezin went home well pleased, and drew up a memorial, resolving to present it to the caliph next day.

But Mobarec, who had been at prayers, and heard all that was said by the muezin, put five hundred pieces of gold into a handkerchief, made up with a parcel of several silks, and went to Boubekir's house. The muezin asked him in a harsh tone what he wanted? Holy father, answered Mobarec with an obliging air, and at the same time putting into his hand the gold and the silk, I am your neighbour and your

servant: I come from prince Zeyn, who lives in this ward: he has heard of your worth, and has ordered me to come and tell you, that he desires to be acquainted with you, and in the mean time desires you to accept of this small present. Boubekir was transported with joy, and answered Mebarec thus: Be pleased, sir, to beg the prince's pardon for me: I am ashamed I have not yet been to see him, but I will atone for my fault, and wait on him to-morrow.

Accordingly the next day after morning prayer he said to the people, You must know from your own experience, brethren, that no man is without some enemies: envy pursues those chiefly who are very rich. The stranger I spoke to you about yesterday in the evening is no bad man, as some ill-designing persons would have persuaded me: he is a young prince, endowed with every virtue. It behoves us to take care how we give any injurious report of him to the caliph.

Boubekir having thus wiped off the impression he had the day before given the people concerning Zeyn, returned home, put on his best apparel and went to visit the young prince, who gave him a courteous reception. After several compliments had passed on both sides, Boubekir said to the prince, Sir, do you design to stay long at Bagdad? I shall stay, answered Zeyn, till I can find a maid fifteen years of age, perfectly beautiful, and so chaste, that

she has not only never known a man, but even never desired to know one. You seek after a great rarity, replied the muezin; and I should be apt to fear your search would prove unsuccessful, did I not know where there is a maid of that character. Her father was formerly vizier; but has left the court, and lived a long time in a lone house, where he applies himself solely to the education of his daughter. If you please, I will ask her of him for you: I do not question but he will be overjoyed to have a son-in-law of your quality. Not so fast, said the prince, I shall not marry the maid before I know whether I like her. As for her beauty, I can depend on you; but what assurance can you give me in relation to her virtue? What assurance do you require? said Boubekir. I must see her face, answered Zeyn; that is enough to determine my resolution. You are skilled then in physiognomy? replied the muezin, smiling. Well, come along with me to her father's: I will desire him to let you see her one moment in his presence.

The muezin conducted the prince to the vizier's; who, as soon as he was acquainted with the prince's birth and design, called his daughter, and made her take off her veil. Never had the young sultan of Bussorah beheld such a perfect and striking beauty. He stood amazed; and since he could then try whether the maid was as chaste as fair, he pulled out his glass, which remained bright and unsullied.

When he perceived he had at length found such a person as he desired, he intreated the vizier to grant her to him. Immediately the cauzee was sent for, the contract signed, and the marriage prayer said. After this ceremony, Zeyn conducted the vizier to his house, where he treated him magnificently, and gave him considerable presents. Next day he sent a prodigious quantity of jewels by Mobarec, who conducted the bride home, where the wedding was kept with all the pomp that became Zeyn's quality. When all the company was dismissed Mobarec said to his master, Let us begone, sir, let us not stay any longer at Bagdad, but return to Cairo: remember the promise you made the sultan of the genii. Let us go, answered the prince; I must take care to perform it exactly; yet I must confess, my dear Mobarec, that, if I obey the sultan of the genii, it is not without reluctance. The damsel I have married is so charming, that I am tempted to carry her to Bussorah, and place her on the throne. Alas! sir, answered Mobarec, take heed how you give way to your inclination: make yourself master of your passions, and whatever it costs you, be as good as your word to the sultan of the genii. Well, then, Mobarec, said the prince, do you take care to conceal the lovely maid from me; let her never appear in my sight; perhaps I have already seen too much of her.

Mobarec made all ready for their departure; they returned to Cairo, and thence set out for the island of the sultan of the genii. When they were arrived, the maid who had performed the journey in a horse-litter, and whom the prince had never seen since his wedding-day, said to Mobarec, Where are we? Shall we be soon in the dominions of the prince my husband? Madam, answered Mobarec, it is time to undeceive you. Prince Zeyn married you only in order to get you from your father: he did not engage his faith to make you sovereign of Bussorah, but to deliver you to the sultan of the genii, who has asked of him a virgin of your character. At these words, she began to weep bitterly, which moved the prince and Mobarec. Take pity on me, said she; I am a stranger, you will be accountable to God for your treachery towards me.

Her tears and complaints were of no effect, for she was presented to the sultan of the genii, who having gazed on her with attention, said to Zeyn, Prince, I am satisfied with your behaviour; the virgin you have brought me is beautiful and chaste, and I am pleased with the restraint you have put upon yourself to be as good as your promise to me. Return to your dominions, and when you shall enter the subterraneous room, where the eight statues are, you shall find the ninth which I promised you. I will make my genii carry it thither. Zeyn thanked the

sultan, and returned to Cairo with Mobarec, but did not stay long in Egypt, for his impatience to see the ninth statue made him hasten his departure. However, he could not but often think regretfully of the young virgin he had married; and blaming himself for having deceived her, he looked upon himself as the cause and instrument of her misfortune. Alas! said he to himself, I have taken her from a tender father, to sacrifice her to a genie. O, incomparable beauty! you deserve a better fate.

Sultan Zeyn, disturbed with these thoughts, at length reached Bussorah, where his subjects made extraordinary rejoicings for his return. He went directly to give an account of his journey to his mother, who was in a rapture to hear that he had obtained the ninth statue. Let us go, my son, said she, let us go and see it, for it is certainly in the subterraneous chamber, since the sultan of the genii told you you should find it there. The young sultan and his mother, being both impatient to see the wonderful statue, went down into the room of the statues; but how great was their surprise, when, instead of a statue of diamonds, they beheld on the ninth pedestal a most beautiful virgin, whom the prince knew to be the same whom he had conducted into the island of the genii! Prince, said the young maid, you are surprised to see me here; you expected to have found something more precious than me,

and I question not but that you now repent having taken so much trouble: you expected a better reward. Madam, answered Zeyn, heaven is my witness, that I more than once had nearly broken my word with the sultan of the genii, to keep you to myself. Whatever be the value of a diamond statue, is it worth the satisfaction of having you mine? I love you above all the diamonds and wealth in the world.

Just as he had done speaking, a clap of thunder was heard, which shook the subterraneous place. Zeyn's mother was alarmed, but the sultan of the genii immediately appearing, dispelled her fear. Madam, said he to her, I protect and love your son: I had a mind to try, whether, at his age, he could subdue his passions. I know the charms of this young lady have wrought on him, and that he did not punctually keep the promise he had made me, not to desire to enjoy her; but I am well acquainted with the frailty of human nature. This is the ninth statue I designed for him; it is more rare and precious than the others. Live, said he (directing his discourse to the young prince), live happy, Zeyn, with this young lady, who is your wife; and if you would have her true and constant to you, love her always, and love her only. Give her no rival, and I will answer for her fidelity. Having spoken these words, the sultan of the genii vanished, and Zeyn, enchant-

ed with the young lady, the same day caused her to be proclaimed queen of Bussorah, over which they reigned in mutual happiness to an advanced age.

THE HISTORY OF CODADAD[18], AND HIS BROTHERS.

THOSE who have written the history of Diarbekir inform us, that there formerly reigned in the city of Harran a most magnificent and potent sultan, who loved his subjects, and was equally beloved by them. He was endued with all virtues, and wanted nothing to complete his happiness but an heir. Though he had the finest women in the world in his seraglio, yet was he destitute of children. He continually prayed to heaven for them; and one night in his sleep, a comely person, or rather a prophet, appeared to him, and said, Your prayers are heard; you have obtained what you have desired; rise as soon as you awake, go to your prayers, and make two genuflexions, then walk into the garden of your palace, call your gardener, and bid him bring you a pomegranate, eat as many of the seeds as you please, and your wishes shall be accomplished.

The sultan calling to mind his dream when he awoke, returned thanks to heaven, got up, prayed, made two genuflexions, and then went into his garden, where he took fifty pomegranate seeds, which he counted, and ate. He had fifty wives who shared his bed; they all proved with child; but there was one called Pirouzè[19], who did not appear to be preg-

nant. He took an aversion to this lady, and would have her put to death. Her barrenness, said he, is a certain token that heaven does not judge Pirouzè worthy to bear a prince; it is my duty to deliver the world from an object that is odious to the Lord [20]. He would have executed his cruel purpose had not his vizier prevented him; representing to him that all women were not of the same constitution, and that it was not impossible but that Pirouzè might be with child, though it did not yet appear. Well, answered the sultan, let her live; but let her depart my court; for I cannot endure her. Your majesty, replied the vizier, may send her to sultan Samer, your cousin. The sultan approved of this advice; he sent Pirouzè to Samaria, with a letter, in which he ordered his cousin to treat her well, and, in case she proved with child, to give him notice of her being brought to bed.

No sooner was Pirouzè arrived in that country, than it appeared that she was pregnant, and at length she was delivered of a most beautiful prince. The prince of Samaria wrote immediately to the sultan of Harran, to acquaint him with the birth of a son, and to congratulate him on the occasion. The sultan was much rejoiced at this intelligence, and answered prince Samer as follows: Cousin, all my other wives have each been delivered of a prince. I desire you to educate that of Pirouzè, to give him

the name of Codadad, and to send him to me when I may apply for him.

The prince of Samaria spared nothing that might improve the education of his nephew. He taught him to ride, draw the bow, and all other accomplishments becoming the son of a sovereign; so that Codadad, at eighteen years of age, was looked upon as a prodigy. The young prince, being inspired with a courage worthy his birth, said one day to his mother, Madam, I begin to grow weary of Samaria; I feel a passion for glory; give me leave to seek it amidst the perils of war. My father, the sultan of Harran, has many enemies. Why does he not call me to his assistance? Why does he leave me here so long in obscurity? Must I spend my life in sloth, when all my brothers have the happiness to be fighting by his side? My son, answered Pirouzè, I am no less impatient to have your name become famous; I could wish you had already signalized yourself against your father's enemies; but we must wait till he requires it. No, madam, replied Codadad, I have already waited but too long. I burn to see the sultan, and am tempted to offer him my service, as a young stranger: no doubt but he will accept of it, and I will not discover myself, till I have performed some glorious actions: I desire to merit his esteem before he knows who I am. Pirouzè approved of his generous resolutions, and Codadad departed from Samaria, as

if he had been going to the chase, without acquainting prince Samer, lest he should thwart his design.

He was mounted on a white charger, who had a bit and shoes of gold, his housing was of blue satin embroidered with pearls; the hilt of his cimeter was of one single diamond, and the scabbard of sandal-wood, adorned with emeralds and rubies, and on his shoulder he carried his bow and quiver. In this equipage, which greatly set off his handsome person, he arrived at the city of Harran, and soon found means to offer his service to the sultan; who being charmed with his beauty and promising appearance, and perhaps indeed by natural sympathy, gave him a favourable reception, and asked his name and quality. Sir, answered Codadad, I am son to an emir of Grand Cairo; an inclination to travel has made me quit my country, and understanding, in my passage through your dominions, that you were engaged in war, I am come to your court to offer your majesty my service. The sultan shewed him extraordinary kindness, and gave him a command in his army.

The young prince soon signalized his bravery. He gained the esteem of the officers, and was admired by the soldiers. Having no less wit than courage, he so far advanced himself in the sultan's esteem, as to become his favourite. All the ministers and other couriers daily resorted to Codadad, and

were so eager to purchase his friendship, that they neglected the sultan's sons. The princes could not but resent this conduct, and imputing it to the stranger, all conceived an implacable hatred against him; but the sultan's affection daily increasing, he was never weary of giving him fresh testimonies of his regard. He always would have him near his person; admired his conversation, ever full of wit and discretion; and to shew his high opinion of his wisdom and prudence, committed to his care the other princes, though he was of the same age as they; so that Codadad was made governor of his brothers.

This only served to heighten their hatred. Is it come to this, said they, that the sultan, not satisfied with loving a stranger more than us, will have him to be our governor, and not allow us to act without his leave? this is not to be endured. We must rid ourselves of this foreigner. Let us go together, said one of them, and dispatch him. No, no, answered another; we had better be cautious how we sacrifice ourselves. His death would render us odious to the sultan, who in return would declare us all unworthy to reign. Let us destroy him by some stratagem. We will ask his permission to hunt, and when at a distance from the palace, proceed to some other city, and stay there some time. The sultan will wonder at our absence, and perceiving we do not return,

perhaps put the stranger to death, or at least will banish him from court, for suffering us to leave the palace.

All the princes applauded this artifice. They went together to Codadad, and desired him to allow them to take the diversion of hunting, promising to return the same day. Pirouzè's son was taken in the snare, and granted the permission his brothers desired. They set out, but never returned. They had been three days absent, when the sultan asked Codadad where the princes were, for it was long since he had seen them. Sir, answered Codadad, after making a profound reverence, they have been hunting these three days, but they promised me they would return sooner. The sultan grew uneasy, and his uneasiness increased when he perceived the princes did not return the next day. He could not check his anger: Indiscreet stranger, said he to Codadad, why did you let my sons go without bearing them company? Is it thus you discharge the trust I have reposed in you? Go, seek them immediately, and bring them to me, or your life shall be forfeited.

These words chilled with alarm Pirouzè's unfortunate son. He armed himself, departed from the city, and like a shepherd who had lost his flock, searched the country for his brothers, inquiring at every village whether they had been seen; but hearing no news of them, abandoned himself to the most

lively grief. Alas! my brothers, said he, what is become of you? Are you fallen into the hands of our enemies? Am I come to the court of Harran to be the occasion of giving the sultan so much anxiety? He was inconsolable for having given the princes permission to hunt, or for not having borne them company.

After some days spent in fruitless search, he came to a plain of prodigious extent, in the midst whereof was a palace built of black marble. He drew near, and at one of the windows beheld a most beautiful lady; but set off with no other ornament than her own charms; for her hair was dishevelled, her garments torn, and on her countenance appeared all the marks of the greatest affliction. As soon as she saw Codadad, and judged he might hear her, she directed her discourse to him, saying, Young man, depart from this fatal place, or you will soon fall into the hands of the monster that inhabits it: a black, who feeds only on human blood, resides in this palace; he seizes all persons whom their ill-fate conducts to this plain, and shuts them up in his dark dungeons, whence they are never released, but to be devoured by him.

Madam, answered Codadad, tell me who you are, and be not concerned for myself. I am a young woman of quality of Grand Cairo, replied the lady; I was passing by this castle yesterday, in my way to

Bagdad, and met with the black, who killed all my attendants, and brought me hither; I wish I had nothing but death to fear, but to add to my calamity, this monster would persuade me to love him, and, in case I do not yield to-morrow to his brutality, I must expect the last violence. Once more, added she, make your escape: the black will soon return; he is gone out to pursue some travellers he espied at a distance on the plain. Lose no time; I know not whether you can escape him by a speedy flight.

She had scarcely done speaking before the black appeared. He was of monstrous bulk, and of a dreadful aspect, mounted on a large Tartar horse, and bore such a heavy cimeter, that none but himself could wield. The prince seeing him, was amazed at his gigantic stature, directed his prayers to heaven to assist him, then drew his cimeter, and firmly awaited his approach. The monster, despising so inconsiderable an enemy, called to him to submit without fighting. Codadad by his conduct shewed that he was resolved to defend his life; for rushing upon him, he wounded him on the knee. The black, feeling himself wounded, uttered such a dreadful yell as made all the plain resound. He grew furious and foamed with rage, and raising himself on his stirrups, made at Codadad with his dreadful cimeter. The blow was so violent, that it would have put an end to the young prince, had not he avoided it by a sudden spring. The cimeter

made a horrible hissing in the air: but, before the black could have time to make a second blow, Codadad struck him on his right arm, with such force, that he cut it off. The dreadful cimeter fell with the hand that held it, and the black yielding under the violence of the stroke, lost his stirrups, and made the earth shake with the weight of his fall. The prince alighted at the same time, and cut off his enemy's head. Just then, the lady, who had been a spectator of the combat, and was still offering up her earnest prayers to heaven for the young hero, whom she admired, uttered a shriek of joy, and said to Codadad, Prince (for the dangerous victory you have obtained, as well as your noble air, convinces me that you are of no common rank), finish the work you have begun; the black has the keys of this castle, take them and deliver me out of prison. The prince searched the wretch as he lay stretched on the ground, and found several keys.

He opened the first door, and entered a court, where he saw the lady coming to meet him; she would have cast herself at his feet, the better to express her gratitude, but he would not permit her. She commended his valour, and extolled him above all the heroes in the world. He returned her compliments; and she appeared still more lovely to him near, than she had done at a distance. I know not whether she felt more joy at being delivered from

the desperate danger she had been in, than he for having done so considerable a service to so beautiful a person.

Their conversation was interrupted by dismal cries and groans. What do I hear? said Codadad: Whence come these miserable lamentations, which pierce my ears? My lord, said the lady to him, pointing to a little door in the court, they come from thence. There are I know not how many wretched persons whom fate has thrown into the hands of the black. They are all chained, and the monster drew out one every day to devour.

It is an addition to my joy, answered the young prince, to understand that my victory will save the lives of those unfortunate beings. Come along with me, madam, to partake in the satisfaction of giving them their liberty. You may judge by your own feelings how welcome we shall be to them. Having so said, they advanced towards the door of the dungeon, and the nearer they drew, the more distinctly they heard the lamentations of the prisoners. Codadad pitying them, and impatient to put an end to their sufferings, presently put one of the keys into the lock. The noise made all the unfortunate captives, who concluded it was the black coming, according to custom, to seize one of them to devour, redouble their cries and groans. Lamentable voices

were heard, which seemed to come from the centre of the earth.

In the mean time, the prince had opened the door; he went down a very steep staircase into a large and deep vault, which received some feeble light from a little window, and in which there were above a hundred persons, bound to stakes, and their hands tied. Unfortunate travellers, said he to them, wretched victims, who only expected the moment of an approaching cruel death, give thanks to heaven, which has this day delivered you by my means. I have slain the black by whom you were to be devoured, and am come to knock off your chains. The prisoners hearing these words, gave a shout of mingled joy and surprise. Codadad and the lady began to unbind them; and as soon as any of them were loose, they helped to take off the fetters from the rest; so that in a short time they were all at liberty.

They then kneeled down, and having returned thanks to Codadad for what he had done for them, went out of the dungeon; but when they were come into the court, how was the prince surprised to see among the prisoners those he was in search of, and almost without hopes to find! Princes, cried he, am I not deceived? Is it you whom I behold? May I flatter myself that it may be in my power to restore you to the sultan your father, who is inconsolable for

the loss of you? But will he not have some one to lament? Are you all here alive? Alas! the death of one of you will suffice to damp the joy I feel for having delivered you!

The forty-nine princes all made themselves known to Codadad, who embraced them one after another, and told them how uneasy their father was on account of their absence. They gave their deliverer all the commendations he deserved, as did the other prisoners, who could not find words expressive enough to declare their gratitude. Codadad, with them, searched the whole castle, where was immense wealth; curious silks, gold brocades, Persian carpets, China satins, and an infinite quantity of other goods, which the black had taken from the caravans he had plundered, a considerable part whereof belonged to the prisoners Codadad had then liberated. Every man knew and claimed his property. The prince restored them their own, and divided the rest of the merchandize among them. Then he said to them, How will you carry away your goods? We are here in a desert place, and there is no likelihood of your getting horses. My lord, answered one of the prisoners, the black robbed us of our camels, as well as our goods, and perhaps they may be in the stables of this castle. This is not unlikely, replied Codadad; let us examine. Accordingly they went to the stables, where they not only found the camels, but also

the horses belonging to the sultan of Harran's sons. There were some black slaves in the stables, who seeing all the prisoners released, and guessing thereby that their master had been killed, fled through byways well known to them. Nobody minded to pursue them. All the merchants overjoyed that they had recovered their goods and camels, together with their liberty, thought of nothing but prosecuting their journey; but first repeated their thanks to their deliverer.

When they were gone, Codadad, directing his discourse to the lady, said, What place, madam, do you desire to go to? Whither were you bound when you were seized by the black? I intend to bear you company to the place you shall choose for your retreat, and I question not but that all these princes will do the same. The sultan of Harran's sons protested to the lady, that they would not leave her till she was restored to her friends.

Princes, said she, I am of a country too remote from hence; and, besides that, it would be abusing your generosity to oblige you to travel so far. I must confess that I have left my native country for ever. I told you that I was a lady of Grand Cairo; but since you have shewn me so much favour, and I am so highly obliged to you, added she, looking upon Codadad, I should be much in the wrong in concealing the truth from you; I am a sultan's daughter.

An usurper has possessed himself of my father's throne, after having murdered him, and I have been forced to fly to save my life.

Codadad and his brothers requested the princess to tell them her story, assuring her they felt a particular interest in her misfortunes, and were determined to spare nothing that might contribute to render her more happy. After thanking them for their repeated protestations of readiness to serve her, she could not refuse to satisfy their curiosity, and began the recital of her adventures in the following manner.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS OF DERYABAR [21].

THERE was in a certain island a great city called Deryabar, governed by a potent, magnificent, and virtuous sultan, who had no children, which was the only blessing wanting to make him happy. He continually addressed his prayers to heaven, but heaven only partially granted his requests, for the queen his wife, after a long expectation, brought forth a daughter.

I am the unfortunate princess; my father was rather grieved than pleased at my birth; but he submitted to the will of God, and caused me to be educated with all possible care, being resolved, since

he had no son, to teach me the art of ruling, that I might supply his place after his death.

One day when he was taking the diversion of hunting, he espied a wild ass, which he chased, lost his company, and was carried away so far by his eagerness as to ride on till night. He then alighted, and sat down at the entrance of a wood, in which the ass had sheltered. No sooner was the day shut in, than he discovered among the trees a light, which made him conclude that he was not far from some village; he rejoiced at this, hoping that he might pass the night there, and find some person to send to his followers and acquaint them where he was; accordingly he rose and walked towards the light, which served to guide him.

He soon found he had been deceived, the light being no other than a fire blazing in a hut; however, he drew near, and, with amazement, beheld a black man, or rather a giant, sitting on a sofa. Before the monster was a great pitcher of wine, and he was roasting an ox he had newly killed. Sometimes he drank out of the pitcher, and sometimes cut slices off the ox and greedily devoured them. But what most attracted my father's attention was a beautiful woman whom he saw in the hut. She seemed overwhelmed with grief; her hands were bound, and at her feet was a little child about two or three years

old, who, as if he was sensible of his mother's misfortunes, wept without ceasing, and rent the air with his cries.

My father, moved with this pitiable object, thought at first to enter the hut and attack the giant; but considering how unequal the combat would be, he stopped, and resolved, since he had not strength enough to prevail by open force, to use art. In the mean time, the giant having emptied the pitcher, and devoured above half the ox, turned to the woman and said, Beautiful princess, why do you oblige me by your obstinacy to treat you with severity? It is in your own power to be happy. You need only resolve to love, and be true to me, and I shall treat you with more mildness. Thou hideous satyr, answered the lady, never expect that time should wear away my abhorrence of thee. Thou wilt ever be a monster in my eyes. To these words she added so many reproaches, that the giant grew enraged. This is too much, cried he, in a furious tone; my love despised is turned into rage. Your hatred has at last excited mine; I find it triumphs over my desires, and that I now wish your death more ardently than your enjoyment. Having spoken these words, he took the wretched lady by the hair, held her up with one hand in the air, and drawing his cimeter with the other, was just going to strike off her head, when the

sultan my father let fly an arrow which pierced the giant's breast, so that he staggered, and dropped down dead.

My father entered the hut, unbound the lady's hands, inquired who she was, and how she came thither. My lord, said she, there are along the sea-coast some families of Saracens, who live under a prince who is my husband; this giant you have killed was one of his principal officers. The wretch fell desperately in love with me, but took care to conceal his passion, till he could put in execution the design he had formed of forcing me from home. Fortune oftener favours wicked designs than virtuous resolutions. The giant one day surprised me and my child in a by place. He seized us both, and to disappoint the search he well knew my husband would cause to be made for me, removed from the country inhabited by those Saracens, and brought us into this wood, where he has kept me some days. Deplorable as my condition is, it is still a great satisfaction to me to think that the giant, though so brutal, never used force to obtain what I always refused to his intreaties. Not but that he has a hundred times threatened that he would have recourse to the worst of extremities, in case he could not otherwise prevail upon me; and I must confess to you, that awhile ago, when I provoked his anger by my

words, I was less concerned for my life than for my honour.

This, my lord, said the prince of the Saracens' wife, is the faithful account of my misfortunes, and I question not but you will think me worthy of your compassion, and that you will not repent having so generously relieved me. Madam, answered my father, be assured your troubles have affected me, and I will do all in my power to make you happy. To-morrow, as soon as day appears, we will quit this wood, and endeavour to fall into the road which leads to the great city of Deryabar, of which I am sovereign; and if you think fit, you shall be lodged in my palace, till the prince your husband comes to claim you.

The Saracen lady accepted the offer, and the next day followed the sultan my father, who found all his retinue upon the skirts of the wood, they having spent the night in searching for him, and being very uneasy because they could not find him. They were no less rejoiced to meet with, than amazed to see him with a lady, whose beauty surprised them. He told them how he had found her, and the risk he had run in approaching the hut, where he must certainly have lost his life had the giant discovered him. One of his servants took up the lady behind him, and another carried the child.

Thus they arrived at the palace of my father, who assigned the beautiful Saracen lady an apartment, and caused her child to be carefully educated. The lady was not insensible of the sultan's goodness to her, and expressed as much gratitude as he could desire. She had at first appeared very uneasy and impatient that her husband did not claim her; but by degrees she lost that uneasiness. The respect my father paid her dispelled her impatience; and I am of opinion she would at last have blamed fortune more for restoring her to her kindred, than she did for removing her from them.

In the mean time the lady's son grew up; he was very handsome, and not wanting ability, found means to please the sultan my father, who conceived a great friendship for him. All the courtiers perceived it, and guessed that the young man might in the end be my husband. In this idea, and looking on him already as heir to the crown, they made their court to him, and every one endeavoured to gain his favour. He soon saw into their designs, grew conceited of himself, and forgetting the distance there was between our conditions, flattered himself with the hopes that my father was fond enough of him, to prefer him before all the princes in the world. He went farther; for the sultan not offering me to him as soon as he could have wished, he had the bold-

ness to ask me of him. Whatever punishment his insolence deserved, my father was satisfied with telling him he had other thoughts in relation to me, and shewed him no farther resentment. The youth was incensed at this refusal; he resented the contempt, as if he had asked some maid of ordinary extraction, or as if his birth had been equal to mine. Nor did he stop here, but resolved to be revenged on the sultan, and with unparalleled ingratitude conspired against him. In short, he murdered him, and caused himself to be proclaimed sovereign of Deryabar. The first thing he did after the murder of my father was to come into my apartment, at the head of a party of the conspirators. His design was either to take my life or oblige me to marry him. The grand vizier, however, who had been always loyal to his master, while the usurper was butchering my father, came to carry me away from the palace, and secured me in a friend's house, till a vessel he had provided was ready to sail. I then left the island, attended only by a governess and that generous minister, who chose rather to follow his master's daughter, and share her misfortunes, than to submit to a tyrant.

The grand vizier designed to carry me to the courts of the neighbouring sultans, to implore their assistance, and excite them to revenge my father's death; but heaven did not concur in a resolution we

thought so just. When we had been but a few days at sea, there arose such a furious storm, that, in spite of all the mariners' art, our vessel, carried away by the violence of the winds and waves, was dashed in pieces against a rock. I will not spend time in describing our shipwreck. I can but faintly represent to you how my governess, the grand vizier, and all that attended me, were swallowed up by the sea. The dread I was seized with did not permit me to observe all the horror of our condition. I lost my senses; and whether I was thrown upon the coast upon any part of the wreck, or whether heaven, which reserved me for other misfortunes, wrought a miracle for my deliverance, I found myself on shore when my senses returned.

Misfortunes very often make us forget our duty. Instead of returning thanks to God for so singular a favour shewn me, I only lifted up my eyes to heaven, to complain because I had been preserved. I was so far from bewailing the vizier and my governess, that I envied their fate, and dreadful imaginations by degrees prevailing over my reason, I resolved to cast myself into the sea; I was on the point of doing so, when I heard behind me a great noise of men and horses. I looked about to see what it might be, and espied several armed horsemen, among whom was one mounted on an Arabian horse. He had on

a garment embroidered with silver, a girdle set with precious stones, and a crown of gold on his head. Though his habit had not convinced me that he was chief of the company, I should have judged it by the air of grandeur which appeared in his person. He was a young man extraordinarily well shaped, and perfectly beautiful. Surprised to see a young lady alone in that place, he sent some of his officers to ask who I was. I answered only by weeping. The shore being covered with the wreck of our ship, they concluded that I was certainly some person who had escaped from the vessel. This conjecture, and my inconsolable condition, excited the curiosity of the officers, who began to ask me a thousand questions, with assurances, that their master was a generous prince, and that I should receive protection at his court.

The sultan, impatient to know who I was, grew weary of waiting the return of his officers, and drew near to me. He gazed on me very earnestly, and observing that I did not cease weeping and afflicting myself, without being able to return an answer to their questions, he forbad them troubling me any more; and directing his discourse to me, Madam, said he, I conjure you to moderate your excessive affliction. Though heaven in its dispensations has laid this calamity upon you, it does not be-

hove you to despair. I beseech you shew more resolution. Fortune, which has hitherto persecuted you, is inconstant, and may soon change. I dare assure you, that, if your misfortunes are capable of receiving any relief, you shall find it in my dominions. My palace is at your service. You shall live with the queen my mother, who will endeavour by her kindness to ease your affliction. I know not yet who you are; but I find I already take an interest in your welfare.

I thanked the young sultan for his goodness to me, accepted his obliging offers; and to convince him that I was not unworthy of them, told him my condition. I described to him the insolence of the young Saracen, and found it was enough to recount my misfortunes, to excite compassion in him and all his officers, who heard me. When I had done speaking, the prince began again, assuring me that he was deeply concerned at my misfortunes. He then conducted me to his palace, and presented me to the queen his mother, to whom I was obliged again to repeat my misfortunes and to renew my tears. The queen seemed very sensible of my trouble, and conceived extreme affection for me. On the other hand, the sultan her son fell desperately in love with me, and soon offered me his person and his crown. I was so taken up with the thoughts of

my calamities, that the prince, though so lovely a person, did not make so great an impression on me as he might have done at another time. However, gratitude prevailing, I did not refuse to make him happy, and our nuptials were concluded with all imaginable splendour.

While the people were taken up with the celebration of their sovereign's nuptials, a neighbouring prince, his enemy, made a descent by night on the island with a great number of troops. That formidable enemy was the king of Zanguebar. He surprised and cut to pieces my husband's subjects. He was very near taking us both. We escaped very narrowly, for he had already entered the palace with some of his followers; but we found means to slip away, and to get to the sea-coast, where we threw ourselves into a fishing boat which we had the good fortune to meet with. Two days we were driven about by the winds, without knowing what would become of us. The third day we espied a vessel making towards us under sail. We rejoiced at first, believing it had been a merchant ship which might take us aboard; but what was our consternation, when, as it drew near, we saw ten or twelve armed pirates appear on the deck. Having boarded, five or six of them leaped into our boat, seized us, bound the prince, and conveyed us into their ship, where

they immediately took off my veil. My youth and features touched them, and they all declared how much they were charmed at the sight of me. Instead of casting lots, each of them claimed the preference, and me as his right. The dispute grew warm, they came to blows, and fought like madmen. The deck was soon covered with dead bodies, and they were all killed but one, who being left sole possessor of me, said, You are mine. I will carry you to Grand Cairo, to deliver you to a friend of mine, to whom I have promised a beautiful slave. But who, added he, looking upon the sultan my husband, is that man? What relation does he bear to you? Are you allied by blood or love? Sir, answered I, he is my husband. If so, replied the pirate, in pity I must rid myself of him: it would be too great an affliction to him to see you in my friend's arms. Having spoken these words, he took up the unhappy prince, who was bound, and threw him into the sea, notwithstanding all my endeavours to prevent him.

I shrieked in a dreadful manner at the sight of what he had done, and had certainly cast myself headlong into the sea, but that the pirate held me. He saw my design, and therefore bound me with cords to the main-mast, then hoisting sail, made towards the land, and got ashore. He unbound me and led me to a little town, where he bought camels,

tents, and slaves, and then set out for Grand Cairo, designing, as he still said, to present me to his friend, according to his promise.

We had been several days upon the road, when, as we were crossing this plain yesterday, we descried the black who inhabited this castle. At a distance we took him for a tower, and when near us, could scarcely believe him to be a man. He drew his huge cimeter, and summoned the pirate to yield himself prisoner, with all his slaves, and the lady he was conducting. The pirate was daring; and being seconded by his slaves, who promised to stand by him, he attacked the black. The combat lasted a considerable time; but at length the pirate fell under his enemy's deadly blows, as did all his slaves, who chose rather to die than forsake him. The black then conducted me to the castle, whither he also brought the pirate's body, which he devoured that night. After his inhuman repast, perceiving that I ceased not weeping, he said to me, Young lady, prepare to satisfy my desires, rather than continue thus to afflict yourself. Make a virtue of necessity, and comply: I will give you till to-morrow to consider. Let me then find you comforted for all your misfortunes, and overjoyed at having been reserved for my bed. Having spoken these words, he conducted me to a chamber, and withdrew to his

own, after locking up the castle gates. He opened them this morning, and presently locked them after him again, to pursue some travellers he perceived at a distance; but it is likely they made their escape, since he was returning alone, and without any booty, when you attacked him.

As soon as the princess had finished the recital of her adventures, Codadad declared to her, that he was deeply concerned at her misfortunes. But, madam, added he, it shall be your own fault if you do not live at ease for the future. The sultan of Harran's sons offer you a safe retreat in the court of their father; be pleased to accept of it. You will be there cherished by that sovereign, and respected by all; and if you do not disdain the affection of your deliverer, permit me to assure you of it, and to espouse you before all these princes; let them be witnesses to our contract. The princess consented, and the marriage was concluded that very day in the castle, where they found all sorts of provisions. The kitchens were full of flesh and other eatables the black used to feed on, when he was weary of feeding on human bodies. There was also a variety of fruits, excellent in their kinds; and, to complete their pleasure, abundance of delicious wine and other liquors.

They all sat down at table; and after having eaten and drunk plentifully, took with them the rest

of the provisions, and set out for the sultan of Harran's court: they travelled several days, encamping in the pleasantest places they could find, and were within one day's journey of Harran, when having halted and drunk all their wine, being under no longer concern to make it hold out, Codadad directing his discourse to all his company, said, Princes, I have too long concealed from you who I am. Behold your brother Codadad! I have received my being, as well as you, from the sultan of Harran, the prince of Samaria brought me up, and the princess Pirouzè is my mother. Madam, added he, addressing himself to the princess of Deryabar, do you also forgive me for having concealed my birth from you? Perhaps, by discovering it sooner, I might have prevented some disagreeable reflections, which may have been occasioned by a match you may have thought unequal. No, sir, answered the princess, the opinion I at first conceived of you heightened every moment, and you did not stand in need of the extraction you now discover, to make me happy.

The princes congratulated Codadad on his birth, and expressed much satisfaction at being made acquainted with it. But in reality, instead of rejoicing, their hatred of so amiable a brother was increased. They met together at night, whilst Codadad and the princess his wife lay asleep in their tent. Those un-

grateful, those envious brothers, forgetting that had it not been for the brave son of Pirouzè they must have been devoured by the black, agreed among themselves to murder him. We have no other course to choose, said one of them, for the moment our father shall come to understand that this stranger, of whom he is already so fond, is our brother, and that he alone has been able to destroy a giant, whom we could not all of us together conquer, he will declare him his heir, to the prejudice of all his brothers, who will be obliged to obey and fall down before him. He added much more, which made such an impression on their envious and unnatural minds, that they immediately repaired to Codadad, then asleep, stabbed him repeatedly, and leaving him for dead in the arms of the princess of Deryabar, proceeded on their journey for the city of Harran, where they arrived the next day.

The sultan their father conceived the greater joy at their return, because he had despaired of ever seeing them again: he asked what had been the occasion of their stay? But they took care not to acquaint him with it, making no mention either of the black or of Codadad; and only said, that, being curious to see different countries, they had spent some time in the neighbouring cities.

In the mean time Codadad lay in his tent welter-

ing in his blood, and little differing from a dead man, with the princess his wife, who seemed to be in not much better condition than himself. She rent the air with her dismal shrieks, tore her hair, and bathing her husband's body with her tears, Alas! Codadad, my dear Codadad, cried she, is it you whom I behold just departing this life? What cruel hands have put you into this condition? Can I believe these are your brothers who have treated you so unmercifully, those brothers whom thy valour had saved? No, they are rather devils, who under characters so dear came to murder you. O barbarous wretches! how could you make so ungrateful a return for the service he has done you? But why should I complain of your brothers, unfortunate Codadad! I alone am to blame for your death. You would join your fate with mine, and all the ill fortune that has attended me since I left my father's palace has fallen upon you. O Heaven! which has condemned me to lead a life of calamities, if you will not permit me to have a consort, why did you permit me to find one? Behold you have now robbed me of two, just as I began to be attached to them.

By these and other moving expressions, the afflicted princess of Deryabar vented her sorrow, fixing her eyes on the unfortunate Codadad, who could not hear her; but he was not dead, and his

consort observing that he still breathed, ran to a large town she espied in the plain, to inquire for a surgeon. She was directed to one, who went immediately with her; but when they came to the tent, they could not find Codadad, which made them conclude he had been dragged away by some wild beast to be devoured. The princess renewed her complaints and lamentations in a most affecting manner. The surgeon was moved, and being unwilling to leave her in so distressed a condition, proposed to her to return to the town, offering her his house and service.

She suffered herself to be prevailed on. The surgeon conducted her to his house, and without knowing, as yet, who she was, treated her with all imaginable courtesy and respect. He used all his endeavours to comfort her, but it was vain to think of removing her sorrow, which was rather heightened than diminished. Madam, said he to her one day, be pleased to recount to me your misfortunes; tell me your country and your condition. Perhaps I may give you some good advice, when I am acquainted with all the circumstances of your calamity. You do nothing but afflict yourself, without considering that remedies may be found for the most desperate diseases.

The surgeon's words were so efficacious, that they wrought on the princess, who recounted to him

all her adventures: and when she had done, the surgeon directed his discourse to her; Madam, said he, you ought not thus to give way to your sorrow; you ought rather to arm yourself with resolution, and perform what the name and the duty of a wife require of you. You are bound to avenge your husband. If you please, I will wait on you as your attendant. Let us go to the sultan of Harran's court; he is a good and a just prince. You need only represent to him in lively colours, how prince Codadad has been treated by his brothers. I am persuaded he will do you justice. I submit to your reasons, answered the princess; it is my duty to endeavour to avenge Codadad; and since you are so generous as to offer to attend me, I am ready to set out. No sooner had she fixed this resolution, than the surgeon ordered two camels to be made ready, on which the princess and he mounted, and repaired to Harran.

They alighted at the first caravanserai they found, and inquired of the host the news at court. It is, said he, in very great perplexity. The sultan had a son, who lived long with him as a stranger, and none can tell what is become of the young prince. One of the sultan's wives, named Pirouzè, is his mother; she has made all possible inquiry, but to no purpose. All are concerned at the loss of this prince, because he had great merit. The sultan has forty-nine other sons, all by different mothers, but not one of them

has virtue enough to comfort him for the death of Codadad; I say, his death, because it is impossible he should be still alive, since no intelligence has been heard of him, notwithstanding so much search has been made.

The surgeon having heard this account from the host, concluded that the best course the princess of Deryabar could take was to wait upon Pirouzè; but that step was not without some danger, and required much precaution: for it was to be feared, that if the sultan of Harran's sons should happen to hear of the arrival of their sister-in-law, and her design, they might cause her to be conveyed away before she could discover herself to Codadad's mother. The surgeon weighed all these circumstances, considered what risk he might run himself, and therefore, that he might manage matters with discretion, desired the princess to remain in the caravanserai, whilst he repaired to the palace, to observe which might be the safest way to conduct her to Pirouzè.

He went accordingly into the city, and was walking towards the palace, like one led only by curiosity to see the court, when he beheld a lady mounted on a mule richly accoutred. She was followed by several ladies mounted also on mules, with a great number of guards and black slaves. All the people formed a lane to see her pass along, and saluted her by prostrating themselves on the ground. The sur-

geon paid her the same respect, and then asked a kullunder, who happened to stand by him, Whether that lady was one of the sultan's wives? Yes, brother, answered the kullunder, she is, and the most honoured and beloved by the people, because she is the mother of prince Codadad, of whom you must have heard.

The surgeon asked no more questions, but followed Pirouzè to a mosque, into which she went to distribute alms, and assist at the public prayers which the sultan had ordered to be offered up for the safe return of Codadad. The people, who were highly concerned for that young prince, ran in crowds to join their vows to the prayers of the priests, so that the mosque was quite full. The surgeon broke through the throng, and advanced to Pirouzé's guards. He waited the conclusion of the prayers, and when the princess went out, stepped up to one of her slaves, and whispered him in the ear, Brother, I have a secret of moment to impart to the princess Pirouzè; may not I, by your means, be introduced into her apartment? If that secret, answered the slave, relate to prince Codadad, I dare promise you shall have audience of her this very day; but if it concern not him, it is needless for you to endeavour to be introduced; for her thoughts are all ingrossed by her son, and she will not hear of any other subject. It is only about that dear son, replied

the surgeon, that I wish to speak to her. If so, said the slave, you need only follow us to the palace, and you shall soon have the opportunity.

Accordingly, as soon as Pirouzè was returned to her apartment, the slave acquainted her that a person unknown had some important information to communicate to her, and that it related to prince Codadad. No sooner had he uttered these words, than Pirouzè expressed her impatience to see the stranger. The slave immediately conducted him into the princess's closet, who ordered all her women to withdraw, except two, from whom she concealed nothing. As soon as she saw the surgeon, she asked him eagerly, what news he had to tell her of Codadad? Madam, answered the surgeon, after having prostrated himself on the ground, I have a long account to give you, and such as will surprise you. He then related all the particulars of what had passed between Codadad and his brothers, which she listened to with eager attention; but when he came to speak of the murder, the tender mother fainted away on her sofa, as if she had herself been stabbed like her son. Her two women used proper means, and soon brought her to herself. The surgeon continued his relation; and when he had concluded, Pirouzè said to him, Go back to the princess of Deryabar, and assure her from me that the sultan shall soon own her for his daughter-in-law; and as

for yourself, be satisfied, that your services shall be rewarded as liberally as they deserve.

When the surgeon was gone, Pirouzè remained on the sofa, in such a state of affliction as may easily be imagined; and yielding to her tenderness at the recollection of Codadad, O! my son, said she, I must never then expect to see you more! Alas! when I gave you leave to depart from Samaria, and you took leave of me, I did not imagine that so unfortunate a death awaited you at such a distance from me. Unfortunate Codadad! Why did you leave me? You would not, it is true, have acquired so much renown, but you had been still alive, and not have cost your mother so many tears. While she uttered these words, she wept bitterly, and her two attendants, moved by her grief, mingled their tears with hers.

Whilst they were all three in this manner vying in affliction, the sultan came into the closet, and seeing them in this condition, asked Pirouzè whether she had received any bad news concerning Codadad? Alas! sir, said she, all is over, my son has lost his life, and to add to my sorrow, I cannot pay him the funeral rites; for, in all probability, wild beasts have devoured him. She then told him all she had heard from the surgeon, and did not fail to enlarge on the inhuman manner in which Codadad had been murdered by his brothers.

The sultan did not give Pirouzè time to finish her relation, but transported with anger, and giving way to his passion, Madam, said he to the princess, those perfidious wretches who cause you to shed these tears, and are the occasion of mortal grief to their father, shall soon feel the punishment due to their guilt. The sultan having spoken these words, with indignation in his countenance, went directly to the presence-chamber, where all his courtiers attended, and such of the people as had petitions to present to him. They were alarmed to see him in passion, and thought his anger had been kindled against his people. Their hearts were chilled with fear. He ascended the throne, and causing his grand vizier to approach, Hassan[22], said he, go immediately, take a thousand of my guards, and seize all the princes, my sons; shut them up in the tower used as a prison for murderers, and let this be done in a moment. All who were present trembled at this extraordinary command; and the grand vizier, without uttering a word, laid his hand on his head, to express his obedience, and hastened from the hall to execute his orders. In the mean time the sultan dismissed those who attended for audience, and declared he would not hear of any business for a month to come. He was still in the hall when the vizier returned. Are all my sons, demanded he, in the tower? They are, sir, answered the vizier, I have obeyed your

orders. This is not all, replied the sultan, I have farther commands for you; and so saying he went out of the hall of audience, and returned to Pirouzè's apartment, the vizier following him. He asked the princess where Codadad's widow had taken up her lodging? Pirouzè's women told him, for the surgeon had not forgotten that in his relation. The sultan then turning to his minister, Go, said he, to this caravanserai, and conduct a young princess who lodges there, with all the respect due to her quality, to my palace.

The vizier was not long in performing what he was ordered. He mounted on horseback with all the emirs and courtiers, and repaired to the caravanserai, where the princess of Deryabar was lodged, whom he acquainted with his orders; and presented her, from the sultan, a fine white mule, whose saddle and bridle were adorned with gold, rubies, and diamonds. She mounted, and proceeded to the palace. The surgeon attended her, mounted on a beautiful Tartar horse which the vizier had provided for him. All the people were at their windows, or in the streets, to see the cavalcade; and it being given out that the princess, whom they conducted in such state to court, was Codadad's wife, the city resounded with acclamations, the air rung with shouts of joy, which would have been turned into lamentations

had that prince's fatal adventure been known; so much was he beloved by all.

The princess of Deryabar found the sultan at the palace-gate, waiting to receive her: he took her by the hand, and led her to Pirouzè's apartment, where a very moving scene took place. Codadad's wife found her affliction redouble at the sight of her husband's father and mother; as, on the other hand, those parents could not look on their son's wife without being much affected. She cast herself at the sultan's feet, and having bathed them with tears, was so overcome with grief, that she was not able to speak. Pirouzè was in no better state. And the sultan, moved by these affecting objects, gave way to his own feelings, and wept. All three, mingling their tears and sighs, for some time observed a silence, equally tender and pitiful. At length the princess of Deryabar, being somewhat recovered, recounted the adventure of the castle, and Codadad's disaster. Then she demanded justice for the treachery of the princes. Yes, madam, said the sultan, those ungrateful wretches shall perish; but Codadad's death must be first made public, that the punishment of his brothers may not cause my subjects to rebel; and though we have not my son's body, we will not omit paying him the last duties. This said, he directed his discourse to the vizier,

and ordered him to cause to be erected a dome of white marble, in a delightful plain, in the midst of which the city of Harran stands. Then he appointed the princess of Deryabar a suitable apartment in his palace, acknowledging her for his daughter-in-law.

Hassan caused the work to be carried on with such diligence, and employed so many workmen, that the dome was soon finished. Within it was erected a tomb, which was covered with gold brocade. When all was completed, the sultan ordered prayers to be said, and appointed a day for the obsequies of his son.

On that day all the inhabitants of the city went out upon the plain to see the ceremony performed, which was after the following manner. The sultan, attended by his vizier and the principal lords of the court, proceeded towards the dome, and being come to it, he went in and sat down with them on carpets of black satin embroidered with gold flowers. A great body of horse-guards, hanging their heads, drew up close about the dome, and marched round it twice, observing a profound silence; but at the third round they halted before the door, and all of them with a loud voice pronounced these words: O prince! son to the sultan, could we by dint of sword, and human valour, repair your misfortune, we would bring you back to life; but the King of

kings has commanded, and the angel of death has obeyed. Having uttered these words, they drew off, to make way for a hundred old men, all of them mounted on black mules, and having long grey beards. These were anchorites, who had lived all their days concealed in caves. They never appeared in sight of the world, but when they were to assist at the obsequies of the sultans of Harran, and of the princes of their family. Each of these venerable persons carried on his head a book, which he held with one hand. They took three turns round the dome without uttering a word; then stopping before the door, one of them said, O prince! what can we do for thee? If thou couldst be restored to life by prayer or learning, we would rub our grey beards at thy feet, and recite prayers; but the King of the universe has taken thee away for ever.

This said, the old men moved to a distance from the dome, and immediately fifty beautiful young maidens drew near to it; each of them mounted on a little white horse; they wore no veils, and carried gold baskets full of all sorts of precious stones. They also rode thrice round the dome, and halting at the same place as the others had done, the youngest of them spoke in the name of all, as follows: O prince! once so beautiful, what relief can you expect from us? If we could restore you to life by our charms, we would become your slaves. But you are no

longer sensible to beauty, and have no more occasion for us.

When the young maids were withdrawn, the sultan and his courtiers arose, and having walked thrice round the tomb, the sultan spoke as follows: O my dear son, light of my eyes, I have then lost thee for ever! He accompanied these words with sighs, and watered the tomb with his tears; his courtiers weeping with him. The gate of the dome was then closed, and all the people returned to the city. Next day there were public prayers in all the mosques, and the same was continued for eight days successively. On the ninth the king resolved to cause the princes his sons to be beheaded. The people, incensed at their cruelty towards Codadad, impatiently expected to see them executed. The scaffolds were erecting, but the execution was respited, because, on a sudden, intelligence was brought that the neighbouring princes, who had before made war on the sultan of Harran, were advancing with more numerous forces than on the first invasion, and were then not far from the city. It had been long known that they were preparing for war, but their preparations caused no alarm. This news occasioned general consternation, and gave new cause to lament the loss of Codadad, who had signalized himself in the former war against the same enemies. Alas! said they, were the brave Codaded alive, we

should little regard those princes who are coming to surprise us. The sultan, nothing dismayed, raised men with all possible speed, formed a considerable army, and being too brave to await the enemy's coming to attack him within his walls, marched out to meet them. They, on their side, being informed by their advanced parties that the sultan of Harran was marching to engage them, halted in the plain, and formed their army.

As soon as the sultan discovered them, he also drew up his forces, and ranged them in order of battle. The signal was given, and he attacked them with extraordinary vigour; nor was the opposition inferior. Much blood was shed on both sides, and the victory remained long dubious; but at length it seemed to incline to the sultan of Harran's enemies, who, being more numerous, were upon the point of surrounding him, when a great body of cavalry appeared on the plain, and approached the two armies. The sight of this fresh party daunted both sides, neither knowing what to think of them: but their doubts were soon cleared; for they fell upon the flank of the sultan of Harran's enemies with such a furious charge, that they soon broke and routed them. Nor did they stop here; they pursued them, and cut most of them in pieces.

The sultan of Harran, who had attentively observed all that passed, admired the bravery of this

strange body of cavalry, whose unexpected arrival had given the victory to his army. But, above all, he was charmed with their chief, whom he had seen fighting with a more than ordinary valour. He longed to know the name of the generous hero. Impatient to see and thank him, he advanced towards him, but perceived he was coming to prevent him. The two princes drew near, and the sultan of Harran discovering Codadad in the brave warrior who had just assisted him, or rather defeated his enemies, became motionless with joy and surprise. Father, said Codadad to him, you have sufficient cause to be astonished at the sudden appearance before your majesty of a man, whom perhaps you concluded to be dead. I should have been so, had not heaven preserved me still to serve you against your enemies. O! my son, cried the sultan, is it possible that you are restored to me? Alas! I despaired of seeing you more. So saying, he stretched out his arms to the young prince, who flew to such a tender embrace.

I know all, my son, said the sultan again, after having long held him in his arms. I know what return your brothers have made you for delivering them out of the hands of the black; but you shall be revenged to-morrow. Let us now go to the palace where your mother, who has shed so many tears on your account, expects me to rejoice with us for the defeat of our enemies. What a joy will it

be to her to be informed, that my victory is your work! Sir, said Codadad, give me leave to ask how you could know the adventure of the castle? Have any of my brothers, repenting, owned it to you? No, answered the sultan; the princess of Deryabar has given us an account of every thing, for she is in my palace, and came thither to demand justice against your brothers. Codadad was transported with joy, to learn that the princess his wife was at the court. Let us go, sir, cried he to his father in rapture, let us go to my mother, who waits for us. I am impatient to dry up her tears, as well as those of the princess of Deryabar.

The sultan immediately returned to the city with his army, and re-entered his palace victorious, amidst the acclamations of the people, who followed him in crowds, praying to heaven to prolong his life, and extolling Codadad to the skies. They found Pirouzè and her daughter-in-law waiting to congratulate the sultan; but words cannot express the transports of joy they felt, when they saw the young prince with him: their embraces were mingled with tears of a very different kind from those they had before shed for him. When they had sufficiently yielded to all the emotions that the ties of blood and love inspired, they asked Codadad by what miracle he came to be still alive?

He answered, that a peasant mounted on a mule

happening accidentally to come into the tent, where he lay senseless, and perceiving him alone, and stabbed in several places, had made him fast on his mule, and carried him to his house, where he applied to his wounds certain herbs chewed, which recovered him. When I found myself well, added he, I returned thanks to the peasant, and gave him all the diamonds I had. I then made for the city of Harran; but being informed by the way, that some neighbouring princes had gathered forces, and were on their march against the sultan's subjects, I made myself known to the villagers, and stirred them up to undertake his defence. I armed a great number of young men, and heading them, happened to arrive at the time when the two armies were engaged.

When he had done speaking, the sultan said, Let us return thanks to God for having preserved Codadad; but it is requisite that the traitors, who would have destroyed him, should perish. Sir, answered the generous prince, though they are wicked and ungrateful, consider they are your own flesh and blood: they are my brothers; I forgive their offence, and beg you to pardon them. This generosity drew tears from the sultan, who caused the people to be assembled, and declared Codadad his heir. He then ordered the princes, who were prisoners, to be brought out loaded with irons. Pirouzè's son struck off their chains, and embraced them all successively,

with as much sincerity and affection as he had done in the court of the black's castle. The people were charmed with Codadad's generosity, and loaded him with applause. The surgeon was next nobly rewarded in requital of the services he had done the princess of Deryabar.

The sultaness Scheherazade, having thus related the story of Codadad with so much address, and in so agreeable a manner, that the sultan of the Indies could not forbear expressing the pleasure the relation had given him, said to that monarch, I am persuaded, if your majesty would hear the story of the Sleeper Awakened, it would, instead of exciting all those emotions of indignation and compassion which you must now feel, afford you much amusement and diversion. The sultan, who promised himself some new adventures from the title of this story, would have heard it that morning, but perceiving day approach, deferred it till the next; when Dinarzade called upon her sister, who began her story in these words:

THE STORY OF ABOU HASSAN, OR THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

In the reign of the caliph Haroon al Rusheed, there lived at Bagdad a very rich merchant, who, having married a woman advanced in years, had but one son, whom he named Abou Hassan[23], and educated with great restraint: when his son was thirty years old, the merchant dying, left him his sole heir, and master of great riches, amassed together by much frugality and close application to business.

Abou Hassan, whose views and inclinations were very different from those of his father, determined to make another use of his wealth; for as his father had never allowed him any money but what was just necessary for subsistence, and he had always envied those young persons of his age who wanted for nothing, and who debarred themselves from none of those pleasures to which youth are so much addicted, he resolved in his turn to distinguish himself by extravagancies proportionable to his fortune. To this end he divided his riches into two parts; with one half he bought houses in town, and land in the country, with a resolution never to touch the income of his real estate, which was considerable enough to live upon very handsomely, but lay it all by as he received it. With the other half, which consisted of

ready money, he designed to make himself amends for the time he had lost by the severe restraint in which his father had always kept him.

With this intent, Abou Hassan formed a society with youths of his own age and condition, who thought of nothing but how to make their time pass agreeably. Every day he gave them splendid entertainments, at which the most delicate viands were served up, and the most exquisite wines flowed in profusion, while concerts of the best vocal and instrumental music by performers of both sexes heightened their pleasures, and this young band of debauchees with the glasses in their hands, joined their songs with the music. These feasts were accompanied by ballets, for which the best dancers of both sexes were engaged [24]. These entertainments, renewed every day, were so expensive to Abou Hassan, that he could not support the extravagance above a year: and the great sum which he had appropriated to this prodigality and the year ended together [25]. As soon as he discontinued keeping this table, his friends forsook him; whenever they saw him they avoided him, and if by chance he met any of them, and went to stop them, they always excused themselves on some pretence or other.

Abou Hassan was more affected by this behaviour of his friends, who had forsaken him so basely and ungratefully, after all the protestations they had

made him, of inviolable attachment, than by the loss of all the money he had so foolishly squandered. He went melancholy and thoughtful, his countenance expressive of deep vexation, into his mother's apartment, and sat down on the end of a sofa at a distance from her. What is the matter with you, son? said his mother, seeing him thus depressed. Why are you so altered, so dejected, and so different from yourself? You could not certainly be more concerned, if you had lost all you had. I know you have lived very extravagantly, and believe all your money is spent; you have still, however, a good estate; and the reason that I did not so much oppose your irregular way of living was, that I knew the wise precaution you had taken to preserve half your property. I do not, therefore, see why you should plunge yourself into this deep melancholy.

At these words Abou Hassan melted into tears; and in the midst of his sighs exclaimed, Ah! mother, I see at last how insupportable poverty must be; I am sensible that it deprives us of joy, as the setting of the sun does of light. As poverty makes us forget all the commendations passed upon us before our fall, it makes us endeavour to conceal ourselves, and spend our nights in tears and sorrow. In short, a poor man is looked upon, both by friends and relations, as a stranger. You know, mother, how I have treated my friends for this year past; I have enter-

tained them with all imaginable generosity, till I have spent all my money, and now they have left me, when they suppose I can treat them no longer. For my real estate, I thank heaven for having given me grace to keep the oath I made not to incroach upon that. I shall now know how to use what is left. But I will, however, try how far my friends, who deserve not that I should call them so, will carry their ingratitude. I will go to them one after another, and when I have represented to them what I have done on their account, ask them to make up a sum of money, to relieve me, merely to try if I can find any sentiment of gratitude remaining in them.

I do not pretend, son, said Abou Hassan's mother, to dissuade you from your design; but I can tell you beforehand, that you have no ground for hope. Believe me, you will find no relief but from the estate you have reserved. I see you do not, but will soon, know those people, who, among persons of your sort, are generally called friends, and I wish to heaven you may know it in the manner I desire, for your own good. Mother, replied Abou Hassan, I am persuaded of the truth of what you say, but shall be more certain of a fact which concerns me so nearly, when I shall have informed myself fully of their baseness and insensibility. Abou Hassan went immediately to his friends, whom he found at home; represented to them the great need he was in, and begged

of them to assist him. He promised to give bonds to pay them the money they might lend him; giving them to understand at the same time, that it was, in a great measure, on their account that he was so distressed. That he might the more powerfully excite their generosity, he forgot not to allure them with the hopes of being once again entertained in the same manner as before.

Not one of his companions was affected with the arguments which the afflicted Abou Hassan used to persuade them; and he had the mortification to find, that many of them told him plainly they did not know him.

He returned home full of indignation; and going into his mother's apartment, said, Ah! madam, you were right; instead of friends, I have found none but perfidious ungrateful wretches, who deserve not my friendship; I renounce them, and promise you I will never see them more. He resolved to be as good as his word, and took every precaution to avoid falling again into the inconvenience which his former prodigality had occasioned; taking an oath never to give an inhabitant of Bagdad any entertainment while he lived. He drew the strong box into which he had put the rents received from his estates from the recess where he had placed it in reserve, put it in the room of that he had emptied, and resolved to take out every day no more than was sufficient to

defray the expense of a single person to sup with him, who, according to the oath he had taken, was not of Bagdad, but a stranger arrived in the city the same day, and who must take his leave of him the following morning.

Conformably to this plan, Abou Hassan took care every morning to provide whatever was necessary, and towards the close of the evening, went and sat at the end of Bagdad bridge; and as soon as he saw a stranger, accosted him civilly, invited him to sup and lodge with him that night; and after having informed him of the law he had imposed upon himself, conducted him to his house. The repast with which Abou Hassan regaled his guests was not costly, but well dressed, with plenty of good wine, and generally lasted till the night was pretty far advanced; instead of entertaining his guests with the affairs of state, his family, or business, as is too frequent, he conversed on different agreeable subjects. He was naturally of so gay and pleasant a temper, that he could give the most agreeable turns to every subject, and make the most melancholy persons merry. When he sent away his guest the next morning, he always said, God preserve you from all sorrow wherever you go; when I invited you yesterday to come and sup with me, I informed you of the law I have imposed on myself; therefore do not take it ill if I tell you, that we must never see one another again, nor drink

together, either at home or any where else, for reasons best known to myself; so God conduct you.

Abou Hassan was very exact in the observance of this oath, and never looked upon or spoke to the strangers he had once entertained; if he met them afterwards in the streets, the squares, or any public assemblies, he affected not to see them, and turned away to avoid them, that they might not speak to him, or he have any communication with them. He had acted for a long time in this manner, when, one afternoon, a little before sun-set, as he sat upon the bridge according to custom, the caliph Haroon al Rusheed came by, but so disguised that it was impossible to know him; for that monarch, though his chief ministers and officers of justice acquitted themselves of their duty very punctually, would nevertheless inform himself of every thing, and for that purpose often disguised himself in different ways, and walked through the city and suburbs of Bagdad, sometimes one way and sometimes another. That day, being the first of the month, he was dressed like a merchant of Moussul, and was followed by a tall stout slave.

As the caliph had in his disguise a grave and respectable appearance, Abou Hassan, who thought him to be a Moussul merchant, rose up, and, after having saluted him with a graceful air, said to him, Sir, I congratulate you on your happy arrival in

Bagdad, I beg you to do me the honour to sup with me, and repose yourself at my house for this night, after the fatigue of your journey; he then told him his custom of entertaining the first stranger he met with. The caliph found something so odd and singular in Abou Hassan's whim, that he was very desirous to know the cause; and told him that he could not better merit a civility, which he did not expect as a stranger, than by accepting the obliging offer made him; that he had only to lead the way, and he was ready to follow him.

Abou Hassan treated the caliph as his equal, conducted him home, and led him into a room very neatly furnished, where he set him on a sofa, in the most honourable place. Supper was ready, and the cloth laid. Abou Hassan's mother, who took upon herself the care of the kitchen, sent up three dishes; the first contained a capon and four large pullets, which was set in the middle; and the second and third, placed on each side, contained, one a fat roasted goose, and the other broiled pigeons. This was all; but they were good of the kind and well flavoured, with proper sauces.

Abou Hassan sat down opposite his guest, and he and the caliph began to eat heartily of what they liked best, without speaking or drinking, according to the custom of the country. When they had done eating, the caliph's slave brought them water to wash

their hands: and in the mean time Abou Hassan's mother cleared the table, and brought up a dessert of all the various sorts of fruits then in season; as grapes, peaches, apples, pears, and various pastes of dried almonds, &c. As soon as it grew dark, wax candles were lighted, and Abou Hassan, after requesting his mother to take care of the caliph's slave, set on bottles and glasses.

Abou Hassan sitting down with the pretended Moussul merchant again, filled out a glass of wine before he touched the fruit; and holding it in his hand, said to the caliph, You know, sir, that the cock never drinks before he calls to his hens to come and drink with him; I invite you to follow my example. I do not know what you may think; but, for my part, I cannot reckon him a wise man who does not love wine. Let us leave that sort of people to their dull melancholy humours, and seek for mirth, which is only to be found in a bumper.

While Abou Hassan was drinking, the caliph taking the glass that was set for him, said, You are an honest fellow; I like your pleasant temper, and expect you will fill me as much. Abou Hassan, as soon as he had drunk, filled the caliph's glass, and giving it to him, Taste this wine, sir, said he, I will warrant it good. I am well persuaded of that, replied the caliph, laughing, you know how to choose the best. O, replied Abou Hassan (while the caliph

was drinking his glass), one need only look in your face to be assured that you have seen the world, and know what good living is. If, added he in Arabic verse, my house could think and express its joy, how happy would it be to possess you, and, bowing before you, would exclaim, How overjoyed am I to see myself honoured with the company of so accomplished and polite a personage, and for meeting with a man of your merit.

The caliph, naturally fond of merriment, was highly diverted with these sallies of Abou Hassan, and artfully promoted drinking, often asking for wine, thinking that when it began to operate, he might from his talkativeness satisfy his curiosity. He asked him his name, his business, and how he spent his life. My name, sir, replied he, is Abou Hassan. I lost my father, who was a merchant of Bagdad, and though not the richest, yet lived very comfortably. When he died, he left me money enough to live free from business; but as he always kept a very strict hand over me, I was willing, when he was gone, to make up for the time I thought I had lost. Notwithstanding this, continued Abou Hassan, I was more prudent than most young people who give themselves up to debauchery, without any thought, pursue it till they reduce themselves to the utmost poverty, and are forced to do penance during the rest of their lives. To avoid this misfortune, I

divided what I had left me into two parts, landed estate and ready money. I destined the ready money to supply the expenses of entertaining my acquaintance. I meditated, and took a fixed resolution not to touch my rents. I associated with young people of my own age, and with my ready money, which I spent profusely, treated them splendidly every day; and in short, spared for no sort of pleasure. But this course did not last long; for by the time the year was out, I had got to the bottom of my box, and then all my table-friends vanished. I made a visit to every one of them successively, and represented to them the miserable condition I was in, but none of them offered to relieve me. Upon this I renounced their friendship, and retrenched so far, as to live within the compass of my income, bound myself to keep company with none but the first stranger I might meet with coming every day into Bagdad, and to entertain him but one day and one night. I have told you the rest before; and I thank my good fortune this day for having met with a stranger of so much worth.

The caliph was well satisfied with this information, and said to Abou Hassan, I cannot enough commend the measures you have taken, and the prudence with which you have acted, by forsaking your debauchery; a conduct rarely to be met with in young persons; and I esteem you the more for being

steady to your resolution. It was a slippery path you trod in, and I cannot but admire your self-command, that, after having seen the end of your ready money, you could so far refrain as not to enter upon your rents, or even your estate. In short, I must own, I envy your situation. You are the happiest man in the world, to enjoy every day the company of some one with whom you can discourse freely and agreeably, and to whom you give an opportunity to declare, wherever he goes, how handsomely he was received by you. But we talk too long without drinking; come, drink, and pour out a glass for me.

In this manner the caliph and Abou Hassan conversed together, drinking and talking of indifferent subjects, till the night was pretty far advanced; when the caliph pretending to be fatigued after his journey, told his host he stood in need of a little rest. But, added he, as I would not deprive you of yours on my account, before we part (because to-morrow I may be gone before you are stirring), I should be glad to shew you how sensible I am of your civility, and the good cheer and hospitality you have shewn me. The only thing that troubles me is, that I know not which way to make you any acknowledgment. I beg of you, therefore, to let me understand how I may do it, and you shall see I will not be ungrateful; for it is impossible but a man like you must have some

business, some want, or wish for something agreeable to you. Speak freely, and open your mind; for though I am but a merchant, it may be in my power to oblige you myself, or by some friend.

To these offers of the caliph, Abou Hassan, taking him still for a Moussul merchant, replied, I am very well persuaded, sir, that it is not out of compliment that you make me these generous tenders; but upon the word of an honest man, I assure you, I have nothing that troubles me, no business, nor desires, and I ask nothing of any body. I have not the least ambition, as I told you before; and am satisfied with my condition: therefore, I can only thank you for your obliging proffers, and the honour you have done me in condescending to partake of my frugal fare. Yet I must tell you, pursued Abou Hassan, there is one thing gives me uneasiness, without, however, disturbing my rest. You must know the town of Bagdad is divided into quarters, in each of which there is a mosque with an imaum to perform service at certain hours, at the head of the quarter which assembles there. The imaum of the division I live in is a surly curmudgeon, of an austere countenance, and the greatest hypocrite in the world. Four old men of this neighbourhood, who are people of the same stamp, meet regularly every day at this imaum's house. There they vent their slander, calumny, and malice against me and the whole quarter, to the dis-

turbance of the peace of the neighbourhood, and the promotion of dissension. Some they threaten, others they frighten; and, in short, would be lords paramount, and have every one govern himself according to their caprice, though they know not how to govern themselves. Indeed, I am sorry to see that they meddle with any thing but their Koraun, and will not let the world live quietly.

Well, I suppose, said the caliph, you wish to have a stop put to this disorder? You have guessed right, answered Abou Hassan; and the only thing I should pray for, would be to be caliph but for one day, in the stead of our sovereign lord and master Haroon al Rusheed, commander of the faithful. What would you do if you were? said the caliph. I would make examples of them, answered Abou Hassan, to the satisfaction of all honest men. I would punish the four old men with each a hundred bastinadoes on the soles of their feet, and the imaum with four hundred, to teach them not to disturb and abuse their neighbours in future.

The caliph was extremely pleased with this thought of Abou Hassan's; and as he loved adventures, resolved to make this a very singular one. Indeed, said he, I approve much of your wish, which proceeds from an upright heart, that cannot bear the malice of such officious hypocrites; I could like to see it realized, and it is not so impossible as

you may imagine. I am persuaded that the caliph would willingly put his authority for twenty-four hours into your hands if he knew your intentions, and the good use you would make of it. Though a foreign merchant, I have credit enough to contribute in some degree to the execution of this plan. I see, said Abou Hassan, you laugh at my foolish fancy, and the caliph himself would laugh at my extravagance if he knew it: yet it would be a means of informing him of the behaviour of the imaum and his companions, and induce him to chastise them.

Heaven forbid, replied the caliph, that I, who have been so handsomely entertained by you, should laugh at you; neither do I believe, as much a stranger as I am to you, that the caliph would be displeased: but let us leave off talking; it is almost midnight, and time to go to bed. With all my heart, said Abou Hassan, I would not be any hinderance to your going to rest; but there is still some wine in the bottle, and if you please we will drink it off first, and then retire. The only thing that I have to recommend to you is, that when you go out in the morning, if I am not up, you will not leave the door open, but give yourself the trouble of shutting it after you. This the caliph promised to do: and while Abou Hassan was talking, took the bottle and two glasses, filled his own first, saying, Here is a cup of thanks to you, and then filling the other, put into it artfully a little

opiate powder, which he had about him, and giving it to Abou Hassan, said, You have taken the pains to fill for me all night, and it is the least I can do to save you the trouble once: I beg you to take this glass; drink it off for my sake.

Abou Hassan took the glass, and to shew his guest with how much pleasure he received the honour, drank it off at once; but had scarcely set the glass upon the table, when the powder began to operate, he fell into so sound a sleep, and his head knocked against his knees so suddenly, that the caliph could not help laughing. The caliph commanded the slave he had brought with him, who entered the room as soon as he had supped, and had waited to receive orders, to take Abou Hassan upon his back, and follow him; but to be sure to observe the house, that he might know it again. In this manner the caliph, followed by the slave with his sleeping load, went out of the house, but without shutting the door after him as he had been desired, went directly to his palace, and by a private door into his own apartment, where the officers of his chamber were in waiting, whom he ordered to undress Abou Hassan, and put him into his bed, which they immediately performed.

The caliph then sent for all the officers and ladies of the palace, and said to them, I would have all those whose business it is to attend my levee wait

to-morrow morning upon the man who lies in my bed, pay the same respect to him as to myself, and obey him in whatever he may command; let him be refused nothing that he asks, and be addressed and answered as if he were the commander of the faithful. In short, I expect that you attend to him as the true caliph, without regarding me; and disobey him not in the least circumstance.

The officers and ladies, who understood that the caliph meant to divert himself, answered by low bows, and then withdrew, every one preparing to contribute to the best of their power to perform their respective parts adroitly.

The caliph next sent for the grand vizier: Jaaffier, said he, I have sent for you to instruct you, and to prevent your being surprised to-morrow when you come to audience, at seeing this man seated on my throne in the royal robes: accost him with the same reverence and respect as you pay to myself: observe and punctually execute whatever he bids you do, the same as if I commanded you. He will exercise great liberality, and commission you with the distribution of it. Do all he commands; even if his liberality should extend so far as to empty all the coffers in my treasury; and remember to acquaint all my emirs, and the officers without the palace, to pay him the same honour at audience as to myself, and to carry on the matter so well, that he may not

perceive the least thing that may interrupt the diversion which I design myself.

After the grand vizier had retired, the caliph went to bed in another apartment, and gave Mesrour, the chief of his eunuchs, the orders which he was to execute, that every thing should succeed as he intended, so that he might see how Abou Hassan would use the power and authority of the caliph for the short time he had desired to have it. Above all, he charged him not to fail to awaken him at the usual hour, before he awakened Abou Hassan, because he wished to be present when he arose.

Mesrour failed not to do as the caliph had commanded, and as soon as the caliph went into the room where Abou Hassan lay, he placed himself in a little raised closet, from whence he could see all that passed. All the officers and ladies, who were to attend Abou Hassan's levee, went in at the same time, and took their posts according to their rank, ready to acquit themselves of their respective duties, as if the caliph himself had been going to rise.

As it was just day-break, and time to prepare for the morning prayer before sun-rise, the officer who stood nearest to the head of the bed put a sponge steeped in vinegar to Abou Hassan's nose, who immediately turning his head about, without opening his eyes, discharged a kind of phlegm, which was received in a little golden bason before it fell on the

carpet. This was the usual effect of the caliph's powder, the sleep lasting longer or shorter, in proportion to the dose. When Abou Hassan laid down his head on the bolster, he opened his eyes; and by the dawning light that appeared, found himself in a large room, magnificently furnished, the ceiling of which was finely painted in Arabesque, adorned with vases of gold and silver, and the floor covered with a rich silk tapestry. He saw himself surrounded by many young and handsome ladies, many of them having instruments of music in their hands, and black eunuchs richly clothed, all standing with great modesty and respect. After casting his eyes on the covering of the bed, he perceived it was cloth of gold richly embossed with pearl and diamonds; and near the bed lay, on a cushion, a habit of tissue embroidered with jewels, with a caliph's turban.

At the sight of these glittering objects, Abou Hassan was in the most inexpressible amazement, and looked upon all he saw as a dream; yet a dream he wished it not to be. So, said he to himself, I am caliph; but, added he, recollecting himself, it is only a dream, the effect of the wish I entertained my guest with last night; and then he turned himself about and shut his eyes to sleep. At the same time the eunuch said, very respectfully, Commander of the faithful, it is time for your majesty to rise to prayers, the morning begins to advance.

These words very much surprised Abou Hassan. Am I awake, or do I sleep, said he to himself? Ah, certainly I am asleep! continued he, keeping his eyes shut; there is no reason to doubt of it.

Immediately the eunuch, who saw he had no inclination to get up, said again, Your majesty must permit me to repeat once more that it is time to rise to morning prayer, unless you choose to let it pass; the sun is just rising, and you never neglect this duty. I am mistaken, said Abou Hassan immediately: I am not asleep, but awake; for those who sleep do not hear, and I hear somebody speak to me: then opening his eyes again, he saw plainly by broad day-light, what he had seen but indistinctly before; and started up, with a smiling countenance, like a man overjoyed at sudden promotion. The caliph, from his recess, penetrated his thoughts with great delight.

The young ladies of the palace now prostrated themselves with their faces to the ground before Abou Hassan, and those who had instruments of music in their hands wished him a good morrow, by a concert of soft flutes, hautboys, theorboes, and other harmonious instruments, with which he was enchanted, and in such an ecstacy, that he knew not whether he was himself; but reverting to his first idea, he still doubted whether what he saw and heard was a dream or reality. He clapt his hands before

his eyes, and lowering his head, said to himself, What means all this? Where am I? and to whom does this palace belong? What can these eunuchs, handsome well-dressed officers, beautiful ladies, and musicians mean? How is it possible for me to distinguish whether I am in my right senses or in a dream?

When he took his hands from his eyes, opened them, and lifted up his head, the sun shone full in at the chamber window; and at that instant Mesrour, the chief of the eunuchs, came in, prostrated himself before Abou Hassan, and said, Commander of the faithful, your majesty will excuse me for representing to you, that you used not to rise so late, and that the time of prayer is over. If your majesty has not had a bad night, it is time to ascend your throne and hold a council as usual; all your generals, governors, and other great officers of state, wait your presence in the council-hall.

At this discourse, Abou Hassan was persuaded that he was neither asleep nor in a dream; but at the same time was not less embarrassed and confused under his uncertainty what steps to take: at last, looking earnestly at Mesrour, he said to him in a serious tone, Whom is it you speak to, and call the commander of the faithful? I do not know you, and you must mistake me for somebody else.

Any person but Mesrour would have been puzzled

at these questions of Abou Hassan; but he had been so well instructed by the caliph, that he played his part admirably. My imperial lord and master, said he, your majesty only speaks thus to try me: Is not your majesty the commander of the faithful, monarch of the world from east to west, and vicar on earth to the prophet sent of God? Mesrour, your poor slave, has not forgotten you, after so many years that he has had the honour and happiness to serve and pay his respects to your majesty. He would think himself the most unhappy of men, if he has incurred your displeasure, and begs of you most humbly to remove his fears; but had rather suppose that you have been disturbed by some troublesome dream.

Abou Hassan burst out a-laughing at these words, and fell backwards upon the bolster, which pleased the caliph so much that he would have laughed as loud himself, if he had not been afraid of putting a stop too soon to the pleasant scene he had promised himself.

Abou Hassan, when he had tired himself with laughing, sat up again, and speaking to a little eunuch that stood by him, black as Mesrour, said, Hark ye, tell me who I am? Sir, answered the little boy modestly, your majesty is the commander of the believers, and God's vicar on earth. You are a little liar, black face, said Abou Hassan. Then he called

the lady that stood nearest to him: Come hither, fair one, said he, holding out his hand, bite the end of my finger, that I may feel whether I am asleep or awake.

The lady, who knew the caliph saw all that passed, was overjoyed to have an opportunity of shewing her power of diverting him, went with a grave countenance, and putting his finger between her teeth, bit it so hard that she put him to violent pain. Snatching his hand quickly back again, he said, I find I am awake, and not asleep. But by what miracle am I become caliph in a night's time! this is certainly the most strange and surprising event in the world! Then addressing himself to the same lady, he said, I conjure you, by the protection of God, in whom you trust as well as I, not to hide the truth from me; am I really the commander of the faithful? It is so true, answered the lady, that we who are your slaves are amazed to find that you will not believe yourself to be so. You are a deceiver, replied Abou Hassan: I know very well who I am.

As the chief of the eunuchs perceived that Abou Hassar now wished to rise, he offered him his hand, and helped him to get out of bed. No sooner were his feet set on the floor, than the chamber rang with the repeated acclamations of the officers and ladies, who cried out all together, Commander of the faithful, God give your majesty a good day. O heaven!

cried Abou Hassan, what a strange thing this is! Last night I was Abou Hassan, and this morning I am the commander of the believers! I cannot comprehend this sudden and surprising change. Presently some of the officers began to dress him; and when they had done, Mesrour led him through all the eunuchs and ladies, who were ranged on both sides, quite to the council-chamber door, which was opened by one of the officers. Mesrour walked before him to the foot of the throne, where he stopped, and putting one hand under one arm, while another officer who followed did the same by the other, they helped him to ascend the throne. Abou Hassan sat down amidst the acclamations of the officers, who wished him all happiness and prosperity, and turning to the right and left he saw the officers of the guards ranged in order, and making a fine appearance.

The caliph in the mean time came out of the closet, and went into another, which looked into the hall, from whence he could see and hear all that passed in council, where his grand vizier presided in his place. What pleased him highly, was to see Abou Hassan fill his throne with almost as much gravity as himself.

As soon as Abou Hassan had seated himself, the grand vizier prostrated himself at the foot of the throne, and rising, said, Commander of the faithful,

God shower down blessings on your majesty in this life, receive you into his paradise in the other world, and confound your enemies.

Abou Hassan, after all that had happened that morning, at these words of the grand vizier, never doubted but that he was caliph, as he wished to be; and without examining any farther, how or by what adventure, or sudden change of fortune, he had become so, immediately began to exercise his power, and looking very gravely at the vizier, asked him what he had to say? Commander of the faithful, replied the grand vizier, the emirs, viziers, and other officers of your council, wait without till your majesty gives them leave to pay their accustomed respects. Abou Hassan ordered the door to be opened, and the grand vizier addressing himself to the officers in waiting, said, Chief of the door-keepers, the commander of the faithful orders you to do your duty.

When the door was opened, the viziers, emirs, and principal officers of the court, all dressed magnificently in their habits of ceremony, went in their order to the foot of the throne, paid their respects to Abou Hassan; and bowing their heads down to the carpet, saluted him with the title of commander of the faithful, according to the instructions of the grand vizier, and afterwards took their seats.

When this ceremony was over, and they were all

placed, there was a profound silence. The grand vizier always standing before the throne, began according to the order of papers in his hand to make his report of affairs, which at that time were of very little consequence. Nevertheless, the caliph could not but admire how Abou Hassan acquitted himself in his exalted station without the least hesitation or embarrassment, and decided well in all matters, as his own good sense suggested. But before the grand vizier had finished his report, Abou Hassan perceived the judge of the police, whom he knew by sight, sitting in his place: Stop, said he, to the grand vizier, interrupting him; I have an order of consequence to give to the judge of the police. The judge of the police perceiving that Abou Hassan looked at him, and hearing his name mentioned, arose from his seat, and went gravely to the foot of the throne, where he prostrated himself with his face to the ground. Judge of the police, said Abou Hassan, go immediately to such a quarter, where you will find a mosque, seize the imaum and four old grey beards, give each of the old men a hundred bastinadoes, and the imaum four hundred. After that, mount them all five, clothed in rags, on camels, with their faces to the tails, and lead them through the whole city, with a crier before them, who shall proclaim with a loud voice, This is the punishment of all those who trouble their heads with other peo-

ple's affairs, make it their business to create disturbances and misunderstandings in families in their neighbourhood, and do them all the mischief in their power. My intention is also, that you enjoin them to leave that quarter, and never to set foot in it more; and while your lieutenant is conducting them through the town, return, and give me an account of the execution of my orders. The judge of the police laid his hand upon his head, to shew his obedience, and prostrating himself a second time retired to execute the mandate.

The caliph was highly pleased at the firmness with which this order was given, and perceived that Abou Hassan was resolved not to lose the opportunity of punishing the imaum and the other four old hypocrites of his quarter. In the mean time the grand vizier went on with his report, and had just finished, when the judge of the police came back from executing his commission. He approached the throne with the usual ceremony, and said, Commander of the faithful, I found the imaum and his four companions in the mosque, which your majesty pointed out; and as a proof that I have punctually obeyed your commands, I have brought an instrument signed by the principal inhabitants of the ward. At the same time he pulled a paper out of his bosom, and presented it to the pretended caliph.

Abou Hassan took the paper, and reading it over

cautiously with the names of the witnesses, who were all people he knew, said to the judge of the police, smiling, It is well; I am satisfied; return to your seat. These old hypocrites, said he to himself, with an air of satisfaction, who thought fit to censure my actions, and find fault with my entertaining honest people, deserved this punishment. The caliph all the time penetrated his thoughts, and felt inconceivable delight at his frolic.

Abou Hassan, then addressing himself to the grand vizier, said, Go to the high treasurer for a purse of a thousand pieces of gold, and carry it to the mother of one Abou Hassan, who is known by the name of the *debauchee;* she lives in the same quarter to which I sent the judge of the police. Go, and return immediately.

The grand vizier, after laying his hand upon his head, and prostrating himself before the throne, went to the high treasurer, who gave him the money, which he ordered a slave to take, and to follow him to Abou Hassan's mother, to whom he gave it, saying only, The caliph makes you this present. She received it with the greatest surprise imaginable.

During the grand vizier's absence, the judge of the police made the usual report of his office, which lasted till the vizier returned. As soon as he came into the council-chamber, and had assured Abou Hassan that he had executed his orders, Mesrour,

the chief of the eunuchs, made a sign to the viziers, the emirs, and other officers, that the council was over, and that they might all retire; which they did, by making the same prostration at the foot of the throne as when they entered.

Abou Hassan descended from the caliph's throne, supported as he went up by Mesrour and another officer of the eunuchs, who attended him back to the apartment from whence he had come, preceded by the grand vizier. But he had scarcely advanced a few steps, when he was taken with a pressing occasion; upon which they shewed him into a very neat closet, paved with marble; whereas the apartment where he was was covered with rich carpets, like the other rooms of the palace. They gave him a pair of drawers of silk embroidered with gold, which it was usual to put on before going in there. He took them, and as he knew not the use of them, put them into one of his sleeves, which were very wide. As it often happens that a trifle excites laughter sooner than a matter of consequence, the grand vizier Mesrour, and all the officers of the palace near him, had like to have burst into laughter and spoiled all the diversion; but they contained themselves, and the grand vizier was obliged at last to explain to him, that he must put on the drawers before he went into the private closet.

While Abou Hassan was there, the grand vizier

went to the caliph, who had already taken another station to observe without being seen, and acquainted him with what had passed, which the caliph enjoyed exceedingly.

When Abou Hassan came out of the closet, Mesrour went before him, to shew him the way into an inner apartment, where there was a table spread; several eunuchs ran to tell the musicians that the sham caliph was coming, when they immediately began a concert of vocal and instrumental music, with which Abou Hassan was so charmed and transported, that he could not tell what to think of all he saw and heard. If this is a dream, said he, it is a long one. But certainly, continued he, it is no dream; for I can see and feel, walk and hear, and argue reasonably; whatever it is, I trust in God; I cannot but believe that I am the commander of the faithful, for no other person could live in this splendor. The honour and respect that has been shewn me, and the obedience paid to my commands, are sufficient proofs of my exaltation.

In short, Abou Hassan took it for granted that he was the commander of the faithful; but was still more convinced of it when he entered a magnificent and spacious hall, which was finely painted with the brightest colours intermixed with gold. Seven bands of female musicians, more beautiful than the others, were placed round the hall, and as many gold chande-

liers hung from the ceiling, which was painted with blue and gold, intermixed with wonderful effect. In the middle of the hall was spread a table covered with massy gold plates and dishes, which scented the apartment with the spices and amber wherewith the meat was seasoned; and seven young and most beautiful ladies, dressed in the richest habits of the most vivid colours, stood round this table, each with a fan in her hand, to fan Abou Hassan when at dinner.

If ever mortal was charmed, Abou Hassan was when he entered this stately hall. At every step he took, he could not help stopping to contemplate at leisure all the wonders that regaled his eyes, and turned first to one side, and then to the other; which gave the caliph, who viewed him with attention, very great pleasure. At last he sat down at the table, and presently all the ladies began to fan the new caliph. He looked first at one, then at another, and admired the grace with which they acquitted themselves. He told them with a smile, that he believed one of them was enough to give him all the air he wanted, and would have six of the ladies sit at table with him, three on his right hand, and three on his left; and he placed them so, that as the table was round, which way soever he turned, his eyes might be saluted with agreeable objects.

The six ladies obeyed; and Abou Hassan taking notice, that out of respect they did not eat, helped

them himself, and invited them to eat in the most pressing and obliging terms. Afterwards he asked their names, which they told him were Alabaster Neck, Coral Lips, Moon Face, Sun-shine, Eye's Delight, Heart's Delight, and she who fanned him was Sugar Cane. The many soft things he said upon their names shewed him to be a man of sprightly wit, and it is not to be conceived how much it increased the esteem which the caliph (who saw every thing) had already conceived for him.

When the ladies observed that Abou Hassan had done eating, one of them said to the eunuchs who waited, The commander of the faithful will go into the hall where the dessert is laid, bring some water; upon which they all rose from the table, and taking from the eunuch, one a gold bason, another an ewer of the same metal, and a third a towel, kneeled before Abou Hassan, and presented them to him to wash his hands. As soon as he had done, he got up, and after an eunuch had opened the door, went, preceded by Mesrour, who never left him, into another hall, as large as the former, adorned with paintings by the best masters, and furnished with gold and silver vessels, carpets and other rich furniture. There seven different bands of music began a concert as soon as Abou Hassan appeared. In this hall there were seven large lustres, a table in the middle covered with dried sweetmeats, the choicest and most exqui-

site fruits of the season, raised in pyramids, in seven gold basons; and seven ladies more beautiful than the others standing round it, each with a fan in her hand.

These new objects raised still greater admiration in Abou Hassan; who, after he had made a full stop, and given the most sensible marks of surprise and astonishment, went directly to the table, where sitting down, he gazed a considerable time at the seven ladies, with an embarrassment that plainly shewed he knew not to which to give the preference. At last he ordered them all to lay aside their fans and sit down, and eat with him, telling them that it was not so hot, but he could spare them that trouble.

When the ladies were all placed about him, the first thing he did was to ask their names, which were different from the other seven, and expressed some perfection of mind or body, which distinguished them from one another; upon which he took an opportunity, when he presented them with fruit, &c. to say something gallant. Eat this fig for my sake, said he to Chain of Hearts, who sat on his right hand; and render the fetters, with which you loaded me the first moment I saw you, more supportable. Then presenting a bunch of grapes to Soul's Torment, Take this cluster of grapes, said he, on condition you instantly abate the torments which I suffer for your sake; and so on to the rest. By these sallies

Abou Hassan more and more amused the caliph, who was delighted with his words and actions, and pleased to think he had found in him a man who diverted him so agreeably.

After Abou Hassan had tasted all the fruits in the bason, he got up and followed Mesrour into a third hall, much more magnificently furnished than the other two; where he was received by the same number of musicians and ladies, who stood round a table covered with all manner of wet sweatmeats. After he had looked about him with new wonder, he advanced to the table, the music playing all the time till he sat down. The seven ladies, by his order, sat down with him, helped themselves, as he desired, to what they liked best; and he afterwards informed himself of their names, which pleased him as much as the others had done, and led him to say as many soft things to them, to the great diversion of the caliph, who lost not a word.

By this time the day beginning to close, Abou Hassan was conducted into a fourth hall, much more superb and magnificently furnished, lighted with wax in seven gold lustres, which gave a splendid light. Abou Hassan found the same number of musicians here as he had done in the three other halls, performing in concert in the most agreeable manner, and seeming to inspire greater joy; and he saw as many ladies standing round a table covered

with seven gold basons filled with cakes, dried sweatmeats, and all such relishes as were calculated to promote drinking. There he saw, which he had not observed in any of the other halls, a beaufet, set out with seven large silver flaggons full of the choicest wines, and by them seven crystal glasses of the finest workmanship.

Hitherto, in the three first halls, Abou Hassan had drunk nothing but water, according to the custom observed at Bagdad, from the highest to the lowest, and at the caliph's court, never to drink wine till the evening; all who transgress this rule being accounted debauchees, who dare not shew themselves in the day-time. This custom is the more laudable, as it requires a clear head to apply to business in the course of the day; and as no wine is drunk till evening, no drunken people are seen in the streets in open day creating disturbance in the city.

As soon as Abou Hassan entered the fourth hall, he went to the table, sat down, and was a long time in a kind of ecstacy at the sight of the seven ladies who surrounded him, and were much more beautiful than any he had beheld in the other halls. He was very desirous to know their names; but as the music played so loud, and particularly the tambour, that he could not hear them speak, he clapped his hands for the musicians to cease, when a profound

silence ensued. Taking by the hand the lady who stood on the right next to him, he made her sit down by him, and presenting her with a cake, asked her name. Commander of the faithful, said the lady, I am called Cluster of Pearls. No name, replied Abou Hassan, could have more properly expressed your worth; and indeed your teeth exceed the finest pearls. Cluster of Pearls, added he, since that is your name, oblige me with a glass of wine from your fair hand. The lady went to the beaufet and brought him a glass of wine, which she presented to him with a pleasant air. Abou Hassan took the glass with a smile, and looking passionately at her, said, Cluster of Pearls, I drink your health; I desire you to fill out as much for yourself, and pledge me: she ran to the beaufet, and returned with a glass in her hand; but before she drank, she sung a song, which charmed him as much by the sweetness of her voice as by its novelty.

After Abou Hassan had drunk, he made another lady sit down by him, and presenting her with what she chose in the basons, asked her name, which she told him was Morning Star. Your bright eyes, said he, shine with greater lustre than that star whose name you bear. Do me the pleasure to bring me some wine, which she did with the best grace in the world. Then turning to the third lady whose name

was Day-light, he ordered her to do the same, and so on to the seventh, to the extreme satisfaction of the caliph.

When they had all filled him a glass round, Cluster of Pearls, whom he had just addressed, went to the beaufet, poured out a glass of wine, and putting in a pinch of the same powder the caliph had used the night before, presented it to Abou Hassan; Commander of the faithful, said she, I beg of your majesty to take this glass of wine, and before you drink it, do me the favour to hear a song I have composed to-day, and which I flatter myself will not displease you. I never sung it before. With all my heart, said Abou Hassan, taking the glass, and, as commander of the faithful, I command you to sing it; for I am persuaded that so beautiful a lady cannot compose a song which does not abound with wit and pleasantry. The lady took a lute, and tuning it to her voice, sung with so much justness, grace, and expression, that Abou Hassan was in perfect ecstacy all the time, and was so much delighted, that he ordered her to sing it again, and was as much charmed with it as at first.

When the lady had concluded, Abou Hassan drank off his glass, and turned his head towards her to give her those praises which he thought she merited, but was prevented by the opiate, which operated so suddenly, that his mouth was instantly wide open,

and his eyes close shut, and dropping his head on the cushions, he slept as profoundly as the day before when the caliph had given him the powder. One of the ladies stood ready to catch the glass, which fell out of his hand; and then the caliph, who enjoyed greater satisfaction in this scene than he had promised himself, and was all along a spectator of what had passed, came into the hall to them, overjoyed at the success of his plan. He ordered Abou Hassan to be dressed in his own clothes, and carried back to his house by the slave who had brought him, charging him to lay him on a sofa in the same room, without making any noise, and to leave the door open when he came away.

The slave took Abou Hassan upon his shoulders, carried him home by a back door of the palace, placed him in his own house as he was ordered, and returned with speed, to acquaint the caliph. Well, said the caliph, Abou Hassan wished only to be caliph for one day, to punish the imaum of the mosque of his quarter, and the four old men who had displeased him: I have procured him the means of doing this, and he ought to be content.

In the mean time, Abou Hassan, who was laid upon his sofa by the slave, slept till very late the next morning. When the powder was worked off, he awoke, opened his eyes, and finding himself at home, was in the utmost surprise. Cluster of Pearls! Morn-

ing Star! Coral Lips! Moon Face! cried he, calling the ladies of the palace by their names, as he remembered them; where are you? come hither.

Abou Hassan called so loud, that his mother, who was in her own apartment, heard him, and running to him upon the noise he made, said, What ails you, son? what has happened to you? At these words Abou Hassan lifted up his head, and looking haughtily at his mother, said, Good woman! who is it you call son? Why you, answered his mother very mildly; are not you Abou Hassan my son? It is strange that you have forgotten yourself so soon. I your son! old trull! replied Abou Hassan; you are a liar, and know not what you say! I am not Abou Hassan, I tell you, but the commander of the faithful!

Hold your tongue, son, answered the mother; one would think you are a fool, to hear you talk thus. You are an old fool yourself, replied Abou Hassan; I tell you once more I am the commander of the faithful, and God's vicar on earth! Ah! child, cried the mother, is it possible that I should hear you utter such words that shew you are distracted! What evil genius possesses you, to make you talk at this rate? God bless you, and preserve you from the power of Satan. You are my son Abou Hassan, and I am your mother.

After she had used all the arguments she could think of to bring him to himself, and to shew how

great an error he was in, she said, Do not you see that the room you are now in is your own, and is not like a chamber in a palace fit for the commander of the believers? and that you have never left it since you were born, but lived quietly at home with me. Think seriously of what I say, and do not fancy things that are not, nor ever can be. Once more, my son, think seriously of it.

Abou Hassan heard all these remonstrances of his mother very patiently, holding down his eyes, and clapping his hands under his chin, like a man recollecting himself, to examine the truth of what he saw and heard. At last, he said to his mother, just as if he was awaking out of a deep sleep, and with his hand in the same posture, I believe you are right, methinks I am Abou Hassan, you are my mother, and I am in my own room. Then looking at her again, and at every object before him, he added, I am Abou Hassan, there is no doubt of it, and I cannot comprehend how this fancy came into my head.

The mother really believed that her son was cured of the disorder of his mind, which she ascribed to a dream, began to laugh with him, and ask him questions about it; when suddenly he started up, and looking crossly at his mother, said, Old sorceress, you know not what you say. I am not your son, nor you my mother. You deceive yourself and would deceive me. I tell you I am the commander of the

faithful, and you shall never persuade me to the contrary! For heaven's sake, son, said the mother, let us leave off this discourse; recommend yourself to God, for fear some misfortune should happen to us; let us talk of something else. I will tell you what happened yesterday in our quarter to the imaum of the mosque, and the four scheiks our neighbours: the judge of the police came and seized them, and gave each of them I know not how many strokes with a bastinado, while a crier proclaimed, That such was the punishment of all those who troubled themselves about other people's business, and employed themselves in setting their neighbours at variance: he afterwards led them through all the streets, and ordered them never to come into our quarter again. Abou Hassan's mother little thought her son had any share in this adventure, and therefore had turned the discourse on purpose to put him out of the conceit of being the commander of the faithful; but instead of effacing that idea, she recalled it, and impressed the more deeply in his mind, that it was not imaginary but real.

Abou Hassan no sooner heard this relation, but he cried out, I am neither thy son, nor Abou Hassan, but certainly the commander of the believers. I cannot doubt after what you have told me. Know then that it was by my order the imaum and the

four scheiks were punished; and I tell you I am certainly the commander of the faithful: therefore say no more of its being a dream. I was not asleep, but as much awake as I am now. You do me much pleasure to confirm what the judge of the police told me he had executed punctually according to my order; I am overjoyed that the imaum and the four scheiks, those great hypocrites, were so chastised, and I should be glad to know how I came here. God be praised for all things! I am certainly commander of the faithful, and all thy arguments shall not convince me of the contrary.

The mother, who could not imagine why her son so strenuously and positively maintained himself to be caliph, no longer doubted but that he had lost his senses, when she found he insisted so much upon a thing that was so incredible; and in this thought said, I pray God, son, to have mercy upon you! Pray do not talk so madly. Beseech God to forgive you, and give you grace to talk more reasonably. What would the world say to hear you rave in this manner? Do you not know that "walls have ears?"

These remonstrances only enraged Abou Hassan the more; and he was so provoked at his mother, that he said, Old woman, I have desired you once already to hold your tongue. If you do not, I shall

rise and give you cause to repent all your lifetime. I am the caliph and the commander of the believers; and you ought to credit me when I say so.

The good woman supposing that he was more distracted than ever, abandoned herself to tears, and beating her face and breast, expressed the utmost grief and astonishment to see her son in such a state. Abou Hassan, instead of being appeased or moved by his mother's tears, lost all the respect due from a son to his mother. Getting up hastily, and laying hold of a cane, he ran to his mother in great fury, and in a threatening manner that would have frightened any one but a mother so partial to him, said, Tell me directly, wicked woman, who I am. I do not believe, son, replied she, looking at him tenderly, and without fear, that you are so abandoned by God as not to know your mother, who brought you into the world, and to mistake yourself. You are indeed my son Abou Hassan, and are much in the wrong to arrogate to yourself the title which belongs only to our sovereign lord the caliph Haroon al Rusheed, especially after the noble and generous present the monarch made us yesterday. I forgot to tell you, that the grand vizier Jaaffier came to me yesterday, and putting a purse of a thousand pieces of gold into my hands, bade me pray for the commander of the faithful, who had sent me that present; and does not this liberality

concern you more than me, who have but a short time to live?

At these words Abou Hassan grew quite mad. The circumstance of the caliph's liberality persuaded him more than ever that he was caliph, remembering that he had sent the vizier. Well, old hag, cried he, will you be convinced when I tell you that I sent you those thousand pieces of gold by my grand vizier Jaaffier, who obeyed my commands, as I was commander of the faithful? But instead of believing me, you endeavour to distract me by your contradictions, and maintain with obstinacy that I am your son; but you shall not go long unpunished. After these words, he was so unnatural, in the height of his frenzy, as to beat her cruelly with his cane.

The poor mother, who could not have thought that her son would have come so soon from words to blows, called out for help so loud, that the neighbours ran in to her assistance. Abou Hassan continued to beat her, at every stroke asking her if he was the commander of the faithful? to which she always answered tenderly, that he was her son.

By the time the neighbours came in Abou Hassan's rage began to abate. The first who entered the room got between him and his mother, and taking the cane out of his hand, said to him, What are you doing, Abou Hassan? have you lost all fear of God and your reason? Did ever a son so well brought up

as you dare to strike his mother? are you not ashamed so to treat yours, who loves you so tenderly? Abou Hassan, still full of fury, looked at him who spoke without returning an answer; and then staring on all the rest of his neighbours who had followed, said, Who is that Abou Hassan you speak of? Is it me you call by that name?

This question disconcerted the neighbours. How! said he who spoke first, do not you know your mother, who brought you up, and with whom you have always lived? Be gone, you are impertinent vagabonds, replied Abou Hassan; I neither knew her nor you, and will not know her. I am not Abou Hassan; I am the commander of the faithful, and will make you feel it to your cost.

At this speech the neighbours no longer doubted that he was mad: and to prevent his repeating his outrages, seized him, notwithstanding his resistance, and bound him hand and foot. But though apparently disabled from doing any mischief, they did not choose to leave him alone with his mother. Two of them ran for the keeper of the hospital for insane persons, who came presently with chains, handcuffs, a bastinado, and many attendants. When they entered the room, Abou Hassan, who little expected such treatment, struggled to unloose himself; but after his keeper had given him two or three smart strokes upon the shoulders, he lay so

quiet, that the keeper and his people did what they pleased with him. As soon as they had bound and manacled him, they took him with them to the hospital. When he was got out of the house into the street, the people crowded round him, one buffeted him, another boxed him, and others called him fool and madman. To all this treatment he replied, There is no greatness and power but in God most high and almighty. I am treated as a fool, though I am in my right senses. I suffer all these injuries and indignities for the love of God. He was conducted to the hospital, where he was lodged in a grated cell; but before he was shut up, the keeper, who was hardened to such terrible execution, regaled him without pity with fifty strokes of the bastinado on his shoulders, which he repeated every day for three weeks, bidding him remember that he was not the commander of the faithful. I am not mad, said Abou Hassan, but if I wanted your assistance, nothing would so effectually make me mad as your cruel treatment. I want not your advice.

Abou Hassan's mother went every day to visit her son, and could not forbear weeping at beholding him fall away, and sigh and complain at the hardships he endured. In short, his shoulders, back, and sides, were so black and bruised, that he could not turn himself. His mother would willingly have talked with him, to comfort him, and to sound him whe-

ther he still retained the notion of being caliph; but whenever she opened her mouth, he stopped her with so much fury, that she was forced to leave him, and return home inconsolable at his obstinacy.

By degrees, however, those strong and lively ideas, which Abou Hassan had entertained, of having been clothed in the caliph's habit, having exercised his authority, and been punctually obeyed and treated like the true caliph, the assurance of which had persuaded him that he was so, began to wear away. Sometimes he would say to himself, If I was the caliph and commander of the believers, how came I, when I awoke, to find myself at home dressed in my own apparel? Why should I not have been attended by eunuchs, and their chief, and a crowd of beautiful ladies? Why should the grand vizier, and all those emirs and governors of provinces, who prostrated themselves at my feet, forsake me? Undoubtedly if I had any authority over them, they would have delivered me long ago out of the miserable condition I am in; certainly I ought to look upon all as a dream. It is true, however, that I commanded the judge of the police to punish the imaum, and the four old men his companions; I ordered the grand vizier to carry my mother a thousand pieces of gold; and my commands were executed. All these points are obstacles to my believing it a dream; but there are so many things that I

cannot comprehend, nor ever shall, that I will put my trust in God, who knows all things.

Abou Hassan was taken up with these thoughts and reflections when his mother came to see him. She found him so much altered and emaciated that she shed a torrent of tears; in the midst of which she saluted him as she used to do, and he returned her salutation, which he had never done before since he had been in the hospital. This she looked upon to be a good sign. Well, my son, said she, wiping her tears, how do you do, and how do you find yourself? Have you renounced all those whims and fancies which the devil had put into your head? Indeed, mother, replied Abou Hassan, very rationally and calmly, and in a tone expressive of his grief for the excesses he had been transported to against her, I acknowledge my error, and beg of you to forgive the execrable crime which I have been guilty of towards you, and which I detest. I ask pardon also of my neighbours whom I have abused. I have been deceived by a dream; but by so extraordinary a one, and so like to truth, that I venture to affirm any other person, to whom such a thing might have happened, would have been guilty of as great or greater extravagancies; and I am this instant so much perplexed about it, that while I am speaking I can hardily persuade myself but that what befell me was matter of fact, so like was it to what happens to

people who are broad awake. But whatever it was, I do, and shall always regard it as a dream and an illusion. I am convinced that I am not that shadow of a caliph and commander of the faithful, but Abou Hassan your son, the son of a person whom I always honoured till that fatal day, the remembrance of which will cover me with confusion, and whom in future I shall honour and respect all my life as I ought.

At this rational declaration, the tears of sorrow and affliction which the mother of Abou Hassan had so long shed were changed into those of joy. My son! cried she, transported with pleasure, my satisfaction and comfort to hear you talk so reasonably is inexpressible: and it gives me as much joy as if I had brought you into the world a second time; but I must tell you my opinion of this adventure, and observe one thing which you may not have noticed; the stranger whom you brought home the evening before your illness to sup with you went away without shutting your chamber-door after him, as you desired; which I believe gave the devil an opportunity to enter, and throw you into the horrible illusion you have been in: therefore, my son, you ought to return God thanks for your deliverance, and beseech him to keep you from falling again into the snares of the evil spirit [26].

You have found out the source of our misfortunes, answered Abou Hassan. It was that very night I had this dream which turned my brain. I bade the merchant expressly to shut the door after him; and now I find he did not do it. I am persuaded, as well as you, the devil finding it open came in, and filled my head full of these fancies. The people of Moussul, from whence this merchant came, may not know how we at Bagdad are convinced from experience that the devil is the cause of troublesome dreams when we leave our chamber doors open. But since, mother, you see I am, by the grace of God, so well recovered, for God's sake get me out of this horrible place, which will infallibly shorten my days if I stay here any longer. The mother, glad to hear her son was so well cured of his foolish imagination of being caliph, went immediately to the keeper, and assuring him that he was very sensible and well, he came, examined, and released him in her presence.

When Abou Hassan came home, he stayed within doors some days to recover his health by better living than he had found at the hospital. But when he had recovered his strength, and felt no longer the effect of the harsh treatment he had suffered in his confinement, he began to be weary of spending his evenings alone. He accordingly entered again

upon the same plan as he had before pursued; which was, to provide enough every day to regale a stranger at night.

The day on which Abou Hassan renewed his custom of going about sun-set to the end of Bagdad bridge to stop the first stranger that offered, and invite him to do him the honour of supping with him, happened to be the first day of the month, that which the caliph always set apart to go in disguise out of some one of the gates to observe what was committed contrary to the good government of the city, as established and regulated at the beginning of his reign. Abou Hassan had not been long arrived at the bridge, when, looking about him, he perceived the Moussul merchant, followed by the same slave. Persuaded that all his misfortunes were owing to the merchant's having left his door open, he shuddered at the sight of him. God preserve me, said he to himself; if I am not deceived, there is again the magician who enchanted me! He trembled with agitation, and looked over the side railing into the river, that he might not see him till he was past.

The caliph, who wished to renew the diversion he had received, had taken care to inform himself of all that had happened to Abou Hassan, and enjoyed much pleasure at the relation given him, especially at his being sent to a mad-house. But as this monarch was both just and generous, and had taken a great

liking to Abou Hassan, as capable of contributing further to his amusement, and had doubted whether, after renouncing his frenzied character of a caliph, he would return to his usual manner of living; with a view therefore to bring him to his palace, he disguised himself again like a merchant of Moussul, the better to execute his plan. He perceived Abou Hassan at the same time that he saw him, and presently guessed by his action that he was angry, and wished to shun him. This made him walk close to the side railing; and when he came nigh him, he put his head over to look him in the face. Ho, brother Abou Hassan, said he, is it you?—I greet you! Give me leave to embrace you?—Not I, replied Abou Hassan, pettishly, without looking at the pretended Moussul merchant; I do not greet you; I will have neither your greeting nor your embraces.—Go along!

What! answered the caliph, do you not know me? Do you not remember the evening we spent together at your house this day month, where you did me the honour to treat me very generously? No, replied Abou Hassan in the same tone, I do not know you, nor what you talk about; go, I say again, about your business.

The caliph was not to be diverted from his purpose by this rude behaviour. He well knew the law Abou Hassan had imposed on himself, never to have commerce again with a stranger he had once

entertained; but pretended to be ignorant of it. I cannot believe, said he, but you must know me again; it is not possible that you should have forgotten me in so short a time. Certainly some misfortune has befallen you, which inspires you with this aversion for me. However, you ought to remember, that I shewed my gratitude by my good wishes, and that I offered you my interest, which is not to be slighted, in an affair which you had much at heart.

I do not know, replied Abou Hassan, what your interest may be, and I have no desire to make use of it: but I am sensible the utmost of your good wishes ended in making me mad. In God's name, I say once more, go your way, and trouble me no more.

Ah! brother Abou Hassan, replied the caliph, embracing him, I do not intend to part with you thus, since I have had the good fortune to meet with you a second time; you must exercise the same hospitality towards me again that you shewed me a month ago, when I had the honour to drink with you.

I have protested against this, said Abou Hassan, and have so much power over myself, as to decline receiving a second time as my guest, a man like you who carries misfortunes with him. You know the proverb, "Take up your drum and begone." Make the application to yourself. How often must I re-

peat my refusal. God be with you! You have been the cause of my sufferings, and I will not trust myself with you again. My good friend Abou Hassan, said the caliph, embracing him, you treat me in a way I little expected. I beg of you not to speak to me thus harshly, but be persuaded of my friendship. Do me the favour to tell me what has happened to you; for I assure you I wished you well, and still do so; and would be glad of an opportunity to make you any amends for the trouble I have caused you, if it has been really my fault. Abou Hassan yielded to the solicitations of the caliph. Your incredulity and importunity, said he, have tired my patience; and what I am going to relate will shew you that I do not accuse you wrongfully.

The caliph seated himself by Abou Hassan, while he told him all that had happened to him, from his waking in the palace to his waking again in his own house, all which he described as a mere dream, and recounted all the circumstances, which the caliph knew as well as himself, and which renewed his pleasure. He enlarged afterwards on the impression which the dream of being caliph and commander of the faithful had made upon him, which, he said, threw him into such extravagancies, that his neighbours were obliged to carry him to a mad-house, where he was treated in a manner which he deemed most barbarous and inhuman. But, said he, what will surprise

you, and what you little think of, is, that it was altogether your fault that these things happened to me; for, if you remember, I desired you to shut the door after you, which you neglected, and the devil, finding it open, entered and put this dream into my head, which, though it was very agreeable, was the cause of the misfortune I complain of: you therefore, for your negligence, are answerable for the horrid and detestable crime I have committed in lifting my hand against my mother, whom I might have killed (I blush for shame when I think of it), because she said I was her son, and would not acknowledge me for commander of the faithful, as I thought and positively insisted on to her that I was. You are the cause of the offence I have given my neighbours, when, running in at the cries of my poor mother, they surprised me in the horrid act of felling her at my feet; which would never have happened, if you had taken care to shut my door when you went away, as I desired you. They would not have come into my house without my leave; and, what troubles me most of all, they would not have been witnesses of my folly. I should not have been obliged to strike them in my own defence, and they would not have bound and fettered me, to carry and shut me up in the hospital for madmen, where I assure you every day that I remained confined in that hell, I received a score of strokes with a bastinado. Abou Hassan recounted

his complaints with great warmth and vehemence to the caliph, who knew as well as himself what had passed, and was delighted to find that he had succeeded so well in his plan to throw him into the vagaries from which he still was not entirely free. He could not help laughing at the simplicity wherewith he related them.

Abou Hassan, who thought that his story should rather have moved compassion, and that every one ought to be as much concerned at it as himself, warmly resented the pretended Moussul merchant's laughter: What! said he, do you make a jest of me and laugh in my face, or do you believe I laugh at you when I speak seriously? If you want proof of what I advance, look yourself and see whether or no I tell you the truth; with that, stooping down and baring his shoulders, he shewed the caliph the scars and weals which the bastinado had left.

The caliph could not behold these marks of cruelty without horror. He pitied Abou Hassan, and felt sorry he had carried the jest so far. Come, rise, dear brother, said he to him eagerly, and embracing Abou Hassan heartily in his arms; let me go to your house, and enjoy the happiness of being merry with you to-night; and to-morrow, if it please God, all things will go well.

Abou Hassan, notwithstanding his resolution never to admit the same stranger a second time,

could not resist the caresses of the caliph, whom he still took for a merchant of Moussul. I will consent, said he, if you will swear to shut my door after you, that the devil may not come in to distract my brain again. The caliph promised that he would; upon which they both arose, walked towards the city, and, followed by the caliph's slave, reached Abou Hassan's house by the time it was dark.

The caliph, the more to blind Abou Hassan, said to him, Place confidence in me; I promise you on my honour I will not break my word. You need not hesitate to trust a person who wishes you all happiness and prosperity, of which confidence you will see the effects. I desire not that, said Abou Hassan, stopping him short. I yield to your importunity; but I dispense with your good wishes, and beg you in God's name to form none for me. All the mischief that has hitherto befallen me arose from those you expressed for me, and from your leaving the door open. Well, replied the caliph, still laughing at the misguided imagination of Abou Hassan, since you will have it so, I promise you I will form none. You give me pleasure by speaking so, said Abou Hassan; I desire no more; I shall be more than satisfied provided you keep your word, and I shall forgive you all the rest.

As soon as Abou Hassan entered his house, he called for his mother and for candles, desired his

guest to sit down upon a sofa, and then placed himself by him. A little time after, supper was brought up, and they both began to eat without ceremony. When they had done, Abou Hassan's mother cleared the table, set on a small dessert of fruit, wine, and glasses by her son, then withdrew, and appeared no more. Abou Hassan first filled out his own glass, and then the caliph's: and after they had drunk some time, and talked of indifferent matters, the caliph perceiving that his host grew warm with liquor, began to talk of love, and asked him if he had ever felt that passion.

Brother, replied Abou Hassan, familiarly, thinking his guest was his equal, I never looked upon love or marriage but as a slavery, to which I was always unwilling to submit; and must own to you, that I never loved any thing but good cheer and good wine; in short, to divert and entertain myself agreeably with my friends. Yet I do not tell you that I am indifferent to marriage, or incapable of attachment, if I could meet with a woman of such beauty and sweetness of temper as her I saw in my dream that fatal night in which I first received you into my house, and you, to my misfortune, left my door open, who would pass the whole night with me drinking, singing, and playing on some instrument, and in agreeable conversation, and who would study to please and divert me: I believe, on the contrary, I

should change all my indifference into a perfect attachment to such a person, and, I think, should live very happily with her. But where is such a woman to be found except in the caliph's palace, or in those of the grand vizier or some great lords of the court, who want not money to provide them? I choose therefore to stick to my bottle, which is a much cheaper pleasure, and which I can enjoy as well as the greatest. Saying these words, he filled out his own and the caliph's glass, and said, Come, take your glass, and let us pursue this charming pleasure.

When they had drunk off their wine, It is great pity, said the caliph, that so gallant a man as you, who owns himself not insensible of love, should lead so solitary a life. I prefer the easy quiet life I live, replied Abou Hassan, before the company of a wife, whose beauty might not please me, and who, besides, might create me a great deal of trouble by her imperfections and ill-humour. The conversation lasted a long time, and the caliph seeing Abou Hassan had drunk to the pitch he desired, said, Let me alone, since you have the same good taste as every other honest man, I warrant you I will find you a wife that shall please you. Then taking Abou Hassan's glass, and putting a pinch of the same powder into it, filled him up a bumper, and presenting it to him, said, Come, let us drink beforehand the fair

lady's health, who is to make you happy. I am sure you will like her.

Abou Hassan took the glass laughing, and shaking his head, said, Be it so; since you desire it, I cannot be guilty of so great a piece of incivility, nor disoblige a guest of so much merit in such a trifling matter. I will drink the health of the lady you promise me, though I am very well contented as I am, and do not rely on your keeping your word. No sooner had Abou Hassan drank off his bumper, than he was seized with as deep a sleep as before; and the caliph ordered the same slave to take him and carry him to the palace. The slave obeyed, and the caliph, who did not intend to send back Abou Hassan as before, shut the door after him, as he had promised, and followed.

When they arrived at the palace, the caliph ordered Abou Hassan to be laid on a sofa, in the fourth hall, from whence he had been carried home fast asleep a month before; but first he bade the attendants to put him on the same habit in which he had acted the caliph, which was done. He then charged all the eunuchs, officers, ladies, and musicians who were in the hall, when he drank the last glass of wine which had put him to sleep, to be there by daybreak, and to take care to act their parts well when he should awake. He then retired to rest, charging

Mesrour to awake him before they went into the hall, that he might conceal himself in the closet as before.

Mesrour, at the hour appointed, awakened the caliph, who immediately rose, and went to the hall where Abou Hassan lay still asleep, and when he had placed himself in his closet, Mesrour and the other officers, ladies, and musicians, who waited for him, went in, and placed themselves about the sofa, so as not to hinder the caliph from seeing what passed, and noticing all his actions.

Things being thus disposed, and the caliph's powder having had its effect, Abou Hassan began to awake without opening his eyes, and threw off the phlegm, which was received in a gold bason as before. At that instant, the seven bands of singers joined their voices to the sound of hautboys, fifes, flutes, and other instruments, forming a very agreeable concert. Abou Hassan was in great surprise to hear the delightful harmony; but when he opened his eyes, and saw the ladies and officers about him, whom he thought he recognised, his amazement increased. The hall that he was in seemed to be the same he had seen in his first dream, and he observed the same lustres, and the same furniture and ornaments.

The concert ceased, to give the caliph an opportunity of attending to the countenance of his guest,

and all that he might say in his surprise. The ladies, Mesrour, and all the officers of the chamber, waited in profound and respectful silence. Abou Hassan bit his finger, and cried loud enough for the caliph to hear him, Alas! I am fallen again into the same dream and illusion that happened to me a month ago, and must expect again the bastinado and grated cell at the mad-house. Almighty God, added he, I commit myself into the hands of thy divine providence. He was a wicked man that I entertained at my house last night, who has been the cause of this illusion, and the hardships I must again undergo. The base wretch swore to shut the door after him, but did not, and the devil came in and has turned my brain with this wicked dream of being commander of the faithful, and other phantoms which bewitch my eyes. God confound thee, Satan, and crush thee under some mountain of stones.

After these words, Abou Hassan closed his eyes, and remained some time thoughtful and much perplexed; then opening them again, and looking about him, cried out a second time with less surprise, and smiling at the various objects before him, Great God! I commit myself into the hands of thy providence, preserve me from the temptation of Satan. Then shutting them again, he said, I will go to sleep until Satan leaves me, and returns as he came, were I to wait till noon. They did not give

him time to go to sleep again as he promised himself; for Strength of Hearts, one of the ladies whom he had seen before, approached, and sitting down on the sofa by him, said to him respectfully, Commander of the faithful, I intreat your majesty to forgive me for taking the liberty to tell you not to go to sleep; day appears, and it is time to rise. Begone, Satan! answered Abou Hassan, raising his voice; but looking at the lady, he said, Is it me you call the commander of the faithful? Certainly you take me for somebody else. It is to your majesty I give that title, replied the lady, to whom it belongs, as you are sovereign of the world, and I am your most humble slave. Undoubtedly, added she, your majesty means to divert yourself by pretending to have forgotten yourself, or this is the effect of some troublesome dream; but if you would but open your eyes, the mists which disturb your imagination would soon be dispelled, and you would find yourself in your own palace, surrounded by your officers and slaves, who all wait your commands: and that your majesty may not be surprised to find yourself in this hall, and not in bed, I beg leave to inform you, that you fell so suddenly asleep last night, that we were unwilling to awake you, to conduct you to your chamber, but laid you carefully upon this sofa. In short, she said to him so many things which appeared probable, that at last he sat up, opened his eyes,

and recollected her and all the ladies again. They all approached him, and she who spoke first, resuming the discourse, said, Commander of the faithful, and vicar of the prophet on earth, be not displeased if I acquaint your majesty once more that it is time to rise, for day appears.

You are very troublesome and importunate, replied Abou Hassan, rubbing his eyes; I am not the commander of the faithful, but Abou Hassan; I know it well, and you shall not persuade me otherwise. We do not know that Abou Hassan your majesty speaks of, nor desire to know him, answered the lady; but we know you to be the commander of the believers, and you cannot persuade us to the contrary.

Abou Hassan looking about, and finding himself in the same hall, attributed all he saw and heard to such a dream as he had had before, and greatly feared the dreadful consequences. Allah have mercy on me! said he, lifting up his hands and eyes, like a man who knew not where he was; I commit myself into his hands. I cannot doubt, after what I have seen, but that the devil, who came into my chamber, possesses me, and fills my imagination full of all these visions.

The caliph, who saw him all the time, and heard these exclamations, began to shake so heartily, that he had much difficulty to forbear bursting into loud laughter.

Abou Hassan laying himself down again, and shutting his eyes, the same lady said, Commander of the faithful, since your majesty does not rise, after we have, according to our duty, informed you it is day, and the dispatch of business requires your presence, we shall use the liberty you give us in such cases. Then taking him by one arm, and calling to one of the other ladies to do the same by the other, they lifted him up, and carried him into the middle of the hall, where they seated him, and all taking hands, danced and skipped round him while the music played and sounded loudly in his ears.

Abou Hassan was in inexpressible perplexity, and exclaimed, What! am I indeed caliph, and commander of the faithful? And in his uncertainty, would have said more, but the music was so loud, that he could not be heard. At last he made a sign to String of Pearls and Morning Star, two of the ladies who were dancing, that he wanted to speak with them; upon which they forbore, and went to him. Do not lie now, said he, but tell me truly who I am?

Commander of the faithful, replied Morning Star, your majesty means either to surprise us, by asking this question, as if you did not know that you are commander of the faithful, and vicar on earth of the prophet of God, master of both worlds, that whereon we now are and that to come after death, or else

you must have had some extraordinary dream that has made you forget who you are; which may well be, considering that your majesty has slept longer than ordinary: however, if you will give me leave, I will refresh your memory with what passed yesterday. She then told him how he went to council, punished the imaum, and the four old men, and had sent a present by his grand vizier of a thousand pieces of gold to the mother of one Abou Hassan; what he did in the inner part of the palace, and what passed at the three meals which he took in the three halls, adding, In the fourth your majesty did us the honour to make us sit down by you, to hear our songs, and received wine from our hands, until your majesty fell asleep, as Strength of Hearts has told you. From that time your majesty has continued, contrary to custom, in a sound sleep until now. Strength of Hearts, all your other slaves, and the officers present, can confirm what I say, and it is now time you should go to prayers.

Very well, replied Abou Hassan, shaking his head, you would have me believe all this; but I tell you, you are all fools, or mad, and that is great pity, for you are very handsome. Since I saw you I have been at home, where I used my mother so ill that they sent me to a mad-house, and kept me there three weeks against my will, beat me unmercifully every day, and yet you would make me believe all

this to be a dream: Commander of the faithful, answered Morning Star, you are mistaken, we are ready to swear by all your majesty holds most dear, that all you relate can be only a dream. You have never stirred out of this hall since yesterday, but slept here all night.

The confidence with which the lady assured Abou Hassan that all she said was truth, and that he had never been out of the hall since that time, bewildered his senses so that he was at a loss what to believe. O Heaven! said he to himself, am I Abou Hassan, or the commander of the faithful! Almighty God, enlighten my understanding, and inform me of the truth, that I may know what to trust. He then uncovered his shoulders, and shewed the ladies the livid weals of the blows he had received. Look, said he, judge whether these strokes could come to me in a dream, or when I was asleep. For my part, I can affirm, that they were real blows; I feel the smart of them yet, and that is a testimonial there is no room to doubt. Now if I received these strokes in my sleep, it is the most extraordinary thing in the world, and surpasses my comprehension.

In this uncertainty Abou Hassan called to one of the officers that stood near him: Come hither, said he, and bite the tip of my ear, that I may know whether I am asleep or awake. The officer obeyed, and bit so hard, that he made him cry out loudly

with the pain; the music struck up at the same time, and the officers and ladies all began to sing, dance, and skip about Abou Hassan, and made such a noise, that he was in a perfect ecstacy, and played a thousand ridiculous pranks. He threw off his caliph's habit, and his turban, jumped up in his shirt and drawers, and taking hold of two of the ladies' hands, began singing, jumping and cutting capers, so that the caliph could not contain himself, but burst into such violent laughter, that he fell backwards, and was heard above the noise of all the musicians. He was so long before he could check himself, that it had like to have been fatal. At last he got up, opened the lattice, and putting out his head, cried Abou Hassan, Abou Hassan, have you a mind to kill me with laughing?

As soon as the caliph's voice was heard, every body was silent, and Abou Hassan, among the rest, who, turning his head to see from whence the voice came, knew the caliph, and in him recognised the Moussul merchant, but was not in the least daunted; on the contrary he became convinced that he was awake, and that all that had happened to him had been real, and not a dream. He entered into the caliph's pleasantry: Ha! ha! said he, looking at him with good assurance, you are a merchant of Moussul, and complain that I would kill you; you have been the occasion of my using my mother so ill, and of my

being sent to a mad-house. It was you who treated the imaum and the four scheiks in the manner they were used, and not me; I wash my hands of it. It is you who have been the cause of all my disorders and sufferings: in short, you are the aggressor, and I the injured person.

Indeed, you are in the right, Abou Hassan, answered the caliph, laughing all the while; but to comfort you, and make you amends for all your troubles, I call Heaven to witness, I am ready and willing to make you what reparation you please to ask. After these words, he came out of the closet into the hall, ordered one of his most magnificent habits to be brought, commanded the ladies to dress Abou Hassan in it, and when they had done, he said, embracing him, Thou art my brother; ask what thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Commander of the faithful, replied Abou Hassan, I beg of your majesty to do me the favour to tell me what you did to disturb my brain in this manner, and what was your design; for it is a thing of the greatest importance for me to know, that I may perfectly recover my senses.

The caliph was ready to give him this satisfaction, and said, First, you are to know, that I often disguise myself, and particularly at night, to observe if all goes right in Bagdad; and as I wish to know

what passes in its environs, I set apart the first day of every month to make an excursion, sometimes on one side, sometimes on another, and always return by the bridge. The evening that you invited me to supper, I was beginning my rounds, and in our conversation you told me, that the only thing you wished for was to be caliph for four-and-twenty hours, to punish the imaum of your mosque and his four counsellors. I fancied that this desire of yours would afford me diversion, and thought immediately how I might procure you the satisfaction you wished. I had about me a certain powder, which immediately throws the person who takes it into a sound sleep for a certain time. I put a dose of it, without being perceived by you, into the last glass I presented to you, upon which you fell fast asleep, and I ordered my slave to carry you to my palace, and came away without shutting the door. I have no occasion to repeat what happened when you awoke, nor during the whole day till evening, but after you had been regaled by my orders, one of the ladies put another dose of the same powder into a glass she gave you; you fell asleep as before, and the same slave carried you home, and left the door open. You have told me all that happened to you afterwards. I never imagined that you could have suffered so much as you have done. But as I have a great regard for

you, I will do every thing to comfort you, and make you forget all your sufferings; think of what I can do to serve you, and ask me boldly what you wish.

Commander of the faithful, replied Abou Hassan, how great soever my tortures may have been, they are all blotted out of my remembrance, since I understand my sovereign lord and master had a share in them. I doubt not in the least of your majesty's bounty; but as interest never governed me, and you give me liberty to ask a favour, I beg that it may be that of having access to your person, to enjoy the happiness of admiring, all my lifetime, your virtues.

This proof of disinterestedness in Abou Hassan confirmed the esteem the caliph had entertained for him. I am pleased with your request, said he, and grant you free access to my person at all times and all hours. At the same time he assigned him an apartment in the palace, and, in regard to his pension, told him, that he would not have him apply to his treasurer, but come always to him for an order upon him, and immediately commanded his private treasurer to give him a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold. Abou Hassan made a low prostration, and the caliph left him to go to council.

Abou Hassan took this opportunity to go and inform his mother of his good fortune, and that what had happened was not a dream; for that he

had actually been caliph, had acted as such, and received all the honours; and that she had no reason to doubt of it, since he had this confirmed by the caliph himself.

It was not long before this story of Abou Hassan was spread throughout Bagdad, and carried into all the provinces both far and near, without the omission of a single circumstance.

The new favourite Abou Hassan was always with the caliph; for, as he was a man of a pleasant temper, and created mirth wherever he went by his wit and drollery, the caliph formed no party of diversion without him, and sometimes carried him to visit his consort Zobeide, to whom he had related his story. Zobeide, who observed that every time he came with the caliph, he had his eyes always fixed upon one of her slaves, called Nouzhatoul-âouadat[27], resolved to tell the caliph of it. Commander of the faithful, said she one day, you do not observe that every time Abou Hassan attends you in your visits to me, he never keeps his eyes off Nouzhatoul-âouadat, and makes her blush, which is almost a certain sign that she entertains no aversion for him. If you approve of it, we will make a match between them.

Madam, replied the caliph, you remind me of what I ought to have done before. I know Abou Hassan's opinion respecting marriage from himself,

and have always promised him a wife that should please him. I am glad you mentioned the circumstance; for I know not how I came to forget it. But it is better that Abou Hassan should follow his own inclination, and choose for himself. If Nouzhatoul-âouadat is not averse to it, we ought not to hesitate upon their marriage; and since they are both present, they have only to say that they consent.

Abou Hassan threw himself at the caliph's and Zobeide's feet, to shew the sense he had of their goodness; and rising up, said, I cannot receive a wife from better hands, but dare not hope that Nouzhatoul-âouadat will give me her hand as readily as I give her mine. At these words he looked at the princess's slave, who shewed by her respectful silence, and the sudden blush that arose in her cheeks, that she was disposed to obey the caliph and her mistress Zobeide.

The marriage was solemnized, and the nuptials celebrated in the palace, with great rejoicings, which lasted several days. Zobeide made her slave considerable presents, and the caliph did the same to Abou Hassan. The bride was conducted to the apartment the caliph had assigned Abou Hassan, who waited for her with all the impatience of a bridegroom, and received her with the sound of all sorts of instruments, and musicians of both sexes, who made the air echo with their concert.

After these feasts and rejoicings, which lasted several days, the new-married couple were left to pursue their loves in peace. Abou Hassan and his spouse were charmed with each other, lived together in perfect union, and seldom were asunder, but when either he paid his respects to the caliph, or she hers to Zobeide. Indeed, Nouzhatoul-âouadat was endued with every qualification capable of gaining Abou Hassan's love and attachment, was just such a wife as he had described to the caliph, and fit to sit at the head of his table. With these dispositions they could not fail to pass their lives agreeably. They kept a good table covered with the nicest and choicest rarities in season, by an excellent cook, who took upon him to provide every thing. Their sideboard was always stored with exquisite wines placed within their reach when at table, where they enjoyed themselves in agreeable conversation, and afterwards entertained each other with some pleasantry or other, which made them laugh more or less, as they had in the day met with something to divert them; and in the evenings, which they consecrated to mirth, they had generally some slight repast of dried sweetmeats, choice fruits, and cakes, and at each glass invited each other by new songs to drink, and sometimes accompanied their voices with a lute, or other instruments which they could both touch.

Abou Hassan and Nouzhatoul-âouadat led this pleasant life unattentive to expense, until at length the caterer, who had disbursed all his and their money for these expenses, brought them in a long bill in hope of having an advance of cash. They found the amount to be so considerable, that all the presents which the caliph and Zobeide had given them at their marriage were but just enough to pay him. This made them reflect seriously on what was passed, which, however, was no remedy for the present evil. But they agreed to pay the caterer; and having sent for him, gave him all they owed him, without considering the difficulty they should be in immediately after.

The caterer went away highly pleased at receiving so large a sum, though Abou Hassan and his wife were not so well satisfied with seeing the bottom of their purse, but remained a long time silent, and very much embarrassed, to find themselves reduced to poverty the very first year of their marriage. Abou Hassan remembered that the caliph, when he took him into the palace, had promised never to let him want. But when he considered how prodigal he had been of his money, was unwilling to expose himself to the shame of letting the caliph know the ill use he had made of his bounty, and that he wanted a supply. Besides, he had made over his patrimony to his mother, when the caliph had received

him near his person, and was afraid to apply to her, lest she should discover that he had returned to the same extravagance he had been guilty of after his father's death. His wife, on the other hand, regarded Zobeide's generosity, and the liberty she had given her to marry, as more than a sufficient recompense for her service, and thought she had no right to ask more.

Abou Hassan at last broke silence, and looking at his wife, said, I see you are in the same embarassment as myself, and thinking what we must do in this unhappy juncture, when our money fails us so unexpectedly. I do not know what your sentiments may be; but mine are, let what will happen, not to retrench our expenses in the least; and I believe you will come into my opinion. The point is, how to support them without stooping to ask the caliph or Zobeide: and I think I have fallen on the means; but we must assist each other.

This discourse of Abou Hassan very much pleased his wife, and gave her some hopes. I was thinking so as well as you, said she; but durst not explain my thoughts, because I do not know how we can help ourselves; and must confess, that what you tell me gives me a revival of pleasure. Since you say you have found out a resource, and my assistance is necessary, you need but tell me in what way, and I will do all that lies in my power.

I was sure, replied Abou Hassan, that you would not fail me in a business, which concerns us both; and therefore I must tell you, this want of money has made me think of a plan which will supply us, at least for a time. It consists in a little trick we must put, I upon the caliph and you upon Zobeide, and at which, as I am sure they will both be diverted, it will answer advantageously for us. You and I will both die. Not I indeed, interrupted Nouzhatoul-âouadat; you may die by yourself, if you please, but I am not so weary of this life; and whether you are pleased or not, will not die so soon. If you have nothing else to propose, you may die by yourself; for I assure you I shall not join you.

You are a woman of such vivacity and wonderful quickness, replied Abou Hassan, that you scarcely give me time to explain my design. Have but a little patience, and you shall find that you will be ready enough to die such a death as I intend; for surely you could not think I meant a real death? Well, said his wife, if it is but a sham death you design, I am at your service, and you may depend on my zeal to second you in this manner of dying; but I must tell you truly, I am very unwilling to die, as I apprehended you at first.

Be but silent a little, said Abou Hassan, and I will tell you what I promise. I will feign myself dead, and you shall lay me out in the middle of my

chamber, with my turban upon my face, my feet towards Mecca, as if ready to be carried out to burial. When you have done this, you must lament, and weep bitterly, as is usual in such cases, tear your clothes and hair, or pretend to do it, and go all in tears, with your locks dishevelled, to Zobeide. The princess will of course enquire the cause of your grief; and when you have told her, with words intermixed with sobs, she will pity you, give you money to defray the expense of my funeral, and a piece of good brocade to cover my body, that my interment may be the more magnificent, and to make you a new dress in the room of that you will have torn. As soon as you return with the money and the brocade, I will rise, lay you in my place, and go and act the same part with the caliph, who I dare say will be as generous to me as Zobeide will have been to you.

Nouzhatoul-âouadat highly approved the project, and said to Abou Hassan, Come, lose no time; strip to your shirt and drawers, while I prepare a winding sheet. I know how to bury as well as any body; for while I was in Zobeide's service, when any of my fellow-slaves died, I had the conducting of the funeral. Abou Hassan did as his wife mentioned, and laid himself on the sheet which she had spread on the carpet in the middle of the room. As soon as he had crossed his arms, his wife wrapped him up, turned his feet towards Mecca, and put a piece of

fine muslin and his turban upon his face, so that nothing seemed wanting but to carry him out to be buried. After this she pulled off her head-dress, and with tears in her eyes, her hair dishevelled, and seeming to tear it off, with a dismal cry and lamentation, beating her face and breast with all the marks of the most lively grief, ran across the court to Zobeide's apartments, who, hearing the voice of a person crying very loud, commanded some of her women to see who it was; they returned and told her that it was Nouzhatoul-âouadat, who was approaching in a deplorable condition.

The princess, impatient to know what had happened to her, rose up immediately, and went to meet her at the door of her antichamber. Nouzhatoul-âouadat played her part to perfection. As soon as she saw Zobeide, who held the door open, she redoubled her cries, tore her hair off by handfuls, beat her face and breast, and threw herself at her feet, bathing them with her tears.

Zobeide, amazed to see her slave in such extraordinary affliction, asked what had happened? but, instead of answering, she continued her sobs; and at last feigning to strive to check them, said, with words interrupted with sighs, Alas! my most honoured lady and mistress, what greater misfortune could have befallen me than this, which obliges me to throw myself at your highness's feet? God prolong

your days, my most respectable princess, in perfect health, and grant you many happy years! Abou Hassan! poor Abou Hassan! whom you honoured with your esteem, and gave me for a husband, is no more!

At these words Nouzhatoul-âouadat redoubled her tears and sighs, and threw herself again at the princess's feet. Zobeide was extremely concerned at this news. Abou Hassan dead! cried she; that agreeable, pleasant man! I did not expect his death so soon; he seemed to promise a long life, and well deserved to enjoy it! She then also burst into tears, as did all her women, who had been often witnesses of Abou Hassan's pleasantries when the caliph brought him to amuse the princess Zobeide, and all together continued for some time bewailing his loss. At length the princess Zobeide broke silence: Wicked woman! cried she, addressing herself to the false widow, perhaps you may have occasioned his death. Your ill temper has given him so much vexation, that you have at last brought him to his grave. Nouzhatoul-âouadat seemed much hurt at the reproaches of Zobeide: Ah, madam, cried she, I do not think I ever gave your majesty, while I was your slave, reason to entertain so disadvantageous an opinion of my conduct to a husband who was so dear to me. I should think myself the most wretched of women if you were persuaded of

this. I behaved to Abou Hassan as a wife should do to a husband for whom she has a sincere affection; and I may say, without vanity, that I had for him the same regard he had for me. I am persuaded he would, were he alive, justify me fully to your majesty; but, madam, added she, renewing her tears, his time was come, and that was the only cause of his death[28].

Zobeide, as she had really observed in her slave a uniformly equal temper, mildness, great docility and zeal for her service, which shewed she was rather actuated by inclination than duty, hesitated not to believe her on her word, and ordered her treasurer to fetch a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of rich brocade.

The slave soon returned with the purse and piece of brocade, which, by Zobeide's order, she delivered to Nouzhatoul-âouadat, who threw herself again at the princess's feet, and thanked her with great self-satisfaction at finding she had succeeded so well. Go, said Zobeide, use that brocade to cover the corpse of your husband, and with the money bury him handsomely, as he deserves. Moderate the transport of your afflictions: I will take care of you.

As soon as Nouzhatoul-âouadat got out of the princess's presence, she dried up her tears, and returned with joy to Abou Hassan, to give him an ac-

count of her good success. When she came home she burst out a laughing on seeing her husband still stretched out in the middle of the floor; she ran to him, bade him rise and see the fruits of his stratagem. He arose, and rejoiced with his wife at the sight of the purse and brocade. Unable to contain herself at the success of her artifice, Come, husband, said she, laughing, let me act the dead part, and see if you can manage the caliph as well as I have done Zobeide.

That is the temper of all women, replied Abou Hassan, who, we may well say, have always the vanity to believe they can do things better than men, though at the same time what good they do is by their advice. It would be odd indeed, if I, who laid this plot myself, could not carry it on as well as you. But let us lose no time in idle discourse; lie down in my place, and witness if I do not come off with as much applause.

Abou Hassan wrapped up his wife as she had done him, and with his turban unrolled, like a man in the greatest affliction, ran to the caliph, who was holding a private council with Jaaffier and other confidential viziers. He presented himself at the door, and the officer, knowing he had free access, opened it. He entered holding with one hand his handkerchief before his eyes, to hide the feigned

tears, which trickled down his cheeks, and striking his breast with the other, with exclamations expressing extraordinary grief.

The caliph, always used to see Abou Hassan with a merry countenance, was very much surprised to behold him in so much distress. He interrupted the business of the council to enquire the cause of his grief. Commander of the faithful, answered Abou Hassan, with repeated sighs and sobs, God preserve your majesty on the throne, which you fill so gloriously! a greater calamity could not have befallen me than what I now lament. Alas! Nouzhatoul-âouadat whom you in your bounty gave me for a wife to gladden my existence, alas!—at this exclamation Abou Hassan pretended to have his heart so full, that he could not utter more, but poured forth a flood of tears.

The caliph, who now understood that Abou Hassan came to tell him of the death of his wife, seemed much concerned, and said to him with an air which shewed how much he regretted her loss, God be merciful to her: she was a good slave, and we gave her to you with an intention to make you happy: she deserved a longer life. The tears then ran down his face, so that he was obliged to pull out his handkerchief to wipe them off. The grief of Abou Hassan, and the tears of the caliph, excited those of Jaaffier and the other viziers. They be-

wailed the death of Nouzahatoul-âouadat, who, on her part, was only impatient to hear how Abou Hassan succeeded.

The caliph had the same suspicion of the husband that Zobeide had of the wife, and imagined that he had occasioned her death. Wretch! said he, in a tone of indignation, have not you been the cause of your wife's death by your ill treatment of her? You ought at least to have had some regard for the princess my consort, who loved her more than the rest of her slaves, yet consented to give her to you. What a return for her kindness!

Commander of the faithful, replied Abou Hassan, affecting to weep more bitterly than before, can your majesty for a moment suppose that Abou Hassan, whom you have loaded with your favours and kindness, and on whom you have conferred honours he could never have aspired to, can have been capable of such ingratitude? I loved Nouzhatoul-âouadat my wife as much on these accounts, as for the many good qualities she possessed, and which drew from me all the attachment, tenderness, and love she deserved. But, my lord, added he, she was to die, and God would no longer suffer me to enjoy a happiness for which I was indebted to your majesty and your beloved consort.

Abou Hassan dissembled so well, that the caliph, who had never heard how extravagantly he and his

wife had lived, no longer doubting his sincerity, ordered his treasurer, who was present, to give Abou Hassan a purse of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade. Abou Hassan immediately cast himself at the caliph's feet, and thanked him for his present. Follow the treasurer, said the monarch; throw the brocade over the corpse, and with the money shew the last testimony of thy love for thy wife.

Abou Hassan made no reply to these obliging words of the caliph, but retiring with a low prostration, followed the treasurer; and as soon as he had got the purse and piece of brocade, went home, well pleased with having found out so quick and easy a way of supplying the necessity, which had given him so much uneasiness.

Nouzhatoul-âouadat, weary with lying so long in one posture, waited not till Abou Hassan bade her rise; but as soon as she heard the door open, sprang up, ran to her husband, and asked him if he had imposed on the caliph as cleverly as she had done on Zobeide? You see, said he, shewing her the stuff, and shaking the purse, that I can act a sorrowful husband for a living wife, as well as you can a weeping widow for a husband not dead. Abou Hassan, however, was not without his fears, that this double plot might be attended with some ill consequences. He thought it would not be amiss to put

his wife on her guard as to what might happen, that they might act in concert. For, added he, the better we succeed in embarrassing the caliph and Zobeide, the more they will be pleased at last, and perhaps may shew their satisfaction by greater liberality. This last consideration induced them to carry on their stratagem farther.

The caliph, though he had important affairs to decide, was so impatient to condole with the princess on the death of her slave, that he rose up as soon as Abou Hassan was gone, and put off the council to another day. Follow me, said he to Mesrour, who always attended him wherever he went, and was in all his councils, let us go and share with the princess the grief which the death of her slave Nouzhatoul-âouadat must have occasioned.

Accordingly they went to Zobeide's apartment, whom the caliph found sitting on a sofa, much afflicted, and still in tears. Madam, said the caliph, going up to her, it is unnecessary to tell you how much I partake with you in your affliction; since you must be sensible that what gives you pleasure or trouble, has the same effect on me. But we are all mortal, and must surrender up to God that life he has given us, when he requires it. Nouzhatoul-âouadat, your faithful slave, was endued with qualifications that deserved your esteem, and I cannot but approve your expressing it after her death; but

consider all your grief will not restore her to life. Therefore, madam, if you love me, and will take my advice, be comforted for this loss, take care of a life which you know is precious to me, and constitutes all the happiness of mine.

If the princess was charmed with these tender sentiments which the caliph expressed in his compliments, she was amazed to hear of Nouzhatoul-âouadat's death. This news threw her into such astonishment, that she was not able to return an answer for some time. At last recovering, she replied with an air expressive of surprise, Commander of the faithful, I am very sensible of all your tender sentiments; but give me leave to say, I cannot comprehend the news you tell me of the death of my slave, who is in perfect health. My affliction is for the death of Abou Hassan, her husband, your favourite, whom I esteemed, as much for the regard you had for him, as his having so often diverted me agreeably, and for whom I had as great a value as yourself. But the little concern you shew for his death, and your so soon forgetting a man in whose company you have so often told me you took so much pleasure, surprises me; and this insensibility seems the greater, from the deception you would put upon me in changing his death for that of my slave.

The caliph, who thought that he was perfectly well informed of the death of the slave, and had just reason to believe so, because he had both seen and heard Abou Hassan, fell a laughing, and shrugging up his shoulders, to hear Zobeide talk in this manner. Mesrour, said he, to the eunuch, what do you think of the princess's discourse? Do not women sometimes lose their senses; for you have heard and seen all as well as myself? Then turning to Zobeide, Madam, said he, shed no more tears for Abou Hassan, for I can assure you he is well; but rather bewail the death of your dear slave. It is not many moments since her husband came in the most inexpressible affliction, to tell me of the death of his wife. I gave him a purse of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade, to comfort him, and bury her; and Mesrour, who was present, can tell you the same.

The princess took this discourse of the caliph's to be all a jest, and thought he had a mind to impose upon her. Commander of the faithful, replied she, though you are used to banter, I must tell you, this is not a proper time for pleasantry. What I tell you is very serious; I do not talk of my slave's death, but of Abou Hassan's, her husband, whose fate I bewail, and so ought you too. Madam, said the caliph, putting on a grave countenance, I tell

you without raillery that you are deceived; Nouzhatoul-âouadat is dead, and Abou Hassan is alive, and in perfect health.

Zobeide was much piqued at this dry answer of the caliph. Commander of the faithful, replied she, smartly, God preserve you from continuing longer in this mistake, surely you would make me think your mind is not as usual. Give me leave to repeat to you once more, that it is Abou Hassan who is dead, and that my slave Nouzhatoul-âouadat, his widow, is living. It is not an hour since she went from hence. She came here in so disconsolate a state, that the sight of her was enough to have drawn tears from my eyes, if she had not told me her affliction. All my women, who wept with me, can bear me witness, and tell you also that I made her a present of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade; the grief which you found me in, was on account of the death of her husband; and just at the instant you entered, I was going to send you a compliment of condolence.

At these words of Zobeide, the caliph cried out in a fit of laughter, This, madam, is a strange piece of obstinacy; but, continued he seriously, you may depend upon Nouzhatoul-âouadat's being dead. I tell you no, sir, replied Zobeide sharply; it is Abou Hassan that is dead, and you shall never make me believe otherwise.

Upon this the caliph's anger rose in his countenance. He seated himself on the sofa at some distance from the princess, and speaking to Mesrour, said, Go immediately, see which it is, and bring me word; for though I am certain that it is Nouzhatoul-âouadat, I would rather take this method than be any longer obstinately positive about the matter, though of its certainty I am perfectly satisfied. No sooner had the caliph commanded than Mesrour was gone. You will see, continued he, addressing himself to Zobeide, in a moment, which of us is right. For my part, replied Zobeide, I know very well that I am in the right, and you will find it to be Abou Hassan. And for myself, returned the caliph, I am so sure that it is Nouzhatoul-âouadat, that I will lay you what wager you please, that Abou Hassan is well.

Do not think to come off so, said Zobeide; I accept your wager, and I am so well persuaded of his death, that I would willingly lay the thing dearest to me in the world against what you will, though it were of less value. You know what I have in my disposal, and what I value most; propose the bet, and I will stand to it.

Since it is so, said the caliph, I will lay my garden of pleasures against your palace of paintings, though the one is worth much more than the other. Is the question at present, replied Zobeide, if your garden is more valuable than my palace? That is not the

point. You have made choice of what you thought fit belonging to me, as an equivalent against what you lay; I accept the wager, and that I will abide by it, I take God to witness. The caliph took the same oath, and both waited Mesrour's return.

While the caliph and Zobeide were disputing so earnestly, and with so much warmth, Abou Hassan, who foresaw their difference, was very attentive to whatever might happen. As soon as he perceived Mesrour through a window, at which he sat talking with his wife, and observed that he was coming directly to their apartment, he guessed his commission, and bade his wife make haste to act the dead part once more, as they had agreed, without loss of time; but they were so pressed, that Abou Hassan had much ado to wrap up his wife, and lay the piece of brocade which the caliph had given him upon her, before Mesrour reached the house. This done, he opened the door of his apartment, and with a melancholy, dejected countenance, and his handkerchief before his eyes, went and sat down at the head of the pretended deceased.

By the time he was seated, Mesrour came into the room. The dismal sight which met his eyes, gave him a secret joy on account of the errand the caliph had sent him on. Abou Hassan rose up to meet him, and kissing his hand out of respect, said, sighing and sobbing, You see me under the greatest

calamity that ever could have befallen me; the death of my dear wife, Nouzhatoul-âouadat, whom you honoured with your favours.

Mesrour, affected by this discourse, could not refuse some tears to the memory of the deceased. He lifted up the cloth a little at the head, and peeping under it, let it down again, and said, with a deep sigh, "There is no other God but Allah, we must all submit to his will, and every creature must return to him[29]." Nouzhatoul-âouadat, my good sister, added he, sighing, thy days have been few: God have mercy on thee. Then turning to Abou Hassan, who was all the time in tears, We may well say, added he, that women sometimes have whims, and lose their senses in a most unpardonable manner; for Zobeide, good mistress as she is, is in that situation at present; she will maintain to the caliph that you are dead, and not your wife; and whatever the caliph can say to the contrary, he cannot persuade her otherwise. He called me to witness and confirm this truth; for you know I was present when you came and told him the sorrowful news: but all signifies nothing. They are both positive; and the caliph, to convince Zobeide, has sent me to know the truth, but I fear I shall not be believed; for when women once take up a thing, they are not to be beaten out of it.

God keep the commander of the faithful in the

possession and right use of his senses, replied Abou Hassan, still sighing and weeping: you see how it is, and that I have not imposed upon his majesty. And I wish to Heaven, continued he, to dissemble the better, that I had no occasion to have told him the melancholy and afflicting news. Alas! I cannot enough express my irreparable loss! That is true, replied Mesrour, and I can assure you I take a great share in your affliction; but you must be comforted, and not abandon yourself to your grief. I leave you with reluctance, to return to the caliph; but I beg the favour of you not to bury the corpse till I come again; for I will assist at the interment, and accompany it with my prayers. Mesrour went to give an account of his visit. Abou Hassan attended him to the door, told him that he did not deserve the honour he intended him: and for fear Mesrour should return to say something else, followed him with his eyes for some time, and when he saw him at a distance, returned to his wife, and released her. This is already, said he, a new scene of mirth, but I fancy it will not be the last; for certainly the princess Zobeide will not believe Mesrour, but will laugh at him, since she has too substantial a reason to the contrary; therefore we must expect some new event. While Abou Hassan was talking thus, Nouzhatoul-âouadat had time to put on her clothes again, and

both went and sat down on a sofa opposite to the window, where they could see all that passed.

In the mean time, Mesrour reached Zobeide's apartment, and going into her closet laughing, clapped his hands like one who had something very agreeable to tell.

The caliph, naturally impatient, and piqued a little at the princess's contradiction, as soon as he saw Mesrour, Vile slave, said he, is this a time to laugh? Why do not you tell me which is dead, the husband or the wife?

Commander of the faithful, answered Mesrour, putting on a serious countenance, it is Nouzhatoul-âouadat who is dead, for the loss of whom Abou Hassan is as much afflicted as when he appeared before your majesty. The caliph not giving him time to pursue his story, interrupted him, and cried out, laughing heartily, Good news! Zobeide, your mistress, was a moment ago possessed of the palace of paintings, and now it is mine. She staked it against my garden of pleasures, since you went; therefore you could not have done me greater pleasure. I will take care to reward you: but give me a true account of what you saw.

Commander of the faithful, said Mesrour, when I came to Abou Hassan's apartment, I found the door open, and he was bewailing the death of his

wife. He sat at the head of the deceased, who was laid out in the middle of the room, with her feet towards Mecca, and was covered with the piece of brocade which your majesty presented to Abou Hassan. After I had expressed the share I took in his grief, I went and lifted up the pall at the head, and knew Nouzhatoul-âouadat, though her face was much swelled and changed. I exhorted Abou Hassan in the best manner I could to be comforted; and when I came away, told him I would attend at his wife's funeral, and desired him not to remove the corpse till I came. This is all I can tell your majesty. I ask no more, said the caliph, laughing heartily, and I am well satisfied with your exactness. Then addressing himself to Zobeide, Well, madam, said he, have you yet any thing to say against so certain a truth? Will you still believe that Nouzhatoul-âouadat is alive, and that Abou Hassan is dead? And will you not own that you have lost your wager?

How, sir, replied Zobeide, who would not believe one word Mesrour said, do you think that I regard that impertinent fellow of a slave, who knows not what he says? I am not blind or mad. With these eyes I saw Nouzhatoul-âouadat in the greatest affliction; I spoke to her myself, and she told me that her husband was dead. Madam, replied Mesrour, I swear to you by your own life, and that of the com-

mander of the faithful, which are both dear to me, that Nouzhatoul-âouadat is dead, and Abou Hassan is living.

Thou liest, base despicable slave, said Zobeide in a rage, and I will confound thee immediately. Clapping her hands together, she called her women, who all approached. Come hither, said the princess to them, and speak the truth. Who was that who came and spoke with me a little before the caliph entered? The women all answered that it was poor afflicted Nouzhatoul-âouadat. And what, added she, addressing herself to her treasurer, did I order you to give her? Madam, answered the treasurer, I gave Nouzhatoul-âouadat, by your orders, a purse of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade, which she carried away with her. Well, then, sorry slave, said Zobeide to Mesrour, in passion, what have you to say to all this? Whom do you think now I ought to believe, you or my treasurer, my women, and myself?

Mesrour did not want for arguments to contradict the princess; but, as he was afraid of provoking her too much, chose rather to be silent, though he was satisfied that the wife was dead, and not the husband.

During the whole of this dispute between Zobeide and Mesrour, the caliph, who heard the evidence on both sides, and was persuaded of the contrary of what

the princess asserted, because he had himself seen and spoken to Abou Hassan, and from what Mesrour had told him, laughed heartily to see Zobeide so exasperated. Madam, said he to her, once more I repeat that I know not who was the author of that saying, That women sometimes lose their wits, but I am sure you make it good. Mesrour has just come from Abou Hassan's, and tells you that he saw Nouzhatoul-âouadat lying dead in the middle of the room, Abou Hassan alive, and sitting by her; and yet you will not believe this evidence, which nobody can reasonably refuse; I cannot comprehend this conduct.

Zobeide would not hear the caliph. Pardon me, commander of the faithful, replied she, if I suspect you: I see that you have contrived with Mesrour to vex me, and to try my patience. And as I perceive that this report was concerted between you, I beg leave to send a person to Abou Hassan's, to know whether or not I am in the wrong.

The caliph consented, and the princess charged with this important commission an old nurse, who had lived with her from her infancy. Hark you nurse, said she, you see my dispute with the commander of the faithful, and Mesrour; I need tell you no more. Go to Abou Hassan's, or rather to Nouzhatoul-âouadat's, for Abou Hassan is dead, and clear up this matter for me. If you bring me

good news, a handsome present is your reward: make haste, and return immediately.

The nurse set out to the great joy of the caliph, who was delighted to see Zobeide in this embarrassment; but Mesrour, extremely mortified to find the princess so angry with him, did all he could to appease her, and to make her and the caliph both satisfied with him. He was overjoyed when Zobeide sent the nurse; because he was persuaded that the report she must make would agree with his, justify him, and restore him to her favour.

In the mean time Abou Hassan, who watched at the window, perceived the nurse at a distance, and guessing that she was sent by Zobeide, called his wife, and told her that the princess's nurse was coming to know the truth: therefore, said he, make haste and lay me out. Accordingly Nouzhatoul-âouadat covered him with the brocade Zobeide had given her, and put his turban upon his face. The nurse, eager to acquit herself of her commission, hobbled as fast as age would allow her, and entering the room, perceived Nouzhatoul-âouadat in tears, her hair dishevelled, and seated at the head of her husband, beating her breast, with all the expressions of violent grief.

The good old nurse went directly to the false widow: My dear Nouzhatoul-âouadat, said she, with a sorrowful countenance, I come not to interrupt

your grief and tears for a husband whom you loved so tenderly. Ah! good mother, replied the counterfeit widow, you see my misfortune, and how unhappy I am from the loss of my beloved Abou Hassan. Abou Hassan, my dear husband! cried she, what have I done that you should leave me so soon? Have I not always preferred your will to my own? Alas! what will become of poor Nouzhatoul-âouadat?

This black-faced Mesrour, cried the nurse, lifting up her hands, deserves to be punished for having caused so great a difference between my good mistress and the commander of the faithful, by the falsehood he has told them. Daughter, continued she, that villain Mesrour has asserted, with inconceivable impudence, before our good mistress, that you were dead, and Abou Hassan was alive.

Alas! my good mother, cried Nouzhatoul-âouadat, I wish to Heaven that it was true! I should not be in this sorrowful state, nor bewail a husband so dear to me! At these words she wept afresh, and with redoubled tears and cries, feigned the deepest sorrow.

The nurse was so much moved by her tears, that she sat down by her, and cried too. Then gently lifting up the turban and cloth, looked at the face of the corpse: Ah! poor Abou Hassan, she cried, covering his face again, God have mercy upon thee.

Adieu, child, said she to Nouzhatoul-âouadat, if I could stay longer with you, I would with all my heart; but I am obliged to return immediately, to deliver my mistress from the uneasiness that black villain has occasioned her, by his impudent lie, assuring her with an oath that you were dead.

As soon as the nurse was gone, Nouzhatoul-âouadat wiped her eyes and released Abou Hassan; they both went and sat down on a sofa against the window, expecting what would be the end of this stratagem, and to be ready to act according as circumstances might require.

The nurse, in the mean time, made all the haste she could to Zobeide. The pleasure of carrying the princess news favourable to her wager, but still more the hopes of a good reward, added wings to her feet, and running into the princess's closet quite out of breath, she gave her a true account of all she had seen. Zobeide hearkened to the old woman's relation with a most sensible pleasure; and when she had done, said, with a tone, which shewed triumph at having, as she supposed, won her wager—Repeat it once more before the caliph, who looks upon us all to be fools, would make us believe we have no sense of religion, nor fear of God; and tell your story to that wicked black slave, who had the insolence to assert a wilful falsehood.

Mesrour, who expected the nurse's report would

prove favourable on his side, was much mortified to find it so much the contrary, and so vexed at the anger Zobeide expressed against him, for a thing which he thought himself surer of than any body, that he was glad of an opportunity of speaking his mind freely to the old woman, which he durst not do to the princess. Old toothless, said he, to the nurse, you are a liar, and there is no truth in what you say; for I saw with my own eyes Nouzhatoul-âouadat laid out in the middle of the room.

You are a notorious liar yourself, replied the nurse, with an insulting air, to dare maintain so great a falsity before my face, who am just come from seeing Abou Hassan dead, laid out, and have left his wife alive. I am not an impostor, replied Mesrour; it is you who endeavour to lead us all into error.

What impudence, said the nurse, to dare tell me I lie in the presence of their majesties, when I saw just now with my own eyes what I have had the honour to tell them. Indeed, nurse, answered Mesrour again, you had better hold your tongue, for you certainly doat.

Zobeide, who could no longer endure this want of respect in Mesrour, who, without any regard to her, treated her nurse so injuriously in her presence, without giving the old lady time to reply to so gross an affront, said to the caliph, Commander of the faithful, I demand justice for this insolence to us

both. She was so enraged she could say no more, but burst into tears.

The caliph, who had heard all the dispute, thought it very intricate. He mused some time, and could not tell what to think of so many contradictions. The princess on her part, as well as Mesrour, the nurse, and all the women slaves, who were present, were as much puzzled, and remained silent. At last the caliph, addressing himself to Zobeide, said, I see we are all liars; myself first, then you, Mesrour, and you, nurse; or at least it seems, not one can be believed more than the other; therefore let us go ourselves to examine the truth, for I can see no other way to clear up these doubts.

So saying, the caliph arose, the princess followed him, and Mesrour went before to open the doors: Commander of the faithful, said he, I am overjoyed that your majesty has taken this course; and shall be much more, when I shall make it plainly appear to the nurse, not that she doats, since the expression is unfortunately displeasing to my good mistress, but that her report is not true.

The nurse wanted not a reply; Hold your tongue, black face, said she; you doat yourself.

Zobeide, who was much provoked at Mesrour, could not bear to hear him attack her nurse again, without taking her part: Vile slave, said she, say what you will, I maintain my nurse speaks the truth,

and look upon you as a mere liar. Madam, replied Mesrour, if nurse is so very certain that Nouzhatoul-âouadat is alive, and Abou Hassan dead, I will lay her what she dares of it. The nurse was as ready as he; I dare, said she, take you at your word: let us see if you dare unsay it. Mesrour stood to his word; and they laid a piece of gold brocade with silver flowers before the caliph and the princess.

The apartment from which the caliph and Zobeide set out, though distant from Abou Hassan's, was nevertheless just opposite, so that he perceived them coming, and told his wife that he was much mistaken if the caliph and Zobeide, preceded by Mesrour, and followed by a great number of women, were not about to do them the honour of a visit. She looked through a lattice and saw them, seemed frightened, and cried out, What shall we do? we are ruined. Fear nothing, replied Abou Hassan! Have you forgotten already what we agreed on? We will both feign ourselves dead, and you shall see all will go well. At the slow rate they are coming, we shall be ready before they reach the door. Accordingly, Abou Hassan and his wife wrapped up and covered themselves with the pieces of brocade, and waited patiently for their visitors.

Mesrour, who came first, opened the door, and the caliph and Zobeide, followed by their attend-

ants, entered the room; but were struck with horror, and stood motionless, at the spectacle which presented itself to their view, not knowing what to think. At length Zobeide breaking silence, said to the caliph, Alas! they are both dead! You have done much, continued she, looking at the caliph and Mesrour, to endeavour to make me believe that my dear slave was dead, and I find it is true: grief at the loss of her husband has certainly killed her. Say rather, madam, answered the caliph, prepossessed to the contrary, that Nouzhatoul-âouadat died first, the afflicted Abou Hassan sunk under his grief, and could not survive his dear wife; you ought, therefore, to confess that you have lost your wager, and that your palace of paintings is mine.

Hold there, answered Zobeide, warmed at being contradicted by the caliph; I will maintain you have lost your garden of pleasures. Abou Hassan died first; since my nurse told you, as well as me, that she saw her alive, and weeping for the death of her husband.

The dispute of the caliph and Zobeide brought on another between Mesrour and the nurse, who had wagered as well as they, each affirmed to have won, and at length they proceeded to abuse each other very grossly.

At last the caliph, reflecting on what had passed, began to think that Zobeide had as much reason as

himself to maintain that she had won. In this embarrassment of not being able to find out the truth, he advanced towards the corpses, and sat down at the head, searching for some expedient that might gain him the victory over Zobeide. I swear, cried he presently after, by the holy name of God, that I will give a thousand pieces of gold to him who can tell me which of these two died first.

No sooner were these words out of the caliph's mouth, than he heard a voice under Abou Hassan's piece of brocade say, Commander of the faithful, I died first, give me the thousand pieces of gold. At the same instant Abou Hassan threw off the piece of brocade, and springing up, prostrated himself at his feet, while his wife did the same to Zobeide, keeping on her piece of brocade out of decency. The princess at first shrieked out, but recovering herself, expressed great joy to see her dear slave rise again, just when she was almost inconsolable at having seen her dead. Ah! wicked Nouzhatoul-âouadat, cried she, what have I suffered for your sake? However, I forgive you from my heart, since you are not dead.

The caliph was not so much surprised, when he heard Abou Hassan's voice; but thought he should have died with laughing at this unravelling of the mystery, and to hear Abou Hassan ask so seriously for the thousand pieces of gold. What

Abou Hassan, said he, continuing to laugh aloud, hast thou conspired against my life, to kill me a second time with laughing? How came this thought into your head, to surprise Zobeide and me thus, when we least thought of such a trick?

Commander of the faithful, replied Abou Hassan, I will declare to your majesty the whole truth, without the least reserve. Your majesty knows that I always loved to eat and drink well, and the wife you gave me rather increased than restrained this propensity. With these dispositions your majesty may easily suppose we might spend a good estate; and to make short of my story, we were not sparing of what your majesty so generously gave us. This morning, accounting with our caterer, who took care to provide every thing for us, and paying what we owed him, we found we had nothing left. Then, reflections on what was past, and resolutions to manage better for the future, crowded into our thoughts; we formed a thousand projects, all of which we rejected. At last, the shame of seeing ourselves reduced to so low a condition, and not daring to tell your majesty, made us contrive this stratagem to relieve our necessities, and to divert you, which we hope your majesty will be pleased to pardon.

The caliph was satisfied with Abou Hassan's sincerity, and Zobeide, who had till now been very serious, began to laugh at the thought of Abou

Hassan's scheme. The caliph, who had not ceased laughing at the singularity of the adventure, rising, said to Abou Hassan and his wife, Follow me; I will give you the thousand pieces of gold I promised, for joy to find you are not dead. Zobeide desired him to let her make her slave a present of the same sum, for the same reason. By this means Abou Hassan and his wife Nouzhatoul-âouadat preserved the favour of the caliph Haroon al Rusheed and the princess Zobeide, and by their liberalities were enabled to pursue their pleasures.

THE STORY OF ALLA AD DEEN[30]; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

In the capital of one of the large and rich provinces of the kingdom of China[31], the name of which I do not recollect, there lived a tailor, named Mustapha[32], who was so poor, that he could hardly, by his daily labour, maintain himself and his family, which consisted of a wife and son.

His son, who was called Alla ad Deen, had been brought up in a very careless and idle manner, and by that means had contracted many vicious habits. He was wicked, obstinate, and disobedient to his father and mother, who, when he grew up, could not keep him within doors. He was in the habit of going out early in the morning, and would stay out all day, playing in the streets and public places with idle children of his own age.

When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father not being able to put him out to any other, took him into his own shop, and taught him how to use his needle: but neither fair words nor the fear of chastisement were capable of fixing his lively genius. All his father's endeavours to keep him to his work were in vain; for no sooner was his back turned, than he was gone for that day. Mustapha chastised him, but Alla ad Deen was incorrigible;

and his father, to his great grief, was forced to abandon him to his idleness: and was so much troubled at not being able to reclaim him, that it threw him into a fit of sickness, of which he died in a few months.

The mother, finding that her son would not follow his father's business, shut up the shop, sold off the implements of trade, and with the money she received for them, and what she could get by spinning cotton, thought to maintain herself and her son.

Alla ad Deen, who was now no longer restrained by the fear of a father, and who cared so little for his mother, that whenever she chid him, he would abuse her, gave himself entirely over to his idle habits, and was never out of the streets from his companions. This course he followed till he was fifteen years old, without giving his mind to any useful pursuit, or the least reflection on what would become of him. In this situation, as he was one day playing according to custom, in the street, with his vagabond associates, a stranger passing by stood to observe him.

This stranger was a sorcerer, called by the writer of this story, the African magician; and by that name I shall call him with the more propriety as he was a native of Africa[33], and had been but two days arrived from thence.

The African magician, who was a good physiognomist, observing in Alla ad Deen's countenance something absolutely necessary for the execution of the design he was engaged in, inquired artfully about his family, who he was, and what were his inclinations; and when he had learned all he desired to know, went up to him, and taking him aside from his comrades, said, Child, was not your father called Mustapha the tailor? Yes, sir, answered the boy; but he has been dead a long time.

At these words, the African magician threw his arms about Alla ad Deen's neck, and kissed him several times with tears in his eyes. Alla ad Deen, who observed his tears, asked him, What made him weep? Alas! my son, cried the African magician with a sigh, how can I forbear? I am your uncle; your worthy father was my own brother. I have been many years abroad, and now I am come home with the hopes of seeing him, you tell me he is dead. I assure you it is a sensible grief to me to be deprived of the comfort I expected. But it is some relief to my affliction, that as far as I can remember him, I knew you at first sight, you are so like him; and I see I am not deceived. Then he asked Alla ad Deen, putting his hand into his purse, where his mother lived? and as soon as he had informed him, gave him a handful of small money, saying, Go, my son, to your mother, give my love to her, and tell her

that I will visit her to-morrow, if I have time, that I may have the satisfaction of seeing where my good brother lived so long, and ended his days.

As soon as the African magician left his newly-adopted nephew, Alla ad Deen ran to his mother, overjoyed at the money his uncle had given him. Mother, said he, have I an uncle? No, child, replied his mother, you have no uncle by your father's side, or mine. I am just now come, said Alla ad Deen, from a man who says he is my uncle by my father's side, assuring me that he is his brother. He cried and kissed me when I told him my father was dead; and to shew you that what I tell you is truth, added he, pulling out the money, see what he has given me; he charged me to give his love to you, and to tell you, if he has any time to-morrow, he will come and pay you a visit, that he may see the house my father lived and died in. Indeed, child, replied the mother, your father had a brother, but he has been dead a long time, and I never heard of another.

The mother and son talked no more then of the African magician; but the next day Alla ad Deen's uncle found him playing in another part of the town with other children, and embracing him as before, put two pieces of gold into his hand, and said to him, Carry this, child, to your mother, tell her that I will come and see her to-night, and bid her get us

something for supper; but first shew me the house where you live.

After Alla ad Deen had shewed the African magician the house, he carried the two pieces of gold to his mother, and when he had told her of his uncle's intention, she went out and bought provisions; and considering she wanted various utensils, borrowed them of her neighbours. She spent the whole day in preparing the supper; and at night when it was ready, said to her son, Perhaps your uncle knows not how to find our house; go and bring him if you meet with him.

Though Alla ad Deen had shewed the magician the house, he was ready to go, when somebody knocked at the door, which he immediately opened: and the magician came in loaded with wine, and all sorts of fruits, which he brought for a dessert.

After the African magician had given what he brought into Alla ad Deen's hands, he saluted his mother, and desired her to shew him the place where his brother Mustapha used to sit on the sofa; and when she had so done, he fell down and kissed it several times, crying out with tears in his eyes, My poor brother! how unhappy am I, not to have come soon enough to give you one last embrace. Alla ad Deen's mother desired him to sit down in the same place, but he declined[34]. No, said he, I shall take care how I do that; but give me leave to sit opposite

to it, that although I am deprived of the satisfaction of seeing the master of a family so dear to me, I may at least have the pleasure of beholding the place where he used to sit. The widow pressed him no farther, but left him at liberty to sit where he pleased.

When the magician had made choice of a place, and sat down, he began to enter into discourse with Alla ad Deen's mother: My good sister, said he, do not be surprised at your never having seen me all the time you have been married to my brother Mustapha of happy memory. I have been forty years absent from this country, which is my native place, as well as my late brother's; and during that time have travelled into the Indies, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, have resided in the finest towns of those countries; and afterwards crossed over into Africa, where I made a longer stay. At last, as it is natural for a man, how distant soever it may be, to remember his native country, relations, and acquaintance, I was desirous to see mine again, and to embrace my dear brother; and finding I had strength enough to undertake so long a journey, I immediately made the necessary preparations, and set out. I will not tell you the length of time it took me, all the obstacles I met with, and what fatigues I have endured, to come hither; but nothing ever mortified and afflicted me so much, as hearing of my brother's

death, for whom I always had a brotherly love and friendship. I observed his features in the face of my nephew, your son, and distinguished him among a number of children with whom he was at play; he can tell you how I received the most melancholy news that ever reached my ears. But God be praised for all things! it is a comfort for me to find, as it were, my brother in a son, who has his most remarkable features.

The African magician perceiving that the widow began to weep at the remembrance of her husband, changed the conversation, and turning towards her son, asked him his name. I am called Alla ad Deen, said he. Well, Alla ad Deen, replied the magician, what business do you follow? Are you of any trade?

At this question the youth hung down his head, and was not a little abashed when his mother answered, Alla ad Deen is an idle fellow; his father, when alive, strove all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, notwithstanding all I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, as you saw him, without considering he is no longer a child; and if you do not make him ashamed of it, I despair of his ever coming to any good. He knows that his father left him no fortune, and sees me endeavour to get bread by spinning cotton; for my part, I am

resolved one of these days to turn him out of doors, and let him provide for himself.

After these words, Alla ad Deen's mother burst into tears; and the magician said, This is not well, nephew; you must think of helping yourself, and getting your livelihood. There are many sorts of trades, consider if you have not an inclination to some of them; perhaps you did not like your father's, and would prefer another: come, do not disguise your sentiments from me; I will endeavour to help you. But finding that Alla ad Deen returned no answer, If you have no mind, continued he, to learn any handicraft, I will take a shop for you, furnish it with all sorts of fine stuffs and linens; and with the money you make of them lay in fresh goods, and then you will live in an honourable way. Consult your inclination, and tell me freely what you think of my proposal: you shall always find me ready to keep my word.

This plan greatly flattered Alla ad Deen, who hated work, but had sense enough to know that such shops were much frequented, and the owners respected. He told the magician he had a greater inclination to that business than to any other, and that he should be much obliged to him for his kindness. Since this profession is agreeable to you, said the African magician, I will carry you with me tomorrow, clothe you as handsomely as the best mer-

chants in the city, and afterwards we will think of opening a shop as I mentioned.

The widow, who never till then could believe that the magician was her husband's brother, no longer doubted after his promises of kindness to her son. She thanked him for his good intentions; and after having exhorted Alla ad Deen to render himself worthy of his uncle's favour by good behaviour, served up supper, at which they talked of several indifferent matters; and then the magician, who saw that the night was pretty far advanced, took his leave, and retired.

He came again the next day, as he had promised, and took Alla ad Deen with him to a merchant, who sold all sorts of clothes for different ages and ranks ready made, and a variety of fine stuffs. He asked to see some that suited Alla ad Deen in size; and after choosing a suit for himself which he liked best, and rejecting others which he did not think hand-some enough, he bade Alla ad Deen choose those he preferred. Alla ad Deen, charmed with the liber-ality of his new uncle, made choice of one, and the magician immediately paid for it.

When Alla ad Deen found himself so handsomely equipt, he returned his uncle thanks; who promised never to forsake him, but always to take him along with him; which he did to the most frequented places in the city, and particularly where the principal mer-

chants kept their shops. When he brought him into the street where they sold the richest stuffs, and finest linens, he said to Alla ad Deen, As you are soon to be a merchant, it is proper you should frequent these shops, and be acquainted with them. He then shewed him the largest and finest mosques, carried him to the khans or inns where the merchants and travellers lodged, and afterwards to the sultan's palace, where he had free access; and at last brought him to his own khan, where meeting with some merchants he had become acquainted with since his arrival, he gave them a treat, to bring them and his pretended nephew acquainted.

This entertainment lasted till night, when Alla ad Deen would have taken leave of his uncle to go home; the magician would not let him go by himself, but conducted him to his mother, who, as soon as she saw him so well dressed, was transported with joy, and bestowed a thousand blessings upon the magician, for being at so great an expense upon her child. Generous relation! said she, I know not how to thank you for your liberality! I know that my son is not deserving of your favours; and were he ever so grateful, and answered your good intentions, he would be unworthy of them. I thank you with all my soul, and wish you may live long enough to witness my son's gratitude, which he cannot better

shew than by regulating his conduct by your good advice.

Alla ad Deen, replied the magician, is a good boy, and I believe we shall do very well; but I am sorry for one thing, which is, that I cannot perform to-morrow what I promised, because, as it is Friday[35], the shops will be shut up, and therefore we cannot hire or furnish one, but must wait till Saturday. I will, however, call on him to-morrow and take him to walk in the gardens, where people of the best fashion generally resort. Perhaps he has never seen these amusements, he has only hitherto been among children; but now he must see men. The African magician took his leave of the mother and the son, and retired. Alla ad Deen, who was overjoyed to be so well clothed, anticipated the pleasure of walking in the gardens. He had never been out of the town, nor seen the environs, which were very beautiful and pleasant.

Alla ad Deen rose early the next morning, dressed himself, to be ready against his uncle called on him; and after he had waited some time, began to be impatient, and stood watching at the door; but as soon as he perceived him coming, he told his mother, took his leave of her, and ran to meet him.

The magician caressed Alla ad Deen, and said, Come, my dear child, and I will shew you fine things.

He then led him out at one of the gates of the city, to some magnificent houses, or rather palaces, to each of which belonged beautiful gardens, into which any body might enter. At every building he came to, he asked Alla ad Deen if he did not think it fine; and the youth was ready to answer when any one presented itself, crying out, Here is a finer house, uncle, than any we have seen yet. By this artifice, the cunning magician led Alla ad Deen some way into the country; and as he meant to carry him farther, to execute his design, he took an opportunity to sit down in one of the gardens on the brink of a fountain of clear water, which discharged itself by a lion's mouth of bronze into a bason, pretending to be tired: Come, nephew, said he, you must be weary as well as I; let us rest ourselves, and we shall be better able to pursue our walk.

After they had sat down, the magician pulled from his girdle a handkerchief with cakes and fruit, which he had provided, and laid them on the edge of the bason. He broke a cake in two, gave one half to Alla ad Deen, and ate the other himself; and in regard to the fruit, left him at liberty to take which sort he liked best. During this short repast, he exhorted his nephew to leave off keeping company with vagabonds, and seek that of wise and prudent men, to improve by their conversation; for, said he, you will soon be at man's estate, and you cannot too

early begin to imitate their example. When they had eaten as much as they liked, they got up, and pursued their walk through gardens separated from one another only by small ditches, which marked out the limits without interrupting the communication; so great was the confidence the inhabitants reposed in each other. By this means, the African magician drew Alla ad Deen insensibly beyond the gardens, and crossed the country, till they nearly reached the mountains.

Alla ad Deen, who had never been so far before, began to find himself much tired with so long a walk, and said to the magician, Where are we going, uncle? we have left the gardens a great way behind us, and I see nothing but mountains; if we go much further, I do not know whether I shall be able to reach the town again? Never fear, nephew, said the false uncle; I will shew you another garden which surpasses all we have yet seen; it is not far off; and when we come there, you will say that you would have been sorry to have been so nigh, and not seen it. Alla ad Deen was soon persuaded; and the magician, to make the way seem shorter and less fatiguing, told him a great many stories.

At last they arrived between two mountains of moderate height, and equal size, divided by a narrow valley, which was the place where the magician intended to execute the design that had brought him

from Africa to China. We will go no farther now, said he to Alla ad Deen: I will shew you here some extraordinary things, which, when you have seen, you will thank me for: but while I strike a light, gather up all the loose dry sticks you can see, to kindle a fire with.

Alla ad Deen found so many dried sticks, that before the magician had lighted a match, he had collected a great heap. The magician presently set them on fire, and when they were in a blaze, threw in some incense which raised a cloud of smoke. This he dispersed on each side, by pronouncing several magical words which Alla ad Deen did not understand.

At the same time the earth trembling, opened just before the magician, and uncovered a stone, laid horizontally, with a brass ring fixed into the middle. Alla ad Deen was so frightened at what he saw, that he would have run away; but the magician caught hold of him, abused him, and gave him such a box on the ear, that he knocked him down. Alla ad Deen got up trembling, and with tears in his eyes, said to the magician, What have I done, uncle, to be treated in this severe manner? I have my reasons, answered the magician: I am your uncle, I supply the place of your father, and you ought to make no reply. But, child, added he, softening, do not be afraid; for I shall not ask any thing of you, but that

you obey me punctually, if you would reap the advantages which I intend you. These fair promises calmed Alla ad Deen's fears and resentment; and when the magician saw that he was appeased, he said to him, You see what I have done by virtue of my incense, and the words I pronounced. Know then, that under this stone there is hidden a treasure, destined to be yours, and which will make you richer than the greatest monarch in the world: no person but yourself is permitted to lift this stone, or enter the cave; so you must punctually execute what I may command, for it is a matter of great consequence both to you and me.

Alla ad Deen, amazed at all he saw, and heard the magician say of the treasure which was to make him happy, forgot what was past, and rising, said, Well, uncle, what is to be done? command me, I am ready to obey. I am overjoyed, child, said the African magician, embracing him, take hold of the ring, and lift up that stone. Indeed, uncle, replied Alla ad Deen, I am not strong enough, you must help me. You have no occasion for my assistance, answered the magician; if I help you, we shall be able to do nothing; take hold of the ring, pronounce the names of your father and grandfather, then lift it up, and you will find it will come easily. Alla ad Deen did as the magician bade him, raised the stone with ease, and laid it on one side.

When the stone was pulled up, there appeared a cavity of about three or four feet deep, with a little door, and steps to go down lower. Observe, my son, said the African magician, what I direct. Descend into the cave, and when you are at the bottom of those steps you will find a door open, which will lead you into a spacious vault, divided into three great halls, in each of which you will see four large brass cisterns placed on each side, full of gold and silver; but take care you do not meddle with them. Before you enter the first hall, be sure to tuck up your vest, wrap it about you, and then pass through the second into the third without stopping. Above all things, have a care that you do not touch the walls, so much as with your clothes; for if you do, you will die instantly. At the end of the third hall, you will find a door which opens into a garden planted with fine trees loaded with fruit; walk directly across the garden by a path which will lead you to five steps that will bring you upon a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in that niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down, and extinguish it: when you have thrown away the wick, and poured out the liquor, put it in your vestband and bring it to me. Do not be afraid that the liquor will spoil your clothes, for it is not oil; and the lamp will be dry as soon as it is thrown out. If you should wish for any

of the fruit of the garden, you may gather as much as you please.

After these words, the magician drew a ring off his finger, and put it on one of Alla ad Deen's, telling him, that it was a preservative against all evil, while he should observe what he had prescribed to him. After this instruction he said, Go down boldly, child, and we shall both be rich all our lives.

Alla ad Deen jumped into the cave, descended the steps, and found the three halls just as the African magician had described. He went through them with all the precaution the fear of death could inspire; crossed the garden without stopping, took down the lamp from the niche, threw out the wick and the liquor, and, as the magician had desired, put it in his vestband. But as he came down from the terrace, seeing it was perfectly dry, he stopped in the garden to observe the fruit, which he only had a glimpse of in crossing it. All the trees were loaded with extraordinary fruit, of different colours on each tree. Some bore fruit entirely white, and some clear and transparent as crystal; some pale red, and others deeper; some green, blue, and purple, and others yellow: in short, there was fruit of all colours. The white were pearls; the clear and transparent, diamonds; the deep red, rubies; the paler, ballas rubies*;

* *Ballas* rubies are rubies of the brightest colour.

the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the purple, amethysts; and those that were of yellow cast, sapphires. Alla ad Deen was altogether ignorant of their worth, and would have preferred figs and grapes, or any other fruits. But though he took them only for coloured glass of little value, yet he was so pleased with the variety of the colours, and the beauty and extraordinary size of the seeming fruit, that he resolved to gather some of every sort; and accordingly filled the two new purses his uncle had bought for him with his clothes. Some he wrapped up in the skirts of his vest, which was of silk, large and wrapping, and crammed his bosom as full as it could hold.

Alla ad Deen, having thus loaded himself with riches he knew not the value of, returned through the three halls with the same precaution, made all the haste he could, that he might not make his uncle wait, and soon arrived at the mouth of the cave, where the African magician expected him with the utmost impatience. As soon as Alla ad Deen saw him, he cried out, Pray, uncle, lend me your hand, to help me out. Give me the lamp first, replied the magician; it will be troublesome to you. Indeed, uncle, answered Alla ad Deen, I cannot now; it is not troublesome to me: but I will as soon as I am up. The African magician was so obstinate, that he

would have the lamp before he would help him up; and Alla ad Deen, who had incumbered himself so much with his fruit that he could not well get at it, refused to give it to him till he was out of the cave. The African magician, provoked at this obstinate refusal, flew into a passion, threw a little of his incense into the fire, which he had taken care to keep in, and no sooner pronounced two magical words, than the stone which had closed the mouth of the cave moved into its place, with the earth over it in the same manner as it lay at the arrival of the magician and Alla ad Deen.

This action of the African magician's plainly shewed him to be neither Alla ad Deen's uncle, nor Mustapha the tailor's brother; but a true African. Africa is a country whose inhabitants delight most in magic of any in the whole world, and he had applied himself to it from his youth. After forty years experience in enchantments, geomancy, fumigations, and reading of magic books, he had found out that there was in the world a wonderful lamp, the possession of which would render him more powerful than any monarch; and by a late operation of geomancy, he had discovered that this lamp lay concealed in a subterraneous place in the midst of China, in the situation already described. Fully persuaded of the truth of this discovery, he set out

from the farthest part of Africa; and after a long and fatiguing journey, came to the town nearest to this treasure. But though he had a certain knowledge of the place where the lamp was, he was not permitted to take it himself, nor to enter the subterraneous place, but must receive it from the hands of another person. For this reason he had addressed himself to Alla ad Deen, whom he looked upon as a young lad whose life was of no consequence, and fit to serve his purpose, resolving, as soon as he should get the lamp into his hands, to sacrifice him to his avarice and wickedness, by making the fumigation mentioned before, and repeating two magical words, the effect of which would remove the stone into its place, so that no witness would remain of the transaction.

The blow he had given Alla ad Deen was intended to make him obey the more readily, and give him the lamp as soon as he should ask for it. But his too great precipitation, and his fear lest somebody should come that way during their dispute, and discover what he wished to keep secret, produced an effect quite contrary to what he had proposed to himself.

When the African magician saw that all his hopes were frustrated for ever, he returned the same day for Africa; but went quite round the town, and at some distance from it, lest some persons who had observed him walk out with the boy, on seeing him

come back without him, should entertain any suspicions, and stop him.

According to all appearances, there was no prospect of Alla ad Deen being any more heard of. But the magician, when he had contrived his death, forgot the ring he had put upon his finger, which preserved him, though he knew not its virtue. It may seem astonishing that the loss of that, together with the lamp, did not drive the magician to despair; but magicians are so much used to misfortunes, and events contrary to their wishes, that they do not lay them to heart, but still feed themselves, to the end of life, with unsubstantial notions and chimeras.

The surprise of Alla ad Deen, who had never suspected this treachery from his pretended uncle, after all his caresses and what he had done for him, is more easily to be imagined than expressed. When he found himself buried alive, he cried, and called out to his uncle, to tell him he was ready to give him the lamp; but in vain, since his cries could not be heard. He descended to the bottom of the steps, with a design to get into the garden, but the door, which was opened before by enchantment, was now shut by the same means. He then redoubled his cries and tears, sat down on the steps, without any hopes of ever seeing light again, and in a melancholy certainty of passing from the present darkness into that of a speedy death.

Alla ad Deen remained in this state two days, without eating or drinking, and on the third looked upon death as inevitable. Clasping his hands with an entire resignation to the will of God, he said, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high God[36]." In this action of joining his hands he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger, and of which he knew not yet the virtue. Immediately a genie of enormous size and frightful aspect rose out of the earth, his head reaching the roof of the vault, and said to him, What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all who may possess the ring on thy finger; I, and the other slaves of that ring.

At another time, Alla ad Deen, who had not been used to such appearances, would have been so frightened at the sight of so extraordinary a figure that he would not have been able to speak; but the danger he was in made him answer without hesitation, Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place, if thou art able. He had no sooner spoken these words, than he found himself on the very spot where the magician had caused the earth to open.

It was some time before his eyes could bear the light, after being so long in total darkness: but after he had endeavoured by degrees to support it, and began to look about him, he was much surprised not

to find the earth open, and could not comprehend how he had got so soon out of its bowels. There was nothing to be seen but the place where the fire had been, by which he could nearly judge the situation of the cave. Then turning himself towards the town, he perceived it at a distance in the midst of the gardens that surrounded it, and saw the way by which the magician had brought him. Returning God thanks to find himself once more in the world, he made the best of his way home. When he got within his mother's door, the joy to see her and his weakness for want of sustenance for three days made him faint, and he remained for a long time as dead. His mother, who had given him over for lost, seeing him in this condition, omitted nothing to bring him to himself. As soon as he recovered, the first words he spoke, were, Pray, mother, give me something to eat, for I have not put a morsel of any thing into my mouth these three days. His mother brought what she had, and set it before him. My son, said she, be not too eager, for it is dangerous; eat but little at a time, and take care of yourself. Besides, I would not have you talk; you will have time enough to tell me what has happened to you when you are recovered. It is a great comfort to me to see you again, after the affliction I have been in since Friday, and the pains I have taken to learn what was become of you.

Alla ad Deen took his mother's advice, and ate and drank moderately. When he had done, Mother, said he to her, I cannot help complaining of you, for abandoning me so easily to the discretion of a man who had a design to kill me, and who at this very moment thinks my death certain. You believed he was my uncle, as well as I; and what other thoughts could we entertain of a man who was so kind to me, and made such advantageous proffers? but I must tell you, mother, he is a rogue and a cheat, and only made me those promises to accomplish my death; but for what reason neither you nor I can guess. For my part, I can assure you, I never gave him any cause to justify the least ill treatment from him. You shall judge yourself, when you have heard all that passed from the time I left you, till he came to the execution of his wicked design.

Alla ad Deen then related to his mother all that had happened to him from the Friday, when the magician took him to see the palaces and gardens about the town, and what fell out in the way, till they came to the place between the two mountains where the great prodigy was to be performed; how, with incense which the magician threw into the fire, and some magical words which he pronounced, the earth opened, and discovered a cave, which led to an inestimable treasure. He forgot not the blow

the magician had given him, in what manner he softened again, and engaged him by great promises, and putting a ring to his finger, to go down into the cave. He did not omit the least circumstance of what he saw in crossing the three halls and the garden, and his taking the lamp, which he pulled out of his bosom and shewed to his mother, as well as the transparent fruit of different colours, which he had gathered in the garden as he returned. But, though these fruits were precious stones, brilliant as the sun, and the reflection of a lamp which then lighted the room might have led them to think they were of great value, she was as ignorant of their worth as her son, and cared nothing for them. She had been bred in a low rank of life, and her husband's poverty prevented his being possessed of jewels, nor had she, her relations, or neighbours, ever seen any; so that we must not wonder that she regarded them as things of no value, and only pleasing to the eye by the variety of their colours.

Alla ad Deen put them behind one of the cushions of the sofa, and continued his story, telling his mother, that when he returned to the mouth of the cave, upon his refusal to give the magician the lamp till he should get out, the stone, by his throwing some incense into the fire, and using two or three magical words, shut him in, and the earth closed. He could not help bursting into tears at the repre-

sentation of the miserable condition he was in, at finding himself buried alive in a dismal cave, till by the touching of his ring, the virtue of which he was till then an entire stranger to, he, properly speaking, came to life again. When he had finished his story, he said to his mother, I need say no more, you know the rest. This is my adventure, and the danger I have been exposed to since you saw me.

Alla ad Deen's mother heard with so much patience as not to interrupt him this surprising and wonderful relation, notwithstanding it could be no small affliction to a mother, who loved her son tenderly: but yet in the most moving part which discovered the perfidy of the African magician, she could not help shewing, by marks of the greatest indignation, how much she detested him; and when her son had finished his story, she broke out into a thousand reproaches against that vile impostor. She called him perfidious traitor, barbarian, assassin, deceiver, magician, and an enemy and destroyer of mankind. Without doubt, child, added she, he is a magician, and they are plagues to the world, and by their enchantments and sorceries have commerce with the devil. Bless God for preserving you from his wicked designs; for your death would have been inevitable, if you had not called upon him, and implored his assistance. She said a great deal more against the magician's treachery; but finding that

whilst she talked, Alla ad Deen, who had not slept for three days and nights, began to doze, she left him to his repose and retired.

Alla ad Deen, who had not closed his eyes while he was in the subterraneous abode, slept very soundly till late the next morning; when the first thing he said to his mother was, that he wanted something to eat, and that she could not do him a greater kindness than to give him his breakfast. Alas! child, said she, I have not a bit of bread to give you, you ate up all the provisions I had in the house yesterday; but have a little patience, and it shall not be long before I will bring you some: I have a little cotton, which I have spun; I will go and sell it, buy bread, and something for our dinner. Mother, replied Alla ad Deen, keep your cotton for another time, and give me the lamp I brought home with me yesterday; I will go and sell it, and the money I shall get for it will serve both for breakfast and dinner, and perhaps supper too.

Alla ad Deen's mother took the lamp, and said to her son, Here it is, but it is very dirty; if it was a little cleaner I believe it would bring something more. She took some fine sand and water to clean it; but had no sooner begun to rub it, than in an instant a hideous genie of gigantic size appeared before her, and said to her in a voice like thunder, What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey

thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I and the other slaves of the lamp.

Alla ad Deen's mother, terrified at the sight of the genie, fainted; when Alla ad Deen, who had seen such a phantom in the cavern, snatched the lamp out of his mother's hand, and said to the genie boldly, I am hungry, bring me something to eat. The genie disappeared immediately, and in an instant returned with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered dishes of the same metal, which contained the most delicious viands; six large white bread cakes on two plates, two flaggons of wine, and two silver cups. All these he placed upon a carpet, and disappeared: this was done before Alla ad Deen's mother recovered from her swoon.

Alla ad Deen had fetched some water, and sprinkled it in her face, to recover her: whether that or the smell of the meat brought her to life again, it was not long before she came to herself. Mother, said Alla ad Deen, do not mind this; get up, and come and eat; here is what will put you in heart, and at the same time satisfy my extreme hunger: do not let such delicious meat get cold.

His mother was much surprised to see the great tray, twelve dishes, six loaves, the two flaggons and cups, and to smell the savoury odour which exhaled from the dishes. Child, said she, to whom are we

obliged for this great plenty and liberality? has the sultan been made acquainted with our poverty, and had compassion on us? It is no matter, mother, said Alla ad Deen, let us sit down and eat; for you have almost as much need of a good breakfast as myself; when we have done, I will tell you. Accordingly both mother and son sat down, and ate with the better relish as the table was so well furnished. But all the time Alla ad Deen's mother could not forbear looking at and admiring the tray and dishes, though she could not judge whether they were silver or any other metal, and the novelty more than the value attracted her attention.

The mother and son sat at breakfast till it was dinner-time, and then they thought it would be best to put the two meals together; yet after this they found they should have enough left for supper, and two meals for the next day.

When Alla ad Deen's mother had taken away and set by what was left, she went and sat down by her son on the sofa, saying, I expect now that you should satisfy my impatience, and tell me exactly what passed between the genie and you while I was in a swoon; which he readily complied with.

She was in as great amazement at what her son told her, as at the appearance of the genie; and said to him, But, son, what have we to do with genies? I never heard that any of my acquaintance had ever

seen one. How came that vile genie to address himself to me, and not to you, to whom he had appeared before in the cave? Mother, answered Alla ad Deen, the genie you saw is not the one who appeared to me, though he resembles him in size; no, they had quite different persons and habits; they belong to different masters. If you remember, he that I first saw, called himself the slave of the ring on my finger; and this you saw, called himself the slave of the lamp you had in your hand: but I believe you did not hear him, for I think you fainted as soon as he began to speak.

What! cried the mother, was your lamp then the occasion of that cursed genie's addressing himself rather to me than to you? Ah! my son, take it out of my sight, and put it where you please. I will never touch it. I had rather you would sell it, than run the hazard of being frightened to death again by touching it: and if you would take my advice, you would part also with the ring, and not have any thing to do with genies, who, as our prophet has told us, are only devils.

With your leave, mother, replied Alla ad Deen, I shall now take care how I sell a lamp, which may be so serviceable both to you and me. Have not you been an eye-witness of what it has procured us? and it shall still continue to furnish us with subsistence and maintenance. You may suppose as I do,

that my false and wicked uncle would not have taken so much pains, and undertaken so long and tedious a journey, if it had not been to get into his possession this wonderful lamp, which he preferred before all the gold and silver which he knew was in the halls, and which I have seen with my own eyes. He knew too well the worth of this lamp, not to prefer it to so great a treasure; and since chance hath discovered the virtue of it to us, let us make a profitable use of it, without making any great shew, and exciting the envy and jealousy of our neighbours. However, since the genies frighten you so much, I will take it out of your sight, and put it where I may find it when I want it. The ring I cannot resolve to part with; for without that you had never seen me again; and though I am alive now, perhaps, if it was gone, I might not be so some moments hence; therefore I hope you will give me leave to keep it, and to wear it always on my finger. Who knows what dangers you and I may be exposed to, which neither of us can foresee, and from which it may deliver us. As Alla ad Deen's arguments were just, his mother had nothing to say against them; she only replied, that he might do what he pleased, for her part, she would have nothing to do with genies, but would wash her hands of them, and never say any thing more about them.

By the next night they had eaten all the provi-

sions the genie had brought; and the next day Alla ad Deen, who could not bear the thoughts of hunger, putting one of the silver dishes under his vest, went out early to sell it, and addressing himself to a Jew whom he met in the streets, took him aside, and pulling out the plate, asked him if he would buy it. The cunning Jew took the dish, examined it, and as soon as he found that it was good silver, asked Alla ad Deen at how much he valued it. Alla ad Deen, who knew not its value, and never had been used to such traffic, told him he would trust to his judgment and honour. The Jew was somewhat confounded at this plain dealing; and doubting whether Alla ad Deen understood the material or the full value of what he offered to sell, took a piece of gold out of his purse and gave it him, though it was but the sixtieth part of the worth of the plate. Alla ad Deen, taking the money very eagerly, retired with so much haste, that the Jew, not content with the exorbitancy of his profit, was vexed he had not penetrated into his ignorance, and was going to run after him, to endeavour to get some change out of the piece of gold; but he ran so fast, and had got so far, that it would have been impossible for him to overtake him.

Before Alla ad Deen went home, he called at a baker's, bought some cakes of bread, changed his money, and on his return gave the rest to his mother,

who went and purchased provisions enough to last them some time. After this manner they lived, till Alla ad Deen had sold the twelve dishes singly, as necessity pressed, to the Jew, for the same money; who, after the first time, durst not offer him less, for fear of losing so good a bargain. When he had sold the last dish, he had recourse to the tray, which weighed ten times as much as the dishes, and would have carried it to his old purchaser, but that it was too large and cumbersome; therefore he was obliged to bring him home with him to his mother's, where, after the Jew had examined the weight of the tray, he laid down ten pieces of gold, with which Alla ad Deen was very well satisfied.

They lived on these ten pieces in a frugal manner, and Alla ad Deen, though used to an idle life, had left off playing with young lads of his own age ever since his adventure with the African magician. He spent his time in walking about, and conversing with decent people, with whom he gradually got acquainted. Sometimes he would stop at the principal merchants' shops, where people of distinction met, and listen to their discourse, by which he gained some little knowledge of the world.

When all the money was spent, Alla ad Deen had recourse again to the lamp. He took it in his hand, looked for the part where his mother had rubbed it with the sand, rubbed it also, when the genie

immediately appeared, and said, What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp. I am hungry, said Alla ad Deen, bring me something to eat. The genie disappeared, and presently returned with a tray, the same number of covered dishes as before, set them down, and vanished.

Alla ad Deen's mother, knowing what her son was going to do, went out about some business, on purpose to avoid being in the way when the genie came; and when she returned, was almost as much surprised as before at the prodigious effect of the lamp. However, she sat down with her son, and when they had eaten as much as they liked, she set enough by to last them two or three days.

As soon as Alla ad Deen found that their provisions were expended, he took one of the dishes, and went to look for his Jew chapman; but passing by a goldsmith's shop, who had the character of a very fair and honest man, the goldsmith perceiving him, called to him, and said, My lad, I have often observed you go by, loaded as you are at present, and talk with such a Jew, and then come back again empty handed. I imagine that you carry something which you sell to him; but perhaps you do not know that he is the greatest rogue even among the Jews, and is so well known, that nobody of prudence will have any

thing to do with him. What I tell you is for your own good. If you will shew me what you now carry, and it is to be sold, I will give you the full worth of it; or I will direct you to other merchants who will not cheat you.

The hopes of getting more money for his plate induced Alla ad Deen to pull it from under his vest, and shew it to the goldsmith, who at first sight saw that it was made of the finest silver, asked him if he had sold such as that to the Jew, when Alla ad Deen told him that he had sold him twelve such, for a piece of gold each. What a villain! cried the goldsmith; but, added he, my son, what is past cannot be recalled. By shewing you the value of this plate, which is of the finest silver we use in our shops, I will let you see how much the Jew has cheated you.

The goldsmith took a pair of scales, weighed the dish, and after he had mentioned how much an ounce of fine silver cost, assured him that his plate would fetch by weight sixty pieces of gold, which he offered to pay down immediately. If you dispute my honesty, said he, you may go to any other of our trade, and if he gives you more, I will be bound to forfeit twice as much; for we gain only the fashion of the plate we buy, and that the fairest dealing Jews are not contented with.

Alla ad Deen thanked him for his fair dealing, so greatly to his advantage, took the gold, and never

after went to any other person, but sold him all his dishes and the tray, and had as much for them as the weight came to.

Though Alla ad Deen and his mother had an inexhaustible treasure in their lamp, and might have had whatever they wished for, yet they lived with the same frugality as before, except that Alla ad Deen dressed better; as for his mother, she wore no clothes but what she earned by spinning cotton. After their manner of living, it may easily be supposed, that the money for which Alla ad Deen had sold the dishes and tray was sufficient to maintain them some time.

During this interval, Alla ad Deen frequented the shops of the principal merchants, where they sold cloth of gold and silver, linens, silk stuffs, and jewellery, and oftentimes joining in their conversation, acquired a knowledge of the world, and respectable demeanour. By his acquaintance among the jewellers, he came to know that the fruits which he had gathered when he took the lamp were, instead of coloured glass, stones of inestimable value; but he had the prudence not to mention this to any one, not even to his mother.

One day as Alla ad Deen was walking about the town, he heard an order proclaimed, commanding the people to shut up their shops and houses, and keep within doors, while the princess Buddir al

Buddoor[37], the sultan's daughter, went to the baths and returned.

This proclamation inspired Alla ad Deen with eager curiosity to see the princess's face, which he could not do without admission into the house of some acquaintance, and then only through a window; which did not satisfy him, when he considered that the princess, when she went to the baths, would be closely veiled; but to gratify his curiosity, he presently thought of a scheme, which succeeded; it was to place himself behind the door of the bath, which was so situated that he could not fail of seeing her face.

Alla ad Deen had not waited long before the princess came, and he could see her plainly through a chink of the door without being discovered. She was attended by a great crowd of ladies, slaves, and eunuchs, who walked on each side, and behind her. When she came within three or four paces of the door of the baths, she took off her veil, and gave Alla ad Deen an opportunity of a full view.

As soon as Alla ad Deen had seen the princess, his heart could not withstand those inclinations so charming an object always inspires. The princess was the most beautiful brunette in the world; her eyes were large, lively, and sparkling; her looks sweet and modest; her nose was of a just proportion and without a fault, her mouth small, her lips of a

vermilion red and charmingly agreeable symmetry; in a word, all the features of her face were perfectly regular. It is not therefore surprising that Alla ad Deen, who had never before seen such a blaze of charms, was dazzled, and his senses ravished by such an assemblage. With all these perfections the princess had so fine a form, and so majestic an air, that the sight of her was sufficient to inspire love and admiration.

After the princess had passed by, and entered the baths, Alla ad Deen remained some time astonished, and in a kind of ecstacy, retracing and imprinting the idea of so charming an object deeply in his mind. But at last, considering that the princess was gone past him, and that when she returned from the bath her back would be towards him, and then veiled, he resolved to quit his hiding place and go home. He could not so far conceal his uneasiness but that his mother perceived it, was surprised to see him so much more thoughtful and melancholy than usual; and asked what had happened to make him so, or if he was ill? He returned her no answer, but sat carelessly down on the sofa, and remained silent, musing on the image of the charming Buddir al Buddoor. His mother, who was dressing supper, pressed him no more. When it was ready, she served it up, and perceiving that he gave no attention to it, urged him to eat, but had much ado to

persuade him to change his place; which when he did, he ate much less than usual, all the time cast down his eyes, and observed so profound a silence, that she could not obtain a word in answer to all the questions she put, in order to find the reason of so extraordinary an alteration.

After supper, she asked him again why he was so melancholy, but could get no information, and he determined to go to bed rather than give her the least satisfaction. Without examining how he passed the night, his mind full as it was with the charms of the princess, I shall only observe that as he sat next day on the sofa, opposite his mother, as she was spinning cotton, he spoke to her in these words. I perceive, mother, that my silence yesterday has much troubled you; I was not, nor am I sick, as I fancy you believed; but I assure you, that what I felt then, and now endure, is worse than any disease. I cannot explain what ails me; but doubt not what I am going to relate will inform you.

It was not proclaimed in this quarter of the town, and therefore you could know nothing of it, that the sultan's daughter was yesterday to go to the baths. I heard this as I walked about the town, and an order was issued that all the shops should be shut up in her way thither, and every body keep within doors, to leave the streets free for her and her attendants[38]. As I was not then far from the bath, I had a great

curiosity to see the princess's face; and as it occurred to me that the princess, when she came nigh the door of the bath, would pull her veil off, I resolved to conceal myself behind the door. You know the situation of the door, and may imagine that I must have had a full view of her. The princess threw off her veil, and I had the happiness of seeing her lovely face with the greatest security. This, mother, was the cause of my melancholy and silence yesterday; I love the princess with more violence than I can express; and as my passion increases every moment, I cannot live without the possession of the amiable Buddir al Buddoor, and am resolved to ask her in marriage of the sultan her father.

Alla ad Deen's mother listened with surprise to what her son told her; but when he talked of asking the princess in marriage, she could not help bursting out into a loud laugh. Alla ad Deen would have gone on with his rhapsody, but she interrupted him: Alas! child, said she, what are you thinking of? you must be mad to talk thus.

I assure you, mother, replied Alla ad Deen, that I am not mad, but in my right senses; I foresaw that you would reproach me with folly and extravagance; but I must tell you once more, that I am resolved to demand the princess of the sultan in marriage, and your remonstrances shall not prevent me.

Indeed, son, replied the mother seriously, I can-

not help telling you, that you have forgotten yourself; and if you would put this resolution of yours in execution, I do not see whom you can prevail upon to venture to make the proposal for you. You yourself, replied he immediately. I go to the sultan! answered the mother, amazed and surprised. I shall be cautious how I engage in such an errand. Why, who are you, son, continued she, that you can have the assurance to think of your sultan's daughter? Have you forgotten that your father was one of the poorest tailors in the capital, and that I am of no better extraction; and do not you know that sultans never marry their daughters but to princes, sons of sovereigns like themselves?

Mother, answered Alla ad Deen, I have already told you that I foresaw all that you have said, or can say: and tell you again, that neither your discourse nor your remonstrances shall make me change my mind. I have told you that you must ask the princess in marriage for me: it is a favour I desire of you, and I beg of you not to refuse, unless you would rather see me in my grave, than by your compliance give me new life.

The good old woman was much embarrassed, when she found Alla ad Deen obstinately persisting in so wild a design. My son, said she again, I am your mother, who brought you into the world, and there is nothing that is reasonable but I would

readily do for you. If I were to go and treat about your marriage with some neighbour's daughter, whose circumstances were equal with yours, I would do it with all my heart; and even then they would expect you should have some little estate or fortune, or be of some trade. When such poor folks as we are wish to marry, the first thing they ought to think of, is how to live. But without reflecting on the meanness of your birth, and the little merit and fortune you have to recommend you, you aim at the highest pitch of exaltation; and your pretensions are no less than to demand in marriage the daughter of your sovereign, who with one single word can crush you to pieces. I say nothing of what respects yourself. I leave you to reflect on what you have to do, if you have ever so little thought. I come now to consider what concerns myself. How could so extraordinary a thought come into your head, as that I should go to the sultan and make a proposal to him to give his daughter in marriage to you? Suppose I had, not to say the boldness, but the impudence to present myself before the sultan, and make so extravagant a request, to whom should I address myself to be introduced to his majesty? Do you not think the first person I should speak to would take me for a mad woman, and chastise me as I should deserve? Suppose, however, that there is no difficulty in presenting myself

for an audience of the sultan, and I know there is none to those who go to petition for justice, which he distributes equally among his subjects; I know too that to those who ask a favour he grants it with pleasure when he sees it is deserved, and the persons are worthy of it. But is that your case? do you think you have merited the honour you would have me ask for you? are you worthy of it? What have you done to claim such a favour, either for your prince or country? How have you distinguished yourself? If you have done nothing to merit so high a distinction, nor are worthy of it, with what face shall I ask it? How can I open my mouth to make the proposal to the sultan? His majestic presence and the lustre of his court would absolutely confound me, who used even to tremble before my late husband your father, when I asked him for any thing. There is another reason, my son, which you do not think of, which is that nobody ever goes to ask a favour of the sultan without a present. But what presents have you to make? And if you had any that were worthy of the least attention of so great a monarch, what proportion could they bear to the favour you would ask? Therefore, reflect well on what you are about, and consider, that you aspire to an object which it is impossible for you to obtain.

Alla ad Deen heard very calmly all that his mother could say to dissuade him from his design, and

after he had weighed her representations in all points, replied: I own, mother, it is great rashness in me to presume to carry my pretensions so far; and a great want of consideration to ask you with so much heat and precipitancy to go and make the proposal to the sultan, without first taking proper measures to procure a favourable reception, and therefore beg your pardon. But be not surprised that through the violence of my passion I did not at first see every measure necessary to procure me the happiness I seek. I love the princess, or rather I adore her, and shall always persevere in my design of marrying her. I am obliged to you for the hint you have given me, and look upon it as the first step I ought to take to procure the happy issue I promise myself.

You say it is not customary to go to the sultan without a present, and that I have nothing worthy of his acceptance. As to the necessity of a present, I agree with you, and own that I never thought of it; but as to what you say that I have nothing fit to offer, do not you think, mother, that what I brought home with me the day on which I was delivered from an inevitable death, may be an acceptable present? I mean what you and I both took for coloured glass: but now I am undeceived, and can tell you that they are jewels of inestimable value, and fit for the greatest monarchs. I know the worth of them by

frequenting the shops; and you may take my word that all the precious stones which I saw in the most capital jewellers' possession were not to be compared to those we have, either for size or beauty, and yet they value theirs at an excessive price. In short, neither you nor I know the value of ours; but be it as it may, by the little experience I have, I am persuaded that they will be received very favourably by the sultan: you have a large porcelain dish fit to hold them; fetch it, and let us see how they will look, when we have arranged them according to their different colours.

Alla ad Deen's mother brought the china dish, when he took the jewels out of the two purses in which he had kept them, and placed them in order according to his fancy. But the brightness and lustre they emitted in the day-time, and the variety of the colours, so dazzled the eyes both of mother and son, that they were astonished beyond measure; for they had only seen them by the light of a lamp; and though the latter had beheld them pendant on the trees like fruit beautiful to the eye, yet as he was then but a boy, he looked on them only as glittering playthings.

After they had admired the beauty of the jewels some time, Alla ad Deen said to his mother, Now you cannot excuse yourself from going to the sultan,

under pretext of not having a present to make him, since here is one which will gain you a favourable reception.

Though the good widow, notwithstanding the beauty and lustre of the precious stones, did not believe them so valuable as her son estimated them, she thought such a present might nevertheless be agreeable to the sultan, but still she hesitated at the request. My son, said she, I cannot conceive that your present will have its desired effect, or that the sultan will look upon me with a favourable eye; I am sure, that if I attempt to deliver your strange message, I shall have no power to open my mouth; therefore I shall not only lose my labour, but the present, which you say is so invaluable, and shall return home again in confusion, to tell you that your hopes are frustrated. I have represented the consequence, and you ought to believe me; but, added she, I will exert my best endeavour to please you, and wish I may have power to ask the sultan as you would have me; but certainly he will either laugh at me, send me back like a fool, or be in so great a rage, as to make us both the victims of his fury.

She used many other arguments to endeavour to make him change his mind; but the charms of the princess had made too great an impression on his heart for him to be dissuaded from his design. He persisted in importuning his mother to execute his

resolution, and she, as much out of tenderness as for fear he should be guilty of greater extravagance, complied with his request.

As it was now late, and the time for admission to the palace was passed, it was put off till the next day. The mother and son talked of different matters the remaining part of the day; and Alla ad Deen strove to encourage her in the task she had undertaken; while she, notwithstanding all his arguments, could not persuade herself she should succeed; and it must be confessed she had reason enough to doubt. Child, said she to Alla ad Deen, if the sultan should receive me as favourably as I wish for your sake, should even hear my proposal with calmness, and after this scarcely-to-be expected reception should think of asking me where lie your riches and your estate (for he will sooner inquire after these than your person), if, I say, he should ask me these questions, what answer would you have me return him?

Let us not be uneasy, mother, replied Alla ad Deen, about what may never happen. First, let us see how the sultan receives, and what answer he gives you. If it should so fall out, that he desires to be informed of what you mention, I have thought of an answer, and am confident that the lamp which hath supported us so long will not fail me in time of need.

The tailor's widow could not say any thing against

what her son then proposed; but reflected that the lamp might be capable of doing greater wonders than just providing victuals for them. This consideration satisfied her, and at the same time removed all the difficulties which might have prevented her from undertaking the service she had promised her son with the sultan; Alla ad Deen, who penetrated into his mother's thoughts, said to her, Above all things, mother, be sure to keep secret our possession of the lamp, for thereon depends the success we have to expect; and after this caution, Alla ad Deen and his mother parted to go to rest. But violent love, and the great prospect of so immense a fortune, had so much possessed the son's thoughts, that he could not repose himself so well as he could have wished. He rose before day-break, awakened his mother, pressing her to get herself dressed to go to the sultan's palace, and to get admittance, if possible, before the grand vizier, the other viziers, and the great officers of state went in to take their seats in the divan, where the sultan always assisted in person [39].

Alla ad Deen's mother took the china dish, in which they had put the jewels the day before, wrapped in two napkins, one finer than the other, which was tied at the four corners for more easy carriage, and set forwards for the sultan's palace. When she came to the gates, the grand vizier, the other viziers

and most distinguished lords of the court, were just gone in; but, notwithstanding the crowd of people who had business was great, she got into the divan, a spacious hall, the entrance into which was very magnificent. She placed herself just before the sultan, grand vizier, and the great lords, who sat in council, on his right and left hand. Several causes were called, according to their order, pleaded and adjudged, until the time the divan generally broke up, when the sultan rising, returned to his apartment, attended by the grand vizier; the other viziers and ministers of state then retired, as also did all those whose business had called them thither; some pleased with gaining their causes, others dissatisfied at the sentences pronounced against them, and some in expectation of theirs being heard the next sitting.

Alla ad Deen's mother, seeing the sultan retire, and all the people depart, judged rightly that he would not sit again that day, and resolved to go home. When Alla ad Deen saw her return with the present designed for the sultan, he knew not what to think of her success, and in his fear lest she should bring him some ill news, had not courage to ask her any questions; but she, who had never set foot into the sultan's palace before, and knew not what was every day practised there, freed him from his embarrassment, and said to him, with a great deal of

simplicity, Son, I have seen the sultan, and am very well persuaded he has seen me too; for I placed myself just before him; but he was so much taken up with those who attended on all sides of him, that I pitied him, and wondered at his patience. At last I believe he was heartily tired, for he rose up suddenly, and would not hear a great many who were ready prepared to speak to him, but went away, at which I was well pleased, for indeed I began to lose all patience, and was extremely fatigued with staying so long. But there is no harm done; I will go again to-morrow; perhaps the sultan may not be so busy.

Though his passion was very violent, Alla ad Deen was forced to be satisfied with this delay, and to fortify himself with patience. He had at least the satisfaction to find that his mother had got over the greatest difficulty, which was to procure access to the sultan, and hoped that the example of those she saw speak to him would embolden her to acquit herself better of her commission when a favourable opportunity might offer to speak to him.

The next morning she repaired to the sultan's palace with the present, as early as the day before, but when she came there, she found the gates of the divan shut, and understood that the council sat but every other day, therefore she must come again the next. This news she carried to her son, whose only

relief was to guard himself with patience. She went six times afterwards on the days appointed, placed herself always directly before the sultan, but with as little success as the first morning, and might have perhaps come a thousand times to as little purpose, if luckily the sultan himself had not taken particular notice of her: for only those who came with petitions approached the sultan, when each pleaded their cause in its turn, and Alla ad Deen's mother was not one of them.

On the sixth day, however, after the divan was broken up, when the sultan returned to his own apartment, he said to his grand vizier, I have for some time observed a certain woman, who attends constantly every day that I give audience, with something wrapped up in a napkin: she always stands up from the beginning to the breaking up of the audience, and affects to place herself just before me. Do you know what she wants?

Sir, replied the grand vizier, who knew no more than the sultan what she wanted, but did not wish to seem uninformed, your majesty knows that women often make complaints on trifles; perhaps she may come to complain to your majesty, that somebody has sold her some bad flour, or some such trifling matter. The sultan was not satisfied with this answer, but replied, If this woman comes to our next audience, do not fail to call her, that I may hear

what she has to say. The grand vizier made answer by lowering his hand, and then lifting it up above his head, signifying his willingness to lose it if he failed.

By this time, the tailor's widow was so much used to go to audience, and stand before the sultan, that she did not think it any trouble, if she could but satisfy her son that she neglected nothing that lay in her power to please him: the next audience-day she went to the divan, placed herself in front of the sultan as usual; and before the grand vizier had made his report of business, the sultan perceived her, and compassionating her for having waited so long, said to the vizier, Before you enter upon any business, remember the woman I spoke to you about; bid her come near, and let us hear and despatch her business first. The grand vizier immediately called the chief of the mace-bearers who stood ready to obey his commands; and pointing to her, bade him go to that woman, and tell her to come before the sultan.

The chief of the officers went to Alla ad Deen's mother, and at a sign he gave her, she followed him to the foot of the sultan's throne, where he left her, and retired to his place by the grand vizier. The old woman, after the example of others whom she saw salute the sultan, bowed her head down to the

carpet, which covered the platform of the throne, and remained in that posture till the sultan bade her rise, which she had no sooner done, than he said to her, Good woman, I have observed you to stand a long time, from the beginning to the rising of the divan; what business brings you here?

After these words, Alla ad Deen's mother prostrated herself a second time; and when she arose, said, Monarch of monarchs, before I tell your majesty the extraordinary and almost incredible business which brings me before your high throne, I beg of you to pardon the boldness or rather impudence of the demand I am going to make, which is so uncommon, that I tremble, and am ashamed to propose it to my sovereign. In order to give her the more freedom to explain herself, the sultan ordered all to quit the divan but the grand vizier, and then told her she might speak without restraint.

Alla ad Deen's mother, not content with this favour of the sultan's to save her the trouble and confusion of speaking before so many people, was notwithstanding for securing herself against his anger, which, from the proposal she was going to make, she was not a little apprehensive of; therefore resuming her discourse, she said, I beg of your majesty, if you should think my demand the least injurious or offensive, to assure me first of your pardon

and forgiveness. Well, replied the sultan, I will forgive you, be it what it may, and no hurt shall come to you: speak boldly.

When Alla ad Deen's mother had taken all these precautions, for fear of the sultan's anger, she told him faithfully how Alla ad Deen had seen the princess Buddir al Buddoor, the violent love that fatal sight had inspired him with, the declaration he had made to her of it when he came home, and what representations she had made to dissuade him from a passion no less disrespectful, said she, to your majesty, as sultan, than to the princess your daughter. But, continued she, my son, instead of taking my advice and reflecting on his presumption, was so obstinate as to persevere, and to threaten me with some desperate act, if I refused to come and ask the princess in marriage of your majesty; and it was not without the greatest reluctance that I was led to accede to his request, for which I beg your majesty once more to pardon not only me, but also Alla ad Deen my son, for entertaining so rash a project as to aspire to so high an alliance.

The sultan hearkened to this discourse with mildness, and without shewing the least anger; but before he gave her any answer, asked her what she had brought tied up in the napkin? She took the china dish, which she had set down at the foot of the

throne, before she prostrated herself before him; untied it, and presented it to the sultan.

The sultan's amazement and surprise were inexpressible, when he saw so many large, beautiful, and valuable jewels collected in the dish. He remained for some time motionless with admiration. At last, when he had recovered himself, he received the present from Alla ad Deen's mother's hand, crying out in a transport of joy, How rich, how beautiful! After he had admired and handled all the jewels, one after another, he turned to his grand vizier, and shewing him the dish, said, Behold, admire, wonder, and confess that your eyes never beheld jewels so rich and beautiful before. The vizier was charmed. Well, continued the sultan, what sayst thou to such a present? Is it not worthy of the princess my daughter? And ought I not to bestow her on one who values her at so great price?

These words put the grand vizier into extreme agitation. The sultan had some time before signified to him his intention of bestowing the princess on a son of his; therefore he was afraid, and not without grounds, that the sultan, dazzled by so rich and extraordinary a present, might change his mind. Therefore going to him, and whispering him in the ear, he said, I cannot but own that the present is worthy of the princess; but I beg of your majesty to

grant me three months before you come to a final resolution. I hope, before that time, my son, on whom you have had the goodness to look with a favourable eye, will be able to make a nobler present than Alla ad Deen, who is an entire stranger to your majesty.

The sultan, though he was fully persuaded that it was not possible for the vizier to provide so considerable a present for his son to make the princess, yet as he had given him hopes, hearkened to him, and granted his request. Turning therefore to the old widow, he said to her, Good woman, go home, and tell your son that I agree to the proposal you have made me; but I cannot marry the princess my daughter, till the paraphernalia I design for her be got ready, which cannot be finished these three months; but at the expiration of that time come again.

Alla ad Deen's mother returned home much more gratified than she had expected, since she had met with a favourable answer, instead of the refusal and confusion she had dreaded. From two circumstances Alla ad Deen, when he saw his mother returning, judged that she brought him good news; the one was, that she returned sooner than ordinary; and the other, the gaiety of her countenance. Well, mother, said he, may I entertain any hopes, or must I die with despair? When she had pulled off her veil, and had seated herself on the sofa by him, she said to him, Not to keep you long in suspense,

son, I will begin by telling you, that instead of thinking of dying, you have every reason to be well satisfied. Then pursuing her discourse, she told him, that she had an audience before every body else, which made her come home so soon; the precautions she had taken lest she should have displeased the sultan, by making the proposal of marriage between him and the princess Buddir al Buddoor, and the condescending answer she had received from the sultan's own mouth; and that as far as she could judge, the present had wrought a powerful effect. But when I least expected it, said she, and he was going to give me an answer, and I fancied a favourable one, the grand vizier whispered him in the ear, and I was afraid might be some obstacle to his good intentions towards us, and so it happened, for the sultan desired me to come to audience again this day three months.

Alla ad Deen thought himself the most happy of all men at hearing this news, and thanked his mother for the pains she had taken in the affair, the good success of which was of so great importance to his peace. Though from his impatience to obtain the object of his passion, three months seemed an age, yet he disposed himself to wait with patience, relying on the sultan's word, which he looked upon to be irrevocable. But all that time he not only counted the hours, days, and weeks, but every moment.

When two of the three months were past, his mother one evening going to light the lamp, and finding no oil in the house, went out to buy some, and when she came into the city, found a general rejoicing. The shops, instead of being shut up, were open, drest with foliage, silks, and carpeting, every one striving to shew their zeal in the most distinguished manner according to his ability. The streets were crowded with officers in habits of ceremony, mounted on horses richly caparisoned, each attended by a great many footmen. Alla ad Deen's mother asked the oil-merchant what was the meaning of all this preparation of public festivity? Whence came you, good woman, said he, that you don't know that the grand vizier's son is to marry the princess Buddir al Buddoor, the sultan's daughter, to-night? She will presently return from the baths; and these officers whom you see are to assist at the cavalcade to the palace, where the ceremony is to be solemnized.

This was news enough for Alla ad Deen's mother. She ran till she was quite out of breath home to her son, who little suspected any such event. Child, cried she, you are undone! you depend upon the sultan's fine promises, but they will come to nothing. Alla ad Deen was alarmed at these words. Mother, replied he, how do you know the sultan has been guilty of a breach of promise? This night, answered the mother, the grand vizier's son is to marry

the princess Buddir al Buddoor. She then related how she had heard it; so that from all circumstances, he had no reason to doubt the truth of what she said.

At this account, Alla ad Deen was thunder-struck. Any other man would have sunk under the shock; but a sudden hope of disappointing his rival soon roused his spirits, and he bethought himself of the lamp, which had on every emergence been so useful to him; and without venting his rage in empty words against the sultan, the vizier, or his son, he only said, Perhaps, mother, the vizier's son may not be so happy to-night as he promises himself: while I go into my chamber a moment, do you get supper ready. She accordingly went about it, but guessed that her son was going to make use of the lamp, to prevent, if possible, the consummation of the marriage.

When Alla ad Deen had got into his chamber, he took the lamp, rubbed it in the same place as before, when immediately the genie appeared, and said to him, What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their possession; I and the other slaves of the lamp. Hear me, said Alla ad Deen; thou hast hitherto brought me whatever I wanted as to provisions; but now I have business of the greatest importance for thee to execute, I have

demanded the princess Buddir al Buddoor in marriage of the sultan her father; he promised her to me, only requiring three months delay; but instead of keeping that promise, has this night married her to the grand vizier's son. What I ask of you is, that as soon as the bride and bridegroom are retired, you bring them both hither in their bed. Master, replied the genie, I will obey you. Have you any other commands? None at present, answered Alla ad Deen; the genie then disappeared.

Alla ad Deen having left his chamber, supped with his mother, with the same tranquillity of mind as usual; and after supper talked of the princess's marriage as of an affair wherein he had not the least concern; he then retired to his own chamber again, and left his mother to go to bed; but sat up waiting the execution of his orders to the genie.

In the mean time, every thing was prepared with the greatest magnificence in the sultan's palace to celebrate the princess's nuptials; and the evening was spent with all the usual ceremonies and great rejoicings till midnight, when the grand vizier's son, on a signal given him by the chief of the princess's eunuchs, slipped away from the company, and was introduced by that officer into the princess's apartment, where the nuptial bed was prepared. He went to bed first, and in a little time after, the sultaness, accompanied by her own women, and those of

the princess, brought the bride, who, according to the custom of new-married ladies, made great resistance. The sultaness herself helped to undress her, put her into bed by a kind of violence: and after having kissed her, and wished her good-night, retired with the women to her own apartments.

No sooner was the door shut, than the genie, as the faithful slave of the lamp, and punctual in executing the command of those who possessed it, without giving the bridegroom the least time to caress his bride, to the great amazement of them both, took up the bed, and transported it in an instant into Alla ad Deen's chamber, where he set it down.

Alla ad Deen, who had waited impatiently for this moment, did not suffer the vizier's son to remain long in bed with the princess. Take this new-married man, said he to the genie, shut him up in the house of office, and come again to-morrow morning before day-break. The genie instantly forced the vizier's son out of bed, carried him whither Alla ad Deen had commanded him; and after he had breathed upon him, which prevented his stirring, left him there.

Passionate as was Alla ad Deen's love for the princess, he did not talk much to her when they were alone; but only said with a respectful air, Fear nothing, adorable princess, you are here in safety; for, notwithstanding the violence of my passion,

which your charms have kindled, it shall never exceed the bounds of the profound adoration I owe you. If I have been forced to come to this extremity, it is not with any intention of affronting you, but to prevent an unjust rival's possessing you, contrary to the sultan your father's promise in favour of myself.

The princess, who knew nothing of these particulars, gave very little attention to what Alla ad Deen could say. The fright and amazement of so surprising and unexpected an adventure had alarmed her so much that he could not get one word from her. However, he undressed himself, took the bridegroom's place, but lay with his back to the princess, putting a sabre between himself and her, to shew that he deserved to be put to death, if he attempted any thing against her honour. Alla ad Deen, satisfied with having thus deprived his rival of the happiness he had flattered himself with, slept very soundly, though the princess Buddir al Buddoor never passed a night so ill in her life; and if we consider the condition in which the genie left the grand vizier's son, we may imagine that the new bridegroom spent it much worse.

Alla ad Deen had no occasion the next morning to rub the lamp to call the genie; who appeared at the hour appointed, just when he had done dressing himself, and said to him, I am here, master, what

are your commands? Go, said Alla ad Deen, fetch the vizier's son out of the place where you left him, put him into his bed again, and carry it to the sultan's palace, from whence you brought it. The genie presently returned with the vizier's son. Alla ad Deen took up his sabre, the bridegroom was laid by the princess, and in an instant the nuptial-bed was transported into the same chamber of the palace from whence it had been brought. But we must observe, that all this time the genie never was visible either to the princess or the grand vizier's son. His hideous form would have made them die with fear. Neither did they hear any thing of the discourse between Alla ad Deen and him; they only perceived the motion of the bed, and their transportation from one place to another; which we may well imagine was enough to alarm them.

As soon as the genie had set down the nuptial-bed in its proper place, the sultan tapped at the door to wish her good morning. The grand vizier's son, who was almost perished with cold, by standing in his thin under garment all night, and had not had time to warm himself in bed, no sooner heard the knocking at the door than he got out of bed, and ran into the robing-chamber, where he had undressed himself the night before.

The sultan having opened the door, went to the bed-side, kissed the princess between the eyes, ac-

cording to custom, wishing her a good morrow, but was extremely surprised to see her so melancholy. She only cast at him a sorrowful look, expressive of great affliction or great dissatisfaction. He said a few words to her; but finding that he could not get a word from her, attributed it to her modesty, and retired. Nevertheless, he suspected that there was something extraordinary in this silence, and thereupon went immediately to the sultaness's apartment, told her in what a state he had found the princess, and how she had received him. Sir, said the sultaness, your majesty ought not to be surprised at this behaviour; new-married people have naturally a reserve about them; two or three days hence she will receive the sultan her father as she ought: but I will go and see her, added she; I am much deceived if she receives me in the same manner[40].

As soon as the sultaness was dressed, she went to the princess's apartment, who was still in bed. She undrew the curtain, wished her good morrow, and kissed her. But how great was her surprise when she returned no answer; and looking more attentively at her, she perceived her to be much dejected, which made her judge that something had happened, which she did not understand. How comes it, child, said the sultaness, that you do not return my caresses? Ought you to treat your mother after this manner? I am induced to believe something

extraordinary has happened; come, tell me freely, and leave me no longer in a painful suspense.

At last the princess broke silence with a deep sigh, and said, Alas! most honoured mother, forgive me if I have failed in the respect I owe you. My mind is so full of the extraordinary circumstances which have befallen me this night, that I have not yet recovered my amazement and alarm. She then told her, how the instant after she and her husband were together, the bed was transported into a dark dirty room, where he was taken from her and carried away, but where she knew not; and that she was left alone with a young man, who, after he had said something to her, which her fright did not suffer her to hear, laid himself in her husband's place, but first put his sabre between them; and in the morning her husband was brought to her again, when the bed was transported back to her own chamber in an instant. All this, said she, was but just done, when the sultan my father came into my chamber. I was so overwhelmed with grief, that I had not power to speak, and am afraid that he is offended at the manner in which I received the honour he did me; but I hope he will forgive me, when he knows my melancholy adventure, and the miserable state I am in at present.

The sultaness heard all the princess told her very patiently, but would not believe it. You did well,

child, said she, not to speak of this to your father: take care not to mention it to any body; for you will certainly be thought mad if you talk in this manner. Madam, replied the princess, I can assure you I am in my right senses; ask my husband, and he will tell you the same circumstances. I will, said the sultaness; but if he should talk in the same manner, I shall not be better persuaded of the truth. Come, rise, and throw off this idle fancy; it will be a strange event, if all the feasts and rejoicings in the kingdom should be interrupted by such a vision. Do not you hear the trumpets of congratulation, and concerts of the finest music? Cannot these inspire you with joy and pleasure, and make you forget the fancies of an imagination disturbed by what can have been only a dream? At the same time the sultaness called the princess's women, and after she had seen her get up, and begin dressing, went to the sultan's apartment, told him that her daughter had got some odd notions in her head, but that there was nothing in them but idle phantasy.

She then sent for the vizier's son, to know of him something of what the princess had told her; but he thinking himself highly honoured to be allied to the sultan, and not willing to lose the princess, denied what had happened. That is enough, answered the sultaness, I ask no more, I see you are wiser than my daughter.

The rejoicings lasted all that day in the palace, and the sultaness, who never left the princess, forgot nothing to divert her, and induce her to take part in the various diversions and shews; but she was so struck with the idea of what had happened to her in the night, that it was easy to see her thoughts were entirely taken up with it. Neither was the grand vizier's son in less tribulation, though his ambition made him disguise his feelings so well, that nobody doubted of his being a happy bridegroom.

Alla ad Deen, who was well acquainted with what passed in the palace, was sure the new-married couple were to lie together again, notwithstanding the troublesome adventure of the night before; and therefore, having as great an inclination to disturb them, had recourse to his lamp, and when the genie appeared, and offered his service, he said to him, The grand vizier's son and the princess Buddir al Buddoor are to lie together again to-night: go, and as soon as they are in bed, bring the bed hither, as thou didst yesterday.

The genie obeyed as faithfully and exactly as the day before; the grand vizier's son passed the night as coldly and disagreeably, and the princess had the mortification again to have Alla ad Deen for her bed-fellow, with the sabre between them. The genie, according to orders, came the next morn-

ing, brought the bridegroom, laid him by his bride, and then carried the bed and new-married couple back again to the palace.

The sultan, after the reception the princess had given him, was very anxious to know how she had passed the second night, and therefore went into her chamber as early as the morning before. The grand vizier's son, more ashamed, and mortified with the ill success of this last night, no sooner heard him coming, than he jumped out of bed, and ran hastily into the robing-chamber. The sultan went to the princess's bed-side, and after the same caresses he had given her the former morning, bade her good morrow. Well, daughter, said he, are you in a better humour than yesterday? Still the princess was silent, and the sultan perceiving her to be more troubled, and in greater confusion than before, doubted not that something very extraordinary was the cause; but provoked that his daughter should conceal it, he said to her in a rage, with his sabre in his hand, Daughter, tell me what is the matter, or I will cut off your head immediately.

The princess, more frightened at the menaces and tone of the enraged sultan than at the sight of the drawn sabre, at last broke silence, and said with tears in her eyes, My dear father and sultan, I ask your majesty's pardon if I have offended you, and hope, that out of your goodness and clemency you

will have compassion on me, when I shall have told you in what a miserable condition I have spent this last night, as well as the preceding.

After this preamble, which appeased and affected the sultan, she told him what had happened to her in so moving a manner, that he, who loved her tenderly, was most sensibly grieved. She added, If your majesty doubts the truth of this account, you may inform yourself from my husband, who, I am persuaded, will tell you the same thing.

The sultan immediately felt all the extreme uneasiness so surprising an adventure must have given the princess. Daughter, said he, you are much to blame for not telling me this yesterday, since it concerns me as much as yourself. I did not marry you with an intention to make you miserable, but that you might enjoy all the happiness you deserve and might hope for from a husband, who to me seemed agreeable to you. Efface all these troublesome ideas from your memory; I will take care that you shall have no more such disagreeable and insupportable nights.

As soon as the sultan had returned to his own apartment, he sent for the grand vizier: Vizier, said he, have you seen your son, and has he told you any thing? The vizier replied, No. The sultan related all the circumstances of which the princess had informed him, and afterwards said, I do not doubt but

that my daughter has told me the truth; but nevertheless I should be glad to have it confirmed by your son, therefore go and ask him how it was.

The grand vizier went immediately to his son, communicated what the sultan had told him, and enjoined him to conceal nothing, but to relate the whole truth. I will disguise nothing from you, father, replied the son, for indeed all that the princess has stated is true; but what relates particularly to myself she knows nothing of. Since my marriage, I have passed two nights beyond imagination or expression disagreeable, not to mention the fright I was in at finding my bed lifted four times, transported from one place to another, without being able to guess how it was done. You may judge of the miserable condition I was in, passing two whole nights in nothing but my under vestments, standing in a kind of privy, unable to stir out of the place or to make the least movement, though I could not perceive any obstacle to prevent me. Yet I must tell you, that all this ill usage does not in the least lessen those sentiments of love, respect, and gratitude I entertain for the princess, and of which she is so deserving; but I must confess, that notwithstanding all the honour and splendour that attends marrying my sovereign's daughter, I would much rather die, than continue in so exalted an alliance if I must undergo nightly much longer what I have

already endured. I do not doubt but that the princess entertains the same sentiments, and that she will readily agree to a separation, which is so necessary both for her repose and mine. Therefore, father, I beg, by the same tenderness which led you to procure me so great an honour, to obtain the sultan's consent that our marriage may be declared null and void.

Notwithstanding the grand vizier's ambition to have his son allied to the sultan, the firm resolution he saw he had formed to be separated from the princess made him not think it proper to propose to him to have patience for a few days, to see if this disappointment would not have an end; but he left him to give an account of what he had related to him, and without waiting till the sultan himself, whom he found disposed to it, spoke of setting aside the marriage, he begged of him to give his son leave to retire from the palace, alleging it was not just that the princess should be a moment longer exposed to so terrible a persecution upon his son's account.

The grand vizier found no great difficulty to obtain what he asked, as the sultan had determined already; orders were given to put a stop to all rejoicings in the palace and town, and expresses despatched to all parts of his dominions to countermand them; and, in a short time, all rejoicings ceased.

This sudden and unexpected change gave rise both in the city and kingdom to various speculations and inquiries; but no other account could be given of it, except that both the vizier and his son went out of the palace very much dejected. Nobody but Alla ad Deen knew the secret. He rejoiced within himself at the happy success procured by his lamp, which now he had no more occasion to rub, to produce the genie to prevent the consummation of the marriage, as he had certain information it was broken off, and that his rival had left the palace. Neither the sultan nor the grand vizier, who had forgotten Alla ad Deen and his request, had the least thought that he had any concern in the enchantment which caused the dissolution of the marriage.

Alla ad Deen waited till the three months were completed, which the sultan had appointed for the consummation of the marriage between the princess Buddir al Buddoor and himself; and the next day sent his mother to the palace, to remind the sultan of his promise.

Alla ad Deen's mother went to the palace, and stood in the same place as before in the hall of audience. The sultan no sooner cast his eyes upon her that he knew her again, remembered her business, and how long he had put her off: therefore when the grand vizier was beginning to make his report, the sultan interrupted him, and said, Vizier, I see

the good woman who made me the present of jewels some months ago; forbear your report, till I have heard what she has to say. The vizier looking about the divan, perceived the tailor's widow, and sent the chief of the mace-bearers to conduct her to the sultan.

Alla ad Deen's mother came to the foot of the throne, prostrated herself as usual, and when she rose, the sultan asked her what she would have. Sir, said she, I come to represent to your majesty, in the name of my son Alla ad Deen, that the three months, at the end of which you ordered me to come again, are expired; and to beg you to remember your promise.

The sultan, when he had fixed a time to answer the request of this good woman, little thought of hearing any more of a marriage, which he imagined must be very disagreeable to the princess, when he considered the meanness and poverty of her dress and appearance; but this summons for him to fulfil his promise was somewhat embarrassing; he declined giving an answer till he had consulted his vizier, and signified to him the little inclination he had to conclude a match for his daughter with a stranger, whose rank he supposed to be very mean.

The grand vizier freely told the sultan his thoughts, and said to him, In my opinion, sir, there is an infallible way for your majesty to avoid a match so

disproportionable, without giving Alla ad Deen, were he known to your majesty, any cause of complaint; which is, to set so high a price upon the princess, that, however rich he may be, he cannot comply with. This is the only evasion to make him desist from so bold, not to say rash, an undertaking, which he never weighed before he engaged in it.

The sultan, approving of the grand vizier's advice, turned to the tailor's widow, and said to her, Good woman, it is true sultans ought to abide by their word, and I am ready to keep mine, by making your son happy in marriage with the princess my daughter. But as I cannot marry her without some further valuable consideration from your son, you may tell him, I will fulfil my promise as soon as he shall send me forty trays of massy gold, full of the same sort of jewels you have already made me a present of, and carried by the like number of black slaves, who shall be led by as many young and handsome white slaves, all dressed magnificently. On these conditions I am ready to bestow the princess my daughter upon him; therefore, good woman, go and tell him so, and I will wait till you bring me his answer.

Alla ad Deen's mother prostrated herself a second time before the sultan's throne, and retired. In her way home, she laughed within herself at her son's foolish imagination. Where, says she, can he get

so many large gold trays, and such precious stones to fill them? Must he go again to that subterraneous abode, the entrance into which is stopped up, and gather them off the trees? But where will he get so many such slaves as the sultan requires? It is altogether out of his power, and I believe he will not be much pleased with my embassy this time. When she came home, full of these thoughts, she said to her son, Indeed, child, I would not have you think any farther of your marriage with the princess. The sultan received me very kindly, and I believe he was well inclined to you; but if I am not much deceived the grand vizier has made him change his mind, as you will guess from what I have to tell you. After I had represented to his majesty, that the three months were expired, and begged of him to remember his promise, I observed that he whispered with his grand vizier before he gave me his answer. She then gave her son an exact account of what the sultan had said to her, and the conditions on which he consented to the match. Afterwards she said to him, The sultan expects your answer immediately; but, continued she, laughing, I believe he may wait long enough.

Not so long, mother, as you imagine, replied Alla ad Deen: the sultan is mistaken, if he thinks by this exorbitant demand to prevent my entertaining thoughts of the princess. I expected greater

difficulties, and that he would have set a higher price upon her incomparable charms. I am very well pleased; his demand is but a trifle to what I could have done for her. But while I think of satisfying his request, go and get something for our dinner, and leave the rest to me.

As soon as his mother was gone out to market, Alla ad Deen took the lamp, and rubbing it, the genie appeared, and offered his service as usual. The sultan, said Alla ad Deen to him, gives me the princess his daughter in marriage; but demands first forty large trays of massy gold, full of the fruits of the garden from whence I took this lamp; and these he expects to have carried by as many black slaves, each preceded by a young handsome white slave, richly clothed. Go, and fetch me this present as soon as possible, that I may send it to him before the divan breaks up. The genie told him his command should be immediately obeyed, and disappeared.

In a little time afterwards the genie returned with forty black slaves, each bearing on his head a heavy tray of pure gold, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and every sort of precious stones, all larger and more beautiful than those presented to the sultan. Each tray was covered with silver tissue, embroidered with flowers of gold: these, together with the white slaves, quite filled the house, which was but a small one, the little court before it,

and a small garden behind. The genie asked if he had any other commands, and Alla ad Deen telling him that he wanted nothing farther, he disappeared.

When Alla ad Deen's mother came from market, she was much surprised to see so many people and such vast riches. As soon as she had laid down her provisions, she was going to pull off her veil; but he prevented her, and said, Mother, let us lose no time; before the sultan and the divan rise, I would have you return to the palace with this present as the dowry demanded for the princess, that he may judge by my diligence and exactness of the ardent and sincere desire I have to procure myself the honour of this alliance. Without waiting for his mother's reply, Alla ad Deen opened the street-door, and made the slaves walk out; each white slave followed by a black with a tray upon his head. When they were all out, the mother followed the last black slave, he shut the door, and then retired to his chamber, full of hopes that the sultan, after this present, which was such as he required, would receive him as his son-in-law.

The first white slave who went out made all the people who were going by stop; and before they were all clear of the house, the streets were crowded with spectators, who ran to see so extraordinary and magnificent a procession. The dress of each slave was so rich, both for the stuff and the jewels,

that those who were dealers in them valued each at no less than a million of money; besides the neatness and propriety of the dress, the noble air, fine shape and proportion of each slave were unparalleled; their grave walk at an equal distance from each other, the lustre of the jewels, curiously set in their girdles of gold, in beautiful symmetry, and the egrets of precious stones in their turbans, which were of an unusual but elegant taste, put the spectators into such great admiration, that they could not avoid gazing at them, and following them with their eyes as far as possible; but the streets were so crowded with people, that none could move out of the spot they stood on. As they had to pass through several streets to the palace, a great part of the city had an opportunity of seeing them. As soon as the first of these slaves arrived at the palace gate, the porters formed themselves into order, taking him for a prince from the richness and magnificence of his habit, and were going to kiss the hem of his garment; but the slave, who was instructed by the genie, prevented them, and said, We are only slaves, our master will appear at a proper time.

The first slave, followed by the rest, advanced into the second court, which was very spacious, and in which the sultan's household was ranged during the sitting of the divan. The magnificence of the officers, who stood at the head of their troops, was

considerably eclipsed by the slaves who bore Alla ad Deen's present, of which they themselves made a part. Nothing was ever seen so beautiful and brilliant in the sultan's palace; and all the lustre of the lords of his court was not to be compared to them.

As the sultan, who had been informed of their march, and approach to the palace, had given orders for them to be admitted, they met with no obstacle, but went into the divan in regular order, one part filing to the right, and the other to the left. After they were all entered, and had formed a semicircle before the sultan's throne, the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet, prostrated themselves, touching the carpet with their foreheads, and at the same time the white slaves did the same. When they rose, the black slaves uncovered the trays, and then all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts.

In the mean time Alla ad Deen's mother advanced to the foot of the throne, and having paid her respects, said to the sultan, Sir, my son is sensible this present, which he has sent your majesty, is much below the princess Buddir al Buddoor's worth; but hopes, nevertheless, that your majesty will accept of it, and make it agreeable to the princess, and with the greater confidence since he has endeavoured to conform to the conditions you were pleased to impose.

The sultan was not able to give the least attention to this compliment. The moment he cast his eyes on the forty trays, full of the most precious, brilliant, and beautiful jewels he had ever seen, and the fourscore slaves, who appeared by the elegance of their persons, and the richness and magnificence of their dress, like so many princes, he was so struck, that he could not recover from his admiration. Instead of answering the compliment of Alla ad Deen's mother, he addressed himself to the grand vizier, who could not any more than the sultan comprehend from whence such a profusion of richness could come. Well, vizier, said he aloud, who do you think it can be that has sent me so extraordinary a present, and neither of us know? Do you think him worthy of the princess Buddir al Buddoor, my daughter?

The vizier, notwithstanding his envy and grief to see a stranger preferred to be the sultan's son-in-law before his son, durst not disguise his sentiments. It was too visible that Alla ad Deen's present was more than sufficient to merit his being received into royal alliance; therefore, consulting his master's feelings, he returned this answer: I am so far from having any thoughts that the person who has made your majesty so noble a present is unworthy of the honour you would do him, that I should say he deserved much more, if I was not persuaded that the greatest treasure in the world ought not to be put in competition

with the princess your majesty's daughter. This speech was applauded by all the lords who were then in council.

The sultan made no longer hesitation, nor thought of informing himself whether Alla ad Deen was endowed with all the qualifications requisite in one who aspired to be his son-in-law. The sight alone of such immense riches, and Alla ad Deen's quickness in satisfying his demand, without starting the least difficulty at the exorbitant conditions he had imposed, easily persuaded him, that he could want nothing to render him accomplished, and such as he desired. Therefore, to send Alla ad Deen's mother back with all the satisfaction she could desire, he said to her, My good lady, go and tell your son, that I wait with open arms to embrace him, and the more haste he makes to come and receive the princess my daughter from my hands, the greater pleasure he will do me.

As soon as the tailor's widow had retired, overjoyed as a woman in her condition must have been, to see her son raised beyond all expectations to such exalted fortune, the sultan put an end to the audience; and rising from his throne, ordered that the princess's eunuchs should come and carry the trays into their mistress's apartment, whither he went himself to examine them with her at his leisure. The fourscore slaves were conducted into the palace; and the sultan, telling the princess of their magnificent

appearance, ordered them to be brought before her apartment, that she might see through the lattices he had not exaggerated in his account of them.

In the mean time Alla ad Deen's mother got home, and shewed in her air and countenance the good news she brought her son. My son, said she to him, you have now all the reason in the world to be pleased: you are, contrary to my expectations, arrived at the height of your desires. Not to keep you too long in suspense, the sultan, with the approbation of the whole court, has declared that you are worthy to possess the princess Buddir al Buddoor, waits to embrace you, and conclude your marriage; therefore, you must think of making some preparations for your interview, which may answer the high opinion he has formed of your person; and after the wonders I have seen you do, I am persuaded nothing can be wanting. But I must not forget to tell you, the sultan waits for you with great impatience, therefore lose no time in paying your respects.

Alla ad Deen, enraptured with this news, and full of the object which possessed his soul, made his mother very little reply, but retired to his chamber. There, after he had rubbed his lamp, which had never failed him in whatever he wished for, the obedient genie appeared. Genie, said Alla ad Deen, I want to bathe immediately, and you must afterwards provide me the richest and most magnificent

habit ever wore by a monarch. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the genie rendered him, as well as himself, invisible, and transported him into a hummum of the finest marble of all sorts of colours; where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, in a magnificent and spacious hall. From the hall he was led to the bath, which was of a moderate heat, and he was there rubbed and washed with various scented waters. After he had passed through several degrees of heat, he came out, quite a different man from what he was before. His skin was clear white and red, his body lightsome and free; and when he returned into the hall, he found, instead of his own, a suit, the magnificence of which astonished him. The genie helped him to dress, and when he had done, transported him back to his own chamber, where he asked him if he had any other commands? Yes, answered Alla ad Deen, I expect you to bring me as soon as possible a charger, that surpasses in beauty and goodness the best in the sultan's stables, with a saddle, bridle, and other caparisons worth a million of money. I want also twenty slaves, as richly clothed as those who carried the present to the sultan, to walk by my side and follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks. Besides these, bring my mother six women slaves to attend her, as richly dressed at least as any of the princess Buddir al Buddoor's, each

carrying a complete dress fit for any sultaness. I want also ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses; go, and make haste.

As soon as Alla ad Deen had given these orders, the genie disappeared, but presently returned with the horse, the forty slaves, ten of whom carried each a purse containing ten thousand pieces of gold, and six women slaves, each carrying on her head a different dress for Alla ad Deen's mother, wrapt up in a piece of silver tissue, and presented them all to Alla ad Deen.

Of the ten purses Alla ad Deen took four, which he gave to his mother, telling her, those were to supply her with necessaries; the other six he left in the hands of the slaves who brought them, with an order to throw them by handfuls among the people as they went to the sultan's palace. The six slaves who carried the purses he ordered likewise to march before him, three on the right hand and three on the left. Afterwards he presented the six women slaves to his mother, telling her they were her slaves, and that the dresses they had brought were for her use.

When Alla ad Deen had thus settled matters, he told the genie he would call for him when he wanted him, and thereupon the genie disappeared. Alla ad Deen's thoughts now were only upon answering, as soon as possible, the desire the sultan had shewn to see him. He despatched one of the forty slaves

to the palace, with an order to address himself to the chief of the porters, to know when he might have the honour to come and throw himself at the sultan's feet. The slave soon acquitted himself of his commission, and brought for answer, that the sultan waited for him with impatience.

Alla ad Deen immediately mounted his charger, and began his march, in the order we have already described; and though he never was on horseback before, appeared with such extraordinary grace, that the most experienced horseman would not have taken him for a novice. The streets through which he was to pass were almost instantly filled with an innumerable concourse of people, who made the air echo with their acclamations, especially every time the six slaves who carried the purses threw handfuls of gold among the populace. Neither did these acclamations and shouts of joy come from those alone who scrambled for the money, but from a superior rank of people, who could not forbear applauding Alla ad Deen's generosity. Not only those who knew him when he played in the streets like a vagabond did not recollect him, but those who saw him but a little while before hardly recognised him, so much were his features altered: such were the effects of the lamp, as to procure by degrees to those who possessed it perfections suitable to the rank to which the right use of it advanced them. Much more attention was

paid to Alla ad Deen's person than to the pomp and magnificence of his attendants, as a similar shew had been seen the day before when the slaves walked in procession with the present to the sultan. Nevertheless the horse was much admired by good judges, who knew how to discern his beauties, without being dazzled by the jewels and richness of the furniture. When the report was every where spread, that the sultan was going to give the princess in marriage to Alla ad Deen, nobody regarded his birth, nor envied his good fortune, so worthy he seemed of it in the public opinion.

When he arrived at the palace, every thing was prepared for his reception; and when he came to the gate of the second court, he would have alighted from his horse, agreeably to the custom observed by the grand vizier, the commander in chief of the empire, and governors of provinces of the first rank; but the chief of the macebearers who waited on him by the sultan's order prevented him, and attended him to the grand hall of audience, where he helped him to dismount; though Alla ad Deen endeavoured to prevent him, but could not prevail. The officers formed themselves into two ranks at the entrance of the hall. The chief put Alla ad Deen on his right hand, and through the midst of them led him to the sultan's throne.

As soon as the sultan perceived Alla ad Deen,

he was no less surprised to see him more richly and magnificently habited than ever he had been himself, than struck at his good mien, fine shape, and a certain air of unexpected dignity, very different from the meanness of his mother's late appearance.

But, notwithstanding, his amazement and surprise did not hinder him from rising off his throne, and descending two or three steps, quick enough to prevent Alla ad Deen's throwing himself at his feet. He embraced him with all the demonstrations of joy at his arrival. After this civility Alla ad Deen would have thrown himself at his feet again; but he held him fast by the hand, and obliged him to sit close to the throne.

Alla ad Deen then addressed the sultan, saying, I receive the honour which your majesty out of your great condescension is pleased to confer; but permit me to assure you, that I have not forgotten that I am your slave; that I know the greatness of your power, and that I am not insensible how much my birth is below the splendour and lustre of the high rank to which I am raised. If any way, continued he, I could have merited so favourable a reception, I confess I owe it merely to the boldness which chance inspired in me to raise my eyes, thoughts, and desires to the divine princess, who is the object of my wishes. I ask your majesty's pardon for my rashness, but I cannot dissemble, that I should die with

grief were I to lose my hopes of seeing them accomplished.

My son, answered the sultan, embracing him a second time, you would wrong me to doubt for a moment of my sincerity: your life from this moment is too dear to me not to preserve it, by presenting you with the remedy which is at my disposal. I prefer the pleasure of seeing and hearing you before all your treasure added to my own.

After these words, the sultan gave a signal, and immediately the air echoed with the sound of trumpets, hautboys, and other musical instruments: and at the same time the sultan led Alla ad Deen into a magnificent hall, where was laid out a most splendid collation. The sultan and Alla ad Deen ate by themselves, while the grand vizier and the great lords of the court, according to their dignity and rank, sat at different tables. The conversation turned on different subjects; but all the while the sultan took so much pleasure in looking at his intended son-in-law, that he hardly ever took his eyes off him; and throughout the whole of their conversation Alla ad Deen shewed so much good sense, as confirmed the sultan in the high opinion he had formed of him.

After the feast, the sultan sent for the chief judge of his capital, and ordered him to draw up immediately a contract of marriage between the princess Buddir al Buddoor his daughter and Alla ad Deen.

In the mean time the sultan and he entered into another conversation on various subjects, in the presence of the grand vizier and the lords of the court, who all admired the solidity of his wit, the great ease and freedom wherewith he delivered himself, the justness of his remarks, and his energy in expressing them.

When the judge had drawn up the contract in all the requisite forms, the sultan asked Alla ad Deen if he would stay in the palace, and solemnize the ceremonies of marriage that day? To which he answered, Sir, though great is my impatience to enjoy your majesty's goodness, yet I beg of you to give me leave to defer it till I have built a palace fit to receive the princess; therefore I petition you to grant me a convenient spot of ground near your palace, that I may the more frequently pay my respects, and I will take care to have it finished with all diligence. Son, said the sultan, take what ground you think proper, there is space enough on every quarter round my palace; but consider, I cannot see you too soon united with my daughter, which alone is wanting to complete my happiness. After these words he embraced Alla ad Deen again, who took his leave with as much politeness as if he had been bred up and had always lived at court.

Alla ad Deen returned home in the order he had come, amidst the acclamations of the people, who

wished him all happiness and prosperity. As soon as he dismounted, he retired to his own chamber, took the lamp, and called the genie as before, who in the usual manner made him a tender of his service. Genie, said Alla ad Deen, I have every reason to commend your exactness in executing hitherto punctually whatever I have demanded; but now if you have any regard for the lamp your protector[41], you must shew, if possible, more zeal and diligence than ever. I would have you build me, as soon as you can, a palace opposite, but at a proper distance from the sultan's, fit to receive my spouse the princess Buddir al Buddoor. I leave the choice of the materials to you, that is to say, porphyry, jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, or the finest marble of various colours, and also the architecture of the building. But I expect that on the terraced roof of this palace you will build me a large hall crowned with a dome, and having four equal fronts; and that instead of layers of bricks, the walls be formed of massy gold and silver, laid alternately; that each front shall contain six windows, the lattices of all which, except one, which must be left unfinished, shall be so enriched in the most tasteful workmanship, with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, that they shall exceed every thing of the kind ever seen in the world. I would have an inner and outer court in front of the palace, and a spacious garden; but above all things, take

care that there be laid in a place which you shall point out to me a treasure of gold and silver coin. Besides, the edifice must be well provided with kitchens and offices, store-houses, and rooms to keep choice furniture in, for every season of the year. I must have stables full of the finest horses, with their equerries and grooms, and hunting equipage. There must be officers to attend the kitchens and offices, and women slaves to wait on the princess. You understand what I mean; therefore go about it, and come and tell me when all is finished.

By the time Alla ad Deen had instructed the genie respecting the building of his palace, the sun was set. The next morning, before break of day, our bridegroom, whose love for the princess would not let him sleep, was up, when the genie presented himself, and said, Sir, your palace is finished, come and see how you like it. Alla ad Deen had no sooner signified his consent, than the genie transported him thither in an instant, and he found it so much beyond his expectation, that he could not enough admire it. The genie led him through all the apartments, where he met with nothing but what was rich and magnificent, with officers and slaves, all habited according to their rank and the services to which they were appointed. The genie then shewed him the treasury, which was opened by a treasurer, where Alla ad Deen saw heaps of purses, of

different sizes, piled up to the top of the ceiling, and disposed in most excellent order. The genie assured him of the treasurer's fidelity, and thence led him to the stables, where he shewed him some of the finest horses in the world, and the grooms busy in dressing them; from thence they went to the store-houses, which were filled with all things necessary, both for food and ornament.

When Alla ad Deen had examined the palace from top to bottom, and particularly the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, and found it much beyond whatever he could have imagined, he said, Genie, no one can be better satisfied than I am; and indeed I should be much to blame if I found any fault. There is only one thing wanting which I forgot to mention; that is, to lay from the sultan's palace to the door of the apartment designed for the princess, a carpet of fine velvet for her to walk upon. The genie immediately disappeared, and Alla ad Deen saw what he desired executed in an instant. The genie then returned, and carried him home before the gates of the sultan's palace were opened.

When the porters, who had always been used to an open prospect, came to open the gates, they were amazed to find it obstructed, and to see a carpet of velvet spread from the grand entrance. They did not immediately look how far it extended; but when they could discern Alla ad Deen's palace distinctly,

their surprise was increased. The news of so extraordinary a wonder was presently spread through the palace. The grand vizier, who arrived soon after the gates were open, being no less amazed than others at this novelty, ran and acquainted the sultan, but endeavoured to make him believe it to be all enchantment. Vizier, replied the sultan, why will you have it to be enchantment? You know as well as I that it must be Alla ad Deen's palace, which I gave him leave to build, for the reception of my daughter. After the proof we have had of his riches, can we think it strange, that he should raise a palace in so short a time? He wished to surprise us, and let us see what wonders are to be done with money in only one night. Confess sincerely that the enchantment you talk of proceeds from a little envy on account of your son's disappointment. The hour of going to council put an end to the conversation.

When Alla ad Deen had been conveyed home, and had dismissed the genie, he found his mother up, and dressing herself in one of those suits which had been brought her. By the time the sultan rose from the council, Alla ad Deen had prepared his mother to go to the palace with her slaves, and desired her, if she saw the sultan, to tell him she should do herself the honour to attend the princess towards evening to her palace. Accordingly she went; but

though she and the women slaves who followed her were all dressed like sultanesses, yet the crowd was not near so great as the preceding day, because they were all veiled, and had each an upper garment on agreeable to the richness and magnificence of their habits. Alla ad Deen mounted his horse, and took leave of his paternal house for ever, taking care not to forget his wonderful lamp, by the assistance of which he had reaped such advantages, and arrived at the utmost height of his wishes, and went to the palace in the same pomp as the day before.

As soon as the porters of the sultan's palace saw Alla ad Deen's mother, they went and informed the sultan, who immediately ordered the bands of trumpets, cymbals, drums, fifes and hautboys, placed in different parts of the palace, to play, so that the air resounded with concerts which inspired the whole city with joy: the merchants began to adorn their shops and houses with fine carpets and silks, and to prepare illuminations against night. The artizans of every description left their work, and the populace repaired to the great space between the royal palace and that of Alla ad Deen; which last drew all their attention, not only because it was new to them, but because there was no comparison between the two buildings. But their amazement was to comprehend by what unheard of miracle so magnificent a palace could have been so soon erected, it

being apparent to all that there were no prepared materials, or any foundations laid the day before.

Alla ad Deen's mother was received in the palace with honour, and introduced into the princess Buddir al Buddoor's apartment by the chief of the eunuchs. As soon as the princess saw her, she rose, saluted, and desired her to sit down on a sofa; and while her women finished dressing, and adorning her with the jewels which Alla ad Deen had presented to her, a collation was served up. At the same time the sultan, who wished to be as much with his daughter as possible before he parted with her, came in and paid the old lady great respect. Alla ad Deen's mother had talked to the sultan in public, but he had never seen her with her veil off, as she was then; and though she was somewhat advanced in years, she had the remains of a good face, which shewed what she had been in her youth. The sultan, who had always seen her dressed very meanly, not to say poorly, was surprised to find her as richly and magnificently attired as the princess his daughter. This made him think Alla ad Deen equally prudent and wise in whatever he undertook.

When it was night, the princess took her leave of the sultan her father: their adieus were tender, and accompanied with tears. They embraced each other several times, and at last the princess left her own apartment for Alla ad Deen's palace, with his

mother on her left hand carried in a superb litter, followed by a hundred women slaves, dressed with surprising magnificence. All the bands of music, which had played from the time Alla ad Deen's mother arrived, being joined together, led the procession, followed by a hundred state ushers, and the like number of black eunuchs, in two files, with their officers at their head. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried flambeaux on each side, which, together with the illuminations of the sultan's and Alla ad Deen's palaces, made it as light as day.

In this order the princess proceeded in her litter on the carpet, which was spread from the sultan's palace, preceded by bands of musicians, who, as they advanced, joining with those on the terraces of Alla ad Deen's palace, formed a concert, which increased the joyful sensations not only of the crowd assembled in the great square, but of the metropolis and its environs.

At length the princess arrived at the new palace. Alla ad Deen ran with all imaginable joy to receive her at the grand entrance. His mother had taken care to point him out to the princess, in the midst of the officers who surrounded him, and she was charmed with his person. Adorable princess, said Alla ad Deen, accosting her, and saluting her respectfully, as soon as she had entered her apartment, if I have the misfortune to have displeased you by my

boldness in aspiring to the possession of so lovely a princess, and my sultan's daughter, I must tell you, that you ought to blame your bright eyes and charms, not me. Prince (as I may now call you), answered the princess, I am obedient to the will of my father; and it is enough for me to have seen you, to tell you that I obey without reluctance.

Alla ad Deen, charmed with so agreeable and satisfactory an answer, would not keep the princess standing; but took her by the hand, which he kissed with the greatest demonstration of joy, and led her into a large hall, illuminated with an infinite number of wax candles, where, by the care of the genie, a noble feast was served up. The dishes were of massy gold, and contained the most delicate viands. The vases, basons, and goblets, were gold also, and of exquisite workmanship, and all the other ornaments and embellishments of the hall were answerable to this display. The princess, dazzled to see so much riches collected in one place, said to Alla ad Deen, I thought, prince, that nothing in the world was so beautiful as the sultan my father's palace, but the sight of this hall alone is sufficient to shew I was deceived.

Alla ad Deen led the princess to the place appointed for her, and as soon as she and his mother were seated, a band of the most harmonious instruments, accompanied with the voices of beautiful

ladies, began a concert, which lasted without intermission to the end of the repast. The princess was so charmed, that she declared she had never heard any thing like it in the sultan her father's court; but she knew not that these musicians were fairies chosen by the genie, the slave of the lamp.

When the supper was ended, there entered a company of female dancers, who performed, according to the custom of the country, several figure dances, singing at the same time verses in praise of the bride and bridegroom. About midnight Alla ad Deen's mother conducted the bride to the nuptial apartment, and he soon after retired.

The next morning when Alla ad Deen left the bridal chamber, his attendants presented themselves to dress him, and brought him another habit as rich and magnificent as that worn the day before. He then ordered one of the horses appointed for his use to be got ready, mounted him, and went in the midst of a large troop of slaves to the sultan's palace. The sultan received him with the same honours as before, embraced him, placed him on the throne near him, and ordered a collation. Alla ad Deen said, I beg your majesty will dispense with my eating with you to day; I came to intreat you to take a repast in the princess's palace, attended by your grand vizier, and all the lords of your court. The sultan consented with pleasure, rose up immediately, and, preceded

by the principal officers of his palace, and followed by all the great lords of his court, accompanied Alla ad Deen.

The nearer the sultan approached Alla ad Deen's palace, the more he was struck with its beauty, but was much more amazed when he entered it; and could not forbear breaking out into exclamations of approbation. But when he came into the hall, and cast his eyes on the windows, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, all large perfect stones, he was so much surprised, that he remained some time motionless. After he recovered himself, he said to his vizier, Is it possible that there should be such a stately palace so near my own, and I be an utter stranger to it till now? Sir, replied the grand vizier, your majesty may remember that the day before yesterday you gave Alla ad Deen, whom you accepted for your son-in-law, leave to build a palace opposite your own, and that very day at sun-set there was no palace on this spot, but yesterday I had the honour first to tell you that the palace was built and finished. I remember, replied the sultan, but never imagined that the palace was one of the wonders of the world; for where in all the world besides shall we find walls built of massy gold and silver, instead of brick, stone, or marble; and diamonds, rubies, and emeralds composing the windows[42]!

The sultan would examine and admire the beauty

of all the windows, and counting them, found that there were but three and twenty so richly adorned, and he was greatly astonished that the twenty-fourth was left imperfect. Vizier, said he, for that minister made a point of never leaving him, I am surprised that a hall of this magnificence should be left thus imperfect. Sir, replied the grand vizier, without doubt Alla ad Deen only wanted time to finish this window like the rest; for it is not to be supposed but that he has sufficient jewels for the purpose, or that he will not complete it the first opportunity.

Alla ad Deen, who had left the sultan to go and give some orders, returned just as the vizier had finished his remark. Son, said the sultan to him, this hall is the most worthy of admiration of any in the world; there is only one thing that surprises me, which is to find one of the windows unfinished. Is it from the forgetfulness or negligence of the workmen, or want of time, that they have not put the finishing stroke to so beautiful a piece of architecture? Sir, answered Alla ad Deen, it was for none of these reasons that your majesty sees it in this state. The omission was by design, it was by my orders that the workmen left it thus, since I wished that your majesty should have the glory of finishing this hall, and of course the palace. If you did it with this intention, replied the sultan, I take it kindly, and will give orders about it immediately. He ac-

cordingly sent for the most considerable jewellers and goldsmiths in his capital.

Alla ad Deen then conducted the sultan into the saloon where he had regaled his bride the preceding night. The princess entered immediately afterwards, and received the sultan her father with an air that shewed how much she was satisfied with her marriage. Two tables were immediately spread with the most delicious meats, all served up in gold dishes. The sultan, princess, Alla ad Deen, his mother, and the grand vizier, sat down at the first, and all the lords of the court at the second, which was very long. The sultan was much pleased with the cookery, and owned he had never eaten any thing more excellent. He said the same of the wines, which were delicious; but what he most of all admired, were four large beaufets, profusely furnished with large flaggons, basons, and cups, all of massy gold, set with jewels. He was besides charmed with several bands of music, which were ranged along the hall, and formed most agreeable concerts [43].

When the sultan rose from table, he was informed that the jewellers and goldsmiths attended; upon which he returned to the hall, and shewed them the window which was unfinished: I sent for you, said he, to fit up this window in as great perfection as the rest; examine them well, and make all the despatch you can.

The jewellers and goldsmiths examined the three and twenty windows with great attention, and after they had consulted together, to know what each could furnish, they returned, and presented themselves before the sultan, whose principal jeweller, undertaking to speak for the rest, said, Sir, we are all willing to exert our utmost care and industry to obey your majesty; but among us all we cannot furnish jewels enough for so great a work. I have more than are necessary, said the sultan; come to my palace, and you shall choose what may answer your purpose.

When the sultan returned to his palace, he ordered his jewels to be brought out, and the jewellers took a great quantity, particularly those Alla ad Deen had made him a present of, which they soon used, without making any great advance in their work. They came again several times for more, and in a month's time had not finished half their work. In short, they used all the jewels the sultan had, and borrowed of the vizier, but yet the work was not half done.

Alla ad Deen, who knew that all the sultan's endeavours to make this window like the rest were in vain, sent for the jewellers and goldsmiths, and not only commanded them to desist from their work, but ordered them to undo what they had begun, and to carry all their jewels back to the sultan and to the

vizier. They undid in a few hours what they had been six weeks about, and retired, leaving Alla ad Deen alone in the hall. He took the lamp which he carried about him, rubbed it, and presently the genie appeared. Genie, said Alla ad Deen, I ordered thee to leave one of the four and twenty windows of this hall imperfect, and thou hast executed my commands punctually; now I would have thee make it like the rest. The genie immediately disappeared. Alla ad Deen went out of the hall, and returning soon after, found the window, as he wished it to be, like the others.

In the mean time, the jewellers and goldsmiths repaired to the palace, and were introduced into the sultan's presence; where the chief jeweller, presenting the precious stones which he had brought back, said, in the name of all the rest, Your majesty knows how long we have been upon the work you were pleased to set us about, in which we used all imaginable industry. It was far advanced, when prince Alla ad Deen commanded us not only to leave off, but to undo what we had already begun, and bring your majesty your jewels back. The sultan asked them if Alla ad Deen had given them any reason for so doing, and they answering that he had given them none, he ordered a horse to be brought, which he mounted, and rode to his son-in-law's palace, with some few attendants on foot. When he came there,

he alighted at the stair-case, which led up to the hall with the twenty-four windows, and went directly up to it, without giving previous notice to Alla ad Deen; but it happened that at that very juncture Alla ad Deen was opportunely there, and had just time to receive him at the door.

The sultan, without giving Alla ad Deen time to complain obligingly of his not having given notice, that he might have acquitted himself with the more becoming respect, said to him, Son, I come myself to know the reason why you commanded the jewellers to desist from work, and take to pieces what they had done.

Alla ad Deen disguised the true reason, which was, that the sultan was not rich enough in jewels to be at so great an expense, but said, I beg of you now to see if any thing is wanting.

The sultan went directly to the window which was left imperfect, and when he found it like the rest, fancied that he was mistaken, examined the two windows on each side, and afterwards all the four and twenty; but when he was convinced that the window which several workmen had been so long about was finished in so short a time, he embraced Alla ad Deen, and kissed him between his eyes. My son, said he, what a man you are to do such surprising things always in the twinkling of an eye: there is not your fellow in the world; the more I know, the more I admire you.

Alla ad Deen received these praises from the sultan with modesty, and replied in these words—Sir, it is a great honour to me to deserve your majesty's good-will and approbation, and I assure you, I shall study to deserve them more.

The sultan returned to his palace, but would not let Alla ad Deen attend him. When he came there, he found his grand vizier waiting, to whom he related the wonder he had witnessed, with the utmost admiration, and in such terms as left the minister no room to doubt but that the fact was as the sultan related it; though he was the more confirmed in his belief; that Alla ad Deen's palace was the effect of enchantment, as he had told the sultan the first moment he saw it. He was going to repeat the observation, but the sultan interrupted him, and said, You told me so once before; I see, vizier, you have not forgotten your son's espousals to my daughter. The grand vizier plainly saw how much the sultan was prepossessed, therefore avoided disputes, and let him remain in his own opinion. The sultan as soon as he rose every morning went into the closet, to look at Alla ad Deen's palace, and would go many times in a day to contemplate and admire it.

Alla ad Deen did not confine himself in his palace; but took care to shew himself once or twice a week in the town, by going sometimes to one mosque, and sometimes to another, to prayers, or to visit the grand vizier, who affected to pay his court to him on

certain days, or to do the principal lords of the court the honour to return their visits after he had regaled them at his palace. Every time he went out, he caused two slaves, who walked by the side of his horse, to throw handfuls of money among the people as he passed through the streets and squares, which were generally on those occasions crowded. Besides, no one came to his palace gates to ask alms, but returned satisfied with his liberality. In short, he so divided his time, that not a week passed but he went either once or twice a hunting, sometimes in the environs of the city, sometimes farther off; at which time the villages through which he passed felt the effects of his generosity, which gained him the love and blessings of the people: and it was common for them to swear by his head. Thus, without giving the least umbrage to the sultan, to whom he paid all imaginable respect, Alla ad Deen, by his affable behaviour and liberality, had won the affections of the people, and was more beloved than the sultan himself. With all these good qualities he shewed a courage and a zeal for the public good which could not be sufficiently applauded. He gave sufficient proofs of both in a revolt on the borders of the kingdom; for he no sooner understood that the sultan was levying an army to disperse the rebels than he begged the command of it, which he found not difficult to obtain. As soon as he was empower-

ed, he marched with so much expedition, that the sultan heard of the defeat of the rebels before he had received an account of his arrival in the army. And though this action rendered his name famous throughout the kingdom, it made no alteration in his disposition; but he was as affable after his victory as before.

Alla ad Deen had conducted himself in this manner several years, when the African magician, who undesignedly had been the instrument of raising him to so high a pitch of prosperity, recalled him to his recollection in Africa, whither, after his expedition, he had returned. And though he was almost persuaded that Alla ad Deen must have died miserably in the subterraneous abode where he had left him, yet he had the curiosity to inform himself about his end with certainty; and as he was a great geomancer, he took out of a cupboard a square covered box, which he used in his geomantic observations: then sat himself down on his sofa, set it before him, and uncovered it. After he had prepared and levelled the sand which was in it, with an intention to discover whether or no Alla ad Deen had died in the subterraneous abode, he cast the points, drew the figures, and formed a horoscope, by which, when he came to examine it, he found that Alla ad Deen, instead of dying in the cave, had made his escape, lived splendidly, was in possession of the wonderful lamp, had

married a princess, and was much honoured and respected.

The magician no sooner understood by the rules of his diabolical art, that Alla ad Deen had arrived to this height of good fortune, than his face became inflamed with anger, and he cried out in a rage, This sorry tailor's son has discovered the secret and virtue of the lamp! I believed his death to be certain; but find that he enjoys the fruit of my labour and study! I will, however, prevent his enjoying it long, or perish in the attempt. He was not a great while deliberating on what he should do, but the next morning mounted a barb, set forwards, and never stopped but to refresh himself and horse, till he arrived at the capital of China. He alighted, took up his lodging in a khan, and staid there the remainder of the day and the night, to refresh himself after so long a journey.

The next day, his first object was to inquire what people said of Alla ad Deen; and, taking a walk through the town, he went to the most public and frequented places, where persons of the best distinction met to drink a certain warm liquor[44], which he had drunk often during his former visit. As soon as he had seated himself, he was presented with a cup of it, which he took; but listening at the same time to the discourse of the company on each side of him, he heard them talking of Alla ad Deen's palace.

When he had drunk off his liquor, he joined them, and taking this opportunity, enquired particularly of what palace they spoke with so much commendation. From whence come you? said the person to whom he addressed himself; you must certainly be a stranger not to have seen or heard talk of prince Alla ad Deen's palace (for he was called so after his marriage with the princess). I do not say, continued the man, that it is one of the wonders of the world, but that it is the only wonder of the world; since nothing so grand, rich, and magnificent was ever beheld. Certainly you must have come from a great distance, or some obscure corner, not to have heard of it, for it must have been talked of all over the world. Go and see it, and then judge whether I have told you more than the truth. Forgive my ignorance, replied the African magician; I arrived here but yesterday, and came from the farthest part of Africa, where the fame of this palace had not reached when I came away. The business which brought me hither was so urgent, that my sole object was to arrive as soon as I could, without stopping any where, or making any acquaintance. But I will not fail to go and see it; my impatience is so great, I will go immediately and satisfy my curiosity, if you will do me the favour to shew me the way thither.

The person to whom the African magician ad-

dressed himself took a pleasure in shewing him the way to Alla ad Deen's palace, and he got up and went thither instantly. When he came to the palace, and had examined it on all sides, he doubted not but that Alla ad Deen had made use of the lamp to build it. Without attending to the inability of a poor tailor's son, he knew that none but the genies, the slaves of the lamp, the attaining of which he had missed, could have performed such wonders; and piqued to the quick at Alla ad Deen's happiness and splendour, he returned to the khan where he lodged.

The next point was to ascertain where the lamp was; whether Alla ad Deen carried it about with him, or where he kept it; and this he was to discover by an operation of geomancy. As soon as he entered his lodging, he took his square box of sand, which he always carried with him when he travelled, and after he had performed some operations, he found that the lamp was in Alla ad Deen's palace, and so great was his joy at the discovery that he could hardly contain himself. Well, said he, I shall have the lamp, and I defy Alla ad Deen's preventing my carrying it off, and making him sink to his original meanness, from which he has taken so high a flight.

It was Alla ad Deen's misfortune at that time to be absent in the chase for eight days, and only three were expired, which the magician came to know by this means. After he had performed the magical opera-

tion, which gave him so much joy, he went to the superintendant of the khan, entered into conversation with him on indifferent subjects, and among the rest, told him he had been to see Alla ad Deen's palace; and after exaggerating on all that he had seen most worthy of observation, added, But my curiosity leads me farther, and I shall not be satisfied till I have seen the person to whom this wonderful edifice belongs. That will be no difficult matter, replied the master of the khan; there is not a day passes but he gives an opportunity when he is in town, but at present he is not at the palace, and has been gone these three days on a hunting-match, which will last eight.

The magician wanted to know no more; he took his leave of the superintendant of the khan, and returning to his own chamber, said to himself, This is an opportunity I ought by no means to neglect, but must make the best use of it. To that end, he went to a copper-smith, and asked for a dozen copper lamps: the master of the shop told him he had not so many by him, but if he would have patience till the next day, he would have them ready. The magician appointed his time, and desired him to take care that they should be handsome and well polished. After promising to pay him well, he returned to his inn.

The next day the magician called for the twelve lamps, paid the man his full price, put them into a

basket which he bought on purpose, and with the basket hanging on his arm, went directly to Alla ad Deen's palace: as he approached he began crying, Who will change old lamps for new ones? As he went along, a crowd of children collected, who hooted, and thought him, as did all who chanced to be passing by, a madman or a fool, to offer to change new lamps for old ones.

The African magician regarded not their scoffs, hootings, or all they could say to him, but still continued crying, Who will change old lamps for new? He repeated this so often, walking backwards and forwards in front of the palace, that the princess, who was then in the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, hearing a man cry something, and not being able to distinguish his words, owing to the hooting of the children and increasing mob about him, sent one of her women slaves to know what he cried.

The slave was not long before she returned, and ran into the hall, laughing so heartily, that the princess could not forbear herself. Well, giggler, said the princess, will you tell me what you laugh at? Madam, answered the slave, laughing still, who can forbear laughing, to see a fool with a basket on his arm, full of fine new lamps, ask to change them for old ones; the children and mob, crowding about him so that he can hardly stir, make all the noise they can in derision of him.

Another female slave hearing this, said, Now you speak of lamps, I know not whether the princess may have observed it, but there is an old one upon a shelf of the prince's robing room, and whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its stead. If the princess chooses, she may have the pleasure of trying if this fool is so silly as to give a new lamp for an old one, without taking any thing for the exchange.

The lamp this slave spoke of was the wonderful lamp, which Alla ad Deen had laid upon the shelf before he departed for the chase: this he had done several times before; but neither the princess, the slaves, nor the eunuchs, had ever taken notice of it. At all other times except when hunting he carried it about his person.

The princess, who knew not the value of this lamp, and the interest that Alla ad Deen, not to mention herself, had to keep it safe, entered into the pleasantry, and commanded a eunuch to take it, and make the exchange. The eunuch obeyed, went out of the hall, and no sooner got to the palace gates than he saw the African magician, called to him, and shewing him the old lamp, said, Give me a new lamp for this.

The magician never doubted but this was the lamp he wanted. There could be no other such in this palace, where every utensil was gold or silver.

He snatched it eagerly out of the eunuch's hand, and thrusting it as far as he could into his breast, offered him his basket, and bade him choose which he liked best. The eunuch picked out one, and carried it to the princess; but the exchange was no sooner made than the place rung with the shouts of the children, deriding the magician's folly.

The African magician gave every body leave to laugh as much as they pleased; he stayed not long near the palace, but made the best of his way, without crying any longer, New lamps for old ones. His end was answered, and by his silence he got rid of the children and the mob.

As soon as he was out of the square between the two palaces, he hastened down the streets which were the least frequented; and having no more occasion for his lamps or basket, set all down in an alley where nobody saw him: then going down another street or two, he walked till he came to one of the city gates, and pursuing his way through the suburbs, which were very extensive, at length reached a lonely spot, where he stopped for a time to execute the design he had in contemplation, never caring for his horse which he had left at the khan; but thinking himself perfectly compensated by the treasure he had acquired.

In this place the African magician passed the remainder of the day, till the darkest time of night,

when he pulled the lamp out of his breast and rubbed it. At that summons the genie appeared, and said, What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; both I and the other slaves of the lamp. I command thee, replied the magician, to transport me immediately and the palace which thou and the other slaves of the lamp have built in this city, with all the people in it, to Africa. The genie made no reply, but with the assistance of the other genii, the slaves of the lamp immediately transported him and the palace entire, to the spot whither he was desired to convey it.

NOTES.

[1] SERVANT of God.

[2] Deceitful.

[3] There is some resemblance in this story to the escape of Ulysses from the magic arts of Circe.

[4] Rich.

[5] Father of calamities, or it may be translated, inured to misfortune.

[6] From the epithet *ravisher of hearts*, it is evident that a mistake must have been made by M. Galland's printer. Alcolom signifies the *pen*. In the original the compound epithet was probably Jalib al Koolloob, or Akhiz al Koolloob, both which signify ravisher of hearts: I have adopted the former epithet.

[7] Flower of the garden.

[8] Shijher al Mirjaun, coral branch.

[9] Sugar-cane.

[10] Light of day.

[11] Melody of the morning-star.

[12] Ornament of the age.

[13] That such a tragedy as this may have occurred in the harams of the East is by no means improbable.

[14] When the Orientals call a slave daughter or sister, the

expression signifies that cohabitation is to cease, and the pure affection of a beloved relative to take place of carnal love between them.

[15] Auspicious.

[16] Obligatory by religious law.

[17] Muezin is the title of that officer of a mosque whose duty it is to summon the people from the minarets to prayers.

[18] God's gift.

[19] Fortunate.

[20] Barrenness and impotence are dreaded by the Orientals as a curse inflicted for the sins of their progenitors or themselves.

[21] Signifying the sea-coast of any country; and hence the term is applied by Oriental geographers to the coast of Malabar.

[22] Virtuous.

[23] Endowed with beauty.

[24] The Orientals, excepting those who make it a profession, never dance; and for a man to learn music is regarded as an effeminacy.

[25] The dancers of the East are as expensive to their keepers as those of the Italian opera; and to their fascinations the Persian and Moghul sovereignties in a great measure owed their declension and fall.

[26] The Asiatics are firm believers in the possession of evil spirits, and the editor has in India seen persons supposed to have been so afflicted. During the possession or fit, they were guilty of a thousand extravagances, affirming themselves to be the ghosts of some deceased persons, who could not have repose till the usual meat-offerings and prayers should be made at their tombs. On recovering from the fit they seemed entirely ignorant of what they had uttered.

[27] Dispeller of care.

[28] The Mahummedans are firm predestinarians, believing that the events and duration of life are stamped upon every man's forehead: hence the wonderful patience and resignation with which they bear calamity, and the easy dignity of their conduct in sudden prosperity, which every European who has visited any of their countries must have observed, if he has associated at all with respectable natives.

[29] A quotation from the Koraun.

[30] Alla ad Deen, exalter of religion.

[31] As in the introductory chapter the author has made Mahummedans of the two Sassanian princes, whose dynasty existed long before the pretended mission of Mahummud, and fell very shortly after its promulgation; so in this tale he makes the empire of China a Moosulmaun kingdom, though the religion of the Arabian prophet has never been successfully propagated in that country.

[32] Elect, and is one of the names of Mahummud.

[33] Mughrebee, or western, is the name given to Africans by the Arabs, and also to magicians, whom they suppose to abound in Africa.

[34] From respect to the seniority of the deceased.

[35] The sabbath of the Moosulmauns, which some commentators on the Koraun say was fixed on Friday, because upon that day Mahummud made his first entry into Medina; others, that it was anciently the sabbath day of the Arabs; and others, that upon Friday God rested from creation.

[36] A quotation from the Koraun, ever in the mouths of Mahummedans under distress, real or imaginary.

[37] Full moon, or, the most resplendent of full moons.

[38] This is generally done in the East when the ladies of a sovereign go abroad.

[39] Asiatic sovereigns who are attentive to state affairs rise

with the dawn, and soon after give public audience to their subjects of all ranks who may have petitions to present. The emperors of Hindoostan used to appear in a balcony of the palace, or when in camp upon an elevated throne, whence they could view all comers when too numerous for admission into the hall or tent of audience. Petitioners held their written cases above their heads: they were received by ushers in waiting for the purpose, who carried them to the emperor, when he either read or referred them to the lord of the requests for examination; report was made, and decision by the sovereign given without delay. The neglect of this duty has always been attended with ruin to the princes who were guilty of it, and occasioned very much the rapid decline of the Moghul empire. The governors of provinces, cities, and districts also held these daily audiences, in India called durbar: the imperial audience is stiled divan.

[40] There is something so contrary to oriental delicacy in this early visit of the sultan's, that I am inclined to think it must have been added by M. Galland, though it is possible the story-teller may have offended against probability to please the gross taste of his auditors. The visit of the princess's mother is natural.

[41] As the talisman or charm on which depended the existence of the genie and his fellows.

[42] The idea of the garden in the cave, and of Alla ad Deen's palace, is evidently taken from the tradition of the garden of Irim, so much celebrated by oriental poets, and believed by many pious Moosulmauns to be still in existence. The traditional description of it may be seen in a miscellany of Arabic and Persian tales, by the editor, published by Cadell and Davies.

[43] Here I suspect M. Galland must have departed from the original, or the author, forgetting that he had described his

Chinese characters as Mahummedans (which is not improbable), has introduced a mixture of male and female company which never takes place in the Moosulmaun world, excepting in the introduction of public dancers, when the ladies of a family even then are concealed from view by curtains or blinds, through which they can see without being seen. My allowance to the author, however, would only be a proof of his ignorance of the customs of the Chinese, whose women of any condition above the meanest are equally secluded with most other oriental females of rank. The Hindoo ladies do not seem to have been so till the Moosulmaun conquests; and still in the Mharatta and other countries of independent Hindoo princes, appear publicly, and often on horseback in the field.

[44] Tea must be here meant.

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